















THE CHEVALIER  
DE  
MAISON ROUGE

*A TALE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR*

BY  
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# CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE ENROLLED VOLUNTEERS . . . . .	5
II. THE UNKNOWN . . . . .	14
III. LA RUE DES FOSSES—SAINT VICTOR . . . . .	20
IV. MANNERS OF THE TIMES . . . . .	27
V. WHAT SORT OF MAN THE CITIZEN MAURICE LINDEY WAS, . . . . .	34
VI. THE TEMPLE . . . . .	39
VII. THE OATH OF THE GAMESTER . . . . .	46
VIII. GENEVIEVE . . . . .	54
IX. THE SUPPER . . . . .	62
X. SIMON THE SHOEMAKER . . . . .	71
XI. THE BILLET . . . . .	78
XII. LOVE . . . . .	86
XIII. THE THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY . . . . .	109
XIV. DEVOTION . . . . .	114
XV. THE GODDESS REASON . . . . .	120
XVI. THE PRODIGAL CHILD . . . . .	124
XVII. THE MINERS . . . . .	130
XVIII. CLOUDS . . . . .	137
XIX. THE REQUEST . . . . .	144
XX. THE FLOWER GIRL . . . . .	150
XXI. THE CRIMSON CARNATIONS . . . . .	156
XXII. SIMON THE CENSOR . . . . .	161
XXIII. THE GODDESS REASON . . . . .	166
XXIV. THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER . . . . .	172
XXV. THE BILLET . . . . .	178
XXVI. THE LITTLE DOG JET . . . . .	187
XXVII. THE MUSCADIN . . . . .	195

CHAP.	PAGE
XXVIII. THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE . . . . .	203
XXIX. THE PATROL . . . . .	209
XXX. THE PASSWORD . . . . .	216
XXXI. THE SEARCH . . . . .	222
XXXII. THE CONFLAGRATION . . . . .	229
XXXIII. THE MORROW . . . . .	238
XXXIV. THE CONCUBERNE . . . . .	240
XXXV. LA SALLE DES PAS-PERDUS . . . . .	248
XXXVI. THE CITIZEN THEODORE . . . . .	255
XXXVII. THE CITIZEN GRACCHUS . . . . .	260
XXXVIII. THE ROYAL CHILD . . . . .	264
XXXIX. THE BOUQUET OF VIOLETS . . . . .	272
XL. LE CABARET DU PUIT-DE-NOE . . . . .	280
XLI. THE REGISTRAR OF THE MINISTER OF WAR . . . . .	285
XLII. THE TWO BILLETS . . . . .	290
XLIII. THE PREPARATIONS OF DIXMER . . . . .	293
XLIV. THE PREPARATIONS OF THE CHEVALIER . . . . .	298
XLV. THE INQUIRY . . . . .	304
XLVI. THE SENTENCE . . . . .	310
XLVII. THE PRIEST AND THE EXECUTIONER . . . . .	315
XLVIII. THE CART . . . . .	321
XLIX. THE SCAFFOLD . . . . .	327
L. THE VISIT TO THE "DOMICILE" . . . . .	332
LI. LOUIS . . . . .	336
LII. SEQUEL TO THE PRECEDING . . . . .	342
LIII. THE DUEL . . . . .	347
LIV. LA SALLE DES MORTS . . . . .	353
LV. WHY LOUIS WENT OUT . . . . .	361
LVI. LONG LIVE SIMON , . . . .	363

# THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE ENROLLED VOLUNTEERS.

It was on the evening of the 10th of March, 1793, ten o'clock was striking from Notre Dame, and each stroke sounding, emitted a sad and monotonous vibration. Night had fallen on Paris, not boisterous and stormy, but cold, damp, and foggy. Paris itself at that time was not the Paris of our day; glittering at night with thousands of reflected lights, the Paris of busy promenades, of lively chat, with its riotous suburbs, the scene of audacious quarrels, and daring crime, but a fearful, timid, busy city, whose few and scattered inhabitants, even in crossing from one street to another, ran concealing themselves in the darkness of the alleys, and ensconcing themselves behind their portescochères, like wild beasts tracked by the hunters to their lair.

As we have previously said, it was the evening of the 10th of March, 1793. A few remarks upon the extreme situation, which had produced the changed aspect of the capital before we commence stating the events, the recital of which form the subject of this history. France, by the death of Louis XVI., had become at variance with all Europe.

To the three enemies she had first combated, that is to say, Prussia, the Empire, and Piedmont, were now joined England, Holland, and Spain. Sweden and Denmark alone preserved their old neutrality, occupied as they were besides in beholding Catharine II. devastating Poland.

The state of affairs was truly frightful. France, more respected as a physical power, but less esteemed as a moral one, since the massacres of September and the execution of the 21st of January, was literally blockaded, like a simple

town, by entire Europe. England was on our coasts, Spain upon the Pyrenees, Piedmont and Austria on the Alps, Holland and Prussia to the north of the Pays-Bas, and with one accord from Upper Rhine to Escant, two hundred and fifty thousand combatants marched against the Republic. Our generals were repulsed in every direction. Miacrinski had been obliged to abandon Aix-la-Chapelle, and draw back upon Liege; Steingel and Neully were driven back upon Limbourg; while Miranda, who besieged Maestricht, fell back upon Tongres. Valence and Dampierre, reduced to beat a retreat, did so with a loss of half their number. More than ten thousand deserters had already abandoned the army, and cleverly scattered themselves in the interior. At last the Convention, having no hope except in Dumouriez, despatched courier after courier, commanding him to quit the borders of Bribos (where he was preparing to embark for Holland), and return to take the command of the army of the Meuse.

Sensible at heart, like an animated body, France felt at Paris—that is to say, at its heart's core—each and every blow levelled at it by invasion, revolt, or treason, even from quarters the most distant. Each victory was a riot of joy; every defeat an insurrection of terror. It is therefore easy to comprehend what tumult was produced by the news of these successive losses, which we are now about to explain.

On the preceding evening, the 9th of March, they had had at the Convention a sitting more stormy than usual; all the officers had received orders to join their regiments at the same time, and Danton, that audacious proposer of improbable things (but which nevertheless were accomplished), Danton, mounting the tribune, cried out, "The soldiers fail, say you? Offer Paris an opportunity of saving France. Demand from her thirty thousand men, send them to Dumouriez, and not only is France saved, but Belgium is reassured, and Holland is conquered. This proposition had been received with shouts of enthusiasm, registers had been opened in all the sections, inviting them to reunite in the evening. Places of public amusement were closed to avoid all distraction, and the black flag was hoisted at the Hotel-de-Ville, in token of distress. Before midnight, five and thirty thousand names were inscribed on the registers, only this evening, as it had before occurred



in September, in every section, while inscribing their names, the enrolled volunteers had demanded that before their departure the traitors might be punished. The traitors were in fact the "contre-revolutionists" who secretly menaced the Revolution. But, as may be easily understood, the secret extended to all those who wished to give themselves to the extreme parties who at this period tore France. The traitors were the weaker party, as the Girondins were the weakest. The Montagnards decided that the Girondins must be the traitors. On the next day, which was the 10th of June, all the Montagnard deputies were present at the sitting. The Jacobins, armed, filled the tribunes, after having turned out the women; the Mayor presented himself with the Council of the Commune, confirming the report of the Commissioners of the Convention respecting the devotedness of the citizens, but repeating the wish, unanimously expressed the preceding evening, for a Tribunal Extraordinary appointed to judge the traitors. The report of the Committee was instantly demanded with loud vociferations. The Committee reunited immediately, and in five minutes afterwards, they were informed by Robert Lindet, that a Tribunal would be formed, composed of nine judges (independent of all forms, and acquiring proof by every means), divided into two permanent sections, and prosecuting, directly by order of the Convention, all those who were found guilty in any way of either tempting or misleading the people. This was a sweeping clause, and the Girondins, comprehending it would cause their arrest, rose *en masse*. Death, cried they, rather than submit to the establishment of this threatened imposition.

The Montagnards, in reply to this apostrophe, demanded the vote in a loud tone. "Yes," replied Ferand, "let us vote to make known to the world men who are willing to assassinate innocence under the mask of the law." They voted to this effect; and, against all expectation, the majority decided—1st, they would have juries; 2ndly, that these juries should be of equal numbers in each department; 3rdly, they should be nominated by the Convention. At the moment these three propositions received admission, loud cries were heard; but the Convention, accustomed to receive occasional visits from the

populace, inquired their wishes, and were informed in reply, "It was merely a deputation of enrolled volunteers, who, having dined at the Halle-au-Blé, demanded to be permitted to display their military tactics before the Convention.

The doors were opened immediately, and six hundred men, armed with swords, pistols, and pikes, apparently half-intoxicated, filed off amidst shouts of applause, and loudly demanded the death of the traitors. "Yes," replied Collet d'Herbois, addressing them, "yes, my friends, we will save you—you and liberty, notwithstanding these intrigues." These words were followed by an angry glance towards the Girondins, which plainly intimated they were not yet beyond reach of danger. In short, the sitting of the Convention terminated, the Montagnards scattered themselves amongst other clubs, running first to the Cordeliers and then to the Jacobins, proposing to place the traitors beyond the reach of the law, by cutting their throats the same night.

The wife of Louvet resided in Rue Saint Honoré, near the Jacobins. She, hearing these vociferations, descended, entered the club, and heard this proposition; then quickly retraced her steps, and warned her husband of the impending danger. Louvet, hastily arming himself, ran from door to door to alarm his friends, but found them all absent; then fortunately ascertaining from one of the servants they had gone to Petion's house, he followed them there. He found them quietly deliberating over a decree, which ought to be presented on the morrow, and which by a chance majority they hoped to pass. He related what had occurred, communicated his fears, informed them of the plot devised against them by the Cordeliers and Jacobins, and concluded by urging them on their side to pursue some active and energetic measure.

Then Petion rose, calm and self-possessed as usual, walked to the window, opened it, and then extended his hand, which he drew in covered with moisture. "It rains," said he; "there will be nothing to-night."

Through this half-opened window the last vibration of the clock was heard striking ten.

Such were the occurrences of the 10th of March, and the evening preceding it—occurrences which, in this gloomy

obscurity and menacing silence, rendered the abodes destined to shelter the living like sepulchres peopled by the dead. In fact, long patrols of the National Guard, preceded by men marching with fixed bayonets, troops of citizens, armed at hazard, pushing against each other, gendarmes closely examining each doorway, and strictly scrutinizing every narrow alley—these were the sole inhabitants who ventured to expose themselves in the streets. Every one instinctively understood something unusual and terrible was taking place. The cold and drizzling rain, which had tended so much to reassure Petion, had considerably augmented the ill-humour and trouble of these inspectors, whose every meeting resembled preparation for combat, and who, after recognising each other with looks of defiance, exchanged the word of command slowly and with a very bad grace. Indeed, it was said, seeing one and the other returning after their separation, that they mutually feared an attack from behind. On the same evening, when Paris was a prey to one of those panics (so often renewed that they ought, in some measure, to have become habitual), this evening the massacre of the lukewarm revolutionists was secretly debated, who, after having voted (with restriction for the most part) the death of the King, recoiled to-day before the death of the Queen, a prisoner in the Temple with her sister-in-law and her children. A woman, enveloped in a mantle of lilac printed cotton, with black spots, her head covered and almost buried in the hood, glided along the houses in La Rue Saint Honoré, seeking concealment under a door porch, or in the angle of a wall, every time a patrol appeared, remaining motionless as a statue, and holding her breath till he had passed, and then again pursuing her anxious course with increased rapidity, till some danger of a similar nature again compelled her to seek refuge in silence and immobility.

She had already (thanks to the precautions she had taken) travelled over with impunity part of La Rue Saint Honoré, when she suddenly encountered, not a body of patrol, but a small troop of our brave enrolled volunteers, who, having dined at La Halle-au-Blé, found their patriotism considerably increased by the numerous toasts they had drunk to their future victories. The poor woman

uttered a cry, and made a futile attempt to escape by La Rue du Coq.

"Ah, ah! citoyenne," cried the chief of the volunteers (for already, with the need of command natural to man, these worthy patriots had elected their chief), "Ah, where are you going?"

The fugitive made no reply, but continued her rapid movement.

"What sport," said the chief; "it is a man disguised, an aristocrat, who thinks to save himself."

The sound of two or three guns escaping from hands rather too unsteady to be depended upon, announced to the poor woman the fatal movement she had made.

"No, no," cried she, stopping running, and retracing her steps; "no, citizen; you are mistaken. I am not a man."

"Then advance at command," said the chief, "and reply to my questions. Where are you hastening to, charming belle of the night?"

"But, citizen, I am not going anywhere. I am returning."

"Oh! returning, are you?"

"Yes."

"It is rather a late return for a respectable woman, citoyenne?"

"I am returning from visiting a sick relative."

"Poor little kitten," said the chief, making a motion with his hand (before which the horrified woman quickly recoiled). "Where is your passport?"

"My passport! What is that, citizen? What do you mean?"

"Have you not read the decree of the Commune?"

"No."

"You have heard it proclaimed then?"

"Alas! no. What, then, said this decree, mon Dieu?"

"In the first place, we no longer say God; we only speak of the Supreme Being now."

"Pardon me, I am in error. It is an old custom."

"Bad habit—the habit of the aristocracy."

"I will endeavour to correct myself, citizen; but you said—"

"I said that the decree of the Commune prohibited,

after six in the evening, any one to go out without a civic pass. Now, have you this civic pass?"

"Alas! no."

"You have forgotten it at your relations?"

"I was ignorant of the necessity of going out with one."

"Then come with us to the first post; there you can explain all prettily to the Captain; and if he feels perfectly satisfied with your explanation, he will depute two men to conduct you in safety to your abode, else you will be detained for further information."

From the cry of terror which escaped the poor prisoner, the chief of the enrolled Volunteers understood how much the unfortunate woman dreaded this interview.

"Oh, oh!" said he, "I am quite certain we hold distinguished game. Forward, forward—to the route, my little *ci-devant*."

And the chief seizing the arm of the former, placed it within his own and dragged her, notwithstanding her cries and tears, towards the post du Palais Egalité.

They were already at the top of the barrier of Sergens, when suddenly a tall young man, closely wrapt in a mantle, turned the corner of La Rue des Petits-Champs at the very moment when the prisoner endeavoured, by renewing her supplications to regain her liberty. But without listening, the chief dragged her brutally forward. The woman uttered a cry of terror, mingled with despair. The young man saw the struggle; he also heard the cry, then bounded from the opposite side of the street, and found himself facing the little troop.

"What is all this? What are you doing to this woman?" demanded he of the person who appeared to be the chief.

"Before you question me, you had better attend to your own business."

"Who is this woman; and what do you want with her?" repeated the young man, in a still more imperative tone than at first.

"But who are you, that you interrogate us?"

The young man opened his cloak, when an epaulet was visible, glistening on his military costume.

"I am an officer," said he, "as you can see."

"Officer! In what?"

"In the Civic Guard."

"Well, what of that?" replied one of the troop. "What do we know here of the officers of the Civic Guard?"

"What is that he says?" asked another man (in a drawling and ironical tone peculiar to a man of the people, or rather of the Parisian populace), beginning to be angry.

"He says," replied the young man, "that if the epaulet cannot command respect for the officer, the sword shall command respect for the epaulet."

At the same time making a retrograde movement, the unknown defender of the young woman had disengaged his arm from the folds of his mantle, and drawn from beneath it, sparkling by the glimmer of a lamp, a large infantry sabre. Then with a rapid movement which displayed his familiarity with similar scenes of violence, seized the chief of the Volunteers by the collar of his blouse, and placing the point of the sabre to his throat, "Now," said he, "let us speak like friends."

"But, citizen," said the chief, endeavouring to free himself.

"I warn you, that at the slightest movement made, either by you or any of your men, I pass my sabre through your body."

During this time two men belonging to the troop retained their hold of the woman.

"You have asked who I am," continued the young man, "which you had no right to do, since you do not command a regular patrol. However, I will inform you. My name is Maurice Lindey; I commanded a body of artillerymen on the 10th August, am now lieutenant in the National Guards, and secretary to the section of Brothers and Friends. Is that sufficient?"

"Well, Citizen Lieutenant," replied the chief, still menaced with the blade, the point of which he felt pressing more and more, "this is quite another thing. If you are really what you say, that is a good patriot——"

"There, I knew we should soon understand each other," said the officer. "Now, in your turn, answer me: why did this woman call out, and what are you doing with her?"

"We are taking her to the guard-house."

"And why are you taking her there?"

"Because she has no civic pass, and the last decree of the Commune ordered the arrest of any and every individual appearing in the streets of Paris without one after ten o'clock at night. Do you forget the country is in danger, and that the Black Flag floats over l'Hotel de Ville?"

"The black flag floats over l'Hotel de Ville, and the country is in danger, because two hundred thousand slaves march against France," replied the officer, "and not because a woman runs through the streets of Paris after ten o'clock at night. But never mind, citizens. There is a decree of the Commune, it is true, and you only did your duty; and if you had answered me at once, our explanation might have been a much shorter, and probably a less stormy one. It is well to be a patriot, but equally so to be polite; and the first officer whom the citizens ought to respect, is he, it seems to me, whom they themselves appointed. In the meantime, release that woman, if you please. You are at liberty to depart."

"Oh! citizen," cried she, seizing the arm of Maurice (having listened to the whole of this debate with the most intense anxiety), "Oh! citizen, do not abandon me to the mercy of these rude and half-drunken men."

"Well, then," said Maurice, "take my arm, and I will conduct you with them as far as the Poste."

"To the Poste!" exclaimed the terrified woman, "and why to the Poste, when I have injured no one?"

"You are taken to the Poste," replied Maurice, "not because you have done any one wrong, or because you are considered capable of so doing, but on account of the decree issued by the Commune, forbidding any one to go out without a pass; and you have none."

"But, monsieur, I was ignorant of it."

"Citoyenne, you will find at the Poste brave and honourable men, who will fully appreciate your reasons, and from whom you have nothing to fear."

"Monsieur," said the young woman, pressing Maurice's arm, "it is no longer insult that I fear, it is death; if they conduct me to the Poste, I am lost."

## CHAPTER II.

## THE UNKNOWN.

THERE was in this voice an accent of so much terror, mingled with superiority, that Maurice was startled. Like a stroke of electricity, this vibrating voice had touched his heart. He turned towards the enrolled volunteers, who were talking among themselves. Humiliated at having been held in check by a single individual, they were now consulting together with the visible intention of regaining their lost ground. They were eight against one; three were armed with guns, the remainder with pistols and pikes. Maurice wore only his sabre. The contest could not be an equal one. Even the woman comprehended this, as she held down her head, and uttered a deep sigh.

As to Maurice, with his brows knitted, his lip disdainfully curled, and his sabre drawn from its scabbard, he stood irresolute, fluctuating between the sentiments of a man and a citizen, the one urging him to protect this woman, the other counselling him to give her up. All at once, at the corner of La Rue des Bons-Enfants, he saw the reflection of several muskets, and heard also the measured tread of a patrol, who, perceiving a crowd, halted within a few paces of the group, and, through the corporal, demanded, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," said Maurice. "A friend! Advance, Louis!"

He to whom this order was addressed, placed himself at the head of his eight men, and quickly approached.

"Is it you, Maurice?" said the corporal. "Ah, libertine! what are you doing in the streets at this hour?"

"You see, I am going to the section of Brothers and Friends."

"Yes; to visit that of sisters and friends. We know all about that."

"Ah, listen, ma Belle,  
When the dusk midnight hour  
The church-bell shall toll,  
I will haste to thy bower,  
To thy side I will steal,  
Spite of bolts and of bars,  
And my love will reveal,  
'Neath the light of the stars.



Is it not so?"

"No, mon ami; you are mistaken. I was on my way home when I discovered this citoyenne struggling in the hands of these citizen volunteers, and ran to inquire why they wished to detain her."

"It is just like you," said Louis. Then turning towards the volunteers, "Why did you stop this woman?" inquired the poetical corporal.

"I have already told the lieutenant," replied the chief of the little troop, "because she had no pass."

"Bah! bah!" said Louis, "a great crime, certainly."

"Are you then ignorant of the decree of the Commune," demanded the chief of the volunteers.

"Yes; but there is another clause which has annulled that—which—listen—

"On Pindus and Parnassus, it is decreed by Love,

That beauty's witching face,

That youth and fairy grace,

Without a pass, by day or night, may through the city rove."

"What do you say to this decree, citizen? it is clever, it seems to me."

"Yes; but it does not appear to me peremptory. In the first place it has not appeared in the *Moniteur*; then we are neither upon Pindus or Parnassus; it is not yet day; and, lastly, the citoyenne is perhaps neither graceful, young, nor fair."

"I wager the contrary," said Louis. "Prove that I am in the right, citoyenne, remove your hood, that all may judge if you come under the conditions of the decree."

"Monsieur," said the young woman, pressing closer to Maurice, "having saved me from your enemies, protect me now against your friends, I beseech you."

"You see," said the chief, "how she hides herself. In my opinion she is a spy of the aristocrats—some street-walker."

"Oh! monsieur," said the young woman, stepping before Maurice, and discovering a face radiant with youth and beauty, visible by the light of the lamp, "do I look like what they have termed me?"

Maurice was amazed. He had never even dreamed of beauty equal to that he had caught sight of for a moment, and only for a moment, since the Unknown had

again enshrouded herself in the hood as quickly as she had previously removed it. "Louis," said Maurice, in a whisper, "claim the prisoner, that you may conduct her to your post; you have a right to do so, as chief of patrol."

"Very good," said the young corporal, "I understand with half a word."

Then, addressing himself to the Unknown, "Let us go, ma belle," continued he; "since you will not afford me the proof that you are within the conditions of the decree, you must follow us."

"Why follow you?" said the chief of the enrolled volunteers. "We shall conduct the citoyenne to the post of l'Hotel-de-Ville, where we are on guard, and there she will be examined."

"Not so, not so," said the chief of the first troop, "she belongs to us, and we will keep her."

"Citizens, citizens," said Louis, "you will make me angry."

"Angry, or not angry, morbleu, it is equally the same to us. We are true soldiers of the Republic, and whilst you patrol the streets, we go to shed our blood on the frontier."

"Take care you do not shed it by the way, citizens, which is very likely to occur, if you are not rather more polite than you are at present."

"Politeness is a virtue appertaining to the aristocracy, and we belong to the lower orders," replied the chief.

"Do not speak of these things before madame," said Louis, "perhaps she is an Englishwoman. Do not be angry at the supposition, my beautiful bird of the night," added he, gallantly, turning towards the Unknown. "Doubtless you are conversant with the poets, and one of them tells us, 'That England is a swan's nest situated in the midst of a large pond.'"

"Ah! you betray yourself," said the chief of the enrolled, "you avow yourself a creature of Pitt's, in the pay of England. A——"

"Silence," said Louis, "you do not understand poetry; therefore I must speak to you in prose. We are National Guards, affable and patient fellows enough, but still children of Paris; that is to say, if we are provoked we strike rather hard."

"Madame," said Maurice, "from what you have now witnessed you can easily imagine what will soon follow. In five minutes ten or twelve men will be cutting each other's throats for you. Is the cause your defenders have embraced worthy of the blood they are about to shed?"

"Monsieur," replied the Unknown, clasping her hands, "I can only assure you, that if you permit me to be arrested, the result to myself will be dreadful, but to others fatal; and that rather than you should abandon me, I would beseech you to pierce me through the heart with the weapon you hold in your hand, and cast my corpse into the Seine."

"Madame," replied Maurice, "I will take all the responsibility upon myself;" and letting drop the hand of the lovely *incognita* which he held in his own,—

"Citizens," said he, addressing himself to the National Guard, "as an officer, as a patriot, and a Frenchman, I command you to protect this woman. And Louis, if any of these *canaille* say one word, put them to the bayonet."

"Carry arms," said Louis.

"Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" cried the Unknown, enveloping her head still closer in her hood, and supporting herself against a post, "Oh! mon Dieu! protect me."

The volunteers directly placed themselves on the defensive, and one among them fired his pistol, when the ball passed through the hat of Maurice.

"Cross bayonets," said Louis. "Plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan."

Then, in the darkness of night, a scene of struggling and confusion ensued, during which the sounds of one or two shots were heard, followed by cries, imprecations, and blasphemies, but no one appeared, because, as we have said, there was this evening a secret question of the massacre, and it was believed the massacre had commenced. Two or three windows only were opened for an instant, but were immediately closed. Less in number, and worse armed, the enrolled volunteers were in an instant defeated. Two were badly wounded and four others pinned against the wall, each with a bayonet through his breast.

"There," said Louis, "I hope now you will remain as quiet as lambs. As for you, Citizen Maurice, I order you

to conduct this woman to the post of l'Hotel de Ville. You understand you are answerable for her."

"Yes," said Maurice. Then, in a low tone—"And the password?" added he.

"The devil!" said Louis, rubbing his ear, "the password; it is ——"

"Do not fear I shall make a bad use of it."

"Ma foi!" said Louis; "make what use you like of it, that is your concern."

"Tell me, then?" said Maurice.

"I will tell you all in good time, but let us first dispose of these tipsy fellows. Then, before we part, I shall not be sorry to give you a few words of advice."

"Very well. I will wait."

Louis then returned to his national guards, who still kept the enrolled volunteers at bay.

"Now," said he, "have you had sufficient?"

"Yes, dog of a Girondin," replied the chief.

"You deceive yourself, my friend," said Louis, coolly; "we are better sansculottes than yourselves, seeing that we belong to the club of Thermopyles, of whose patriotism no one, I hope, entertains a doubt. Let go these citizens," continued Louis, "they resist no longer."

"It is not the less true that this woman is an object of suspicion."

"If she were a suspicious character she would have made her escape during this skirmish, and not, as you see she has done, waited till it had terminated."

"Hum!" said one of the volunteers. "What the Citizen Thermopyle observes is quite true."

"Besides, we shall know, since my friend goes to conduct her to the post, while we go to drink to the health of the nation."

"Are we going to drink?" said the chief.

"Certainly, I am very thirsty, and I know a pretty little cabaret, at the corner of La Rue Thomas du Louvre."

"Why did you not say so at once, citizen? We are sorry to have doubted your patriotism, and to prove it, let us, in the name of the nation and the law, embrace each other as friends."

"Let us embrace," said Louis.

And the enrolled volunteers and the national guards embraced with warm enthusiasm. At this moment they were more anxious to embrace than behold one another.

"Let us now go," cried the two united troops, "to the corner of La Rue Thomas du Louvre."

"And we," said one of the wounded, in a plaintive voice, "do you intend to abandon us here?"

"Ah, well! yes," said Louis, "abandon the heroes who have fallen bravely fighting for their country against the patriots—it is true by mistake, but still true for all that; we will send you some wheelbarrows. Meanwhile, you can sing the Marseillaise, it will divert you."

Then, approaching Maurice, who was waiting for him, with this Unknown, at the corner of La Rue du Coq, while the national guards and enrolled volunteers went back again arm-in-arm towards La Place du Palais-Egalité.

"Maurice," said he, "I promised you some counsel, and this is it. Be persuaded to accompany us, rather than compromise yourself by protecting this young woman, who, it is true, is very charming, and on that account not the less to be suspected; for charming women who run about the streets of Paris at midnight——"

"Monsieur," said the young woman, "judge me not from appearances, I implore you."

"In the first place, you say monsieur, and that is a great fault. Do you understand, citoyenne, what I say?"

"Ah, well! Yes, yes, citizen; allow your friend to accomplish his kind action."

"What is that?"

"By conducting me home, and protecting me on my road."

"Maurice, Maurice," said Louis, "consider well what you are doing; you will compromise yourself terribly."

"I know it well," said the young man, "but what would you have me do? If I leave the poor woman, she will be stopped at every step by the patrols."

"Oh! yes, yes, monsieur, while with you—whilst with you, citizen, I meant to say—I shall be safe."

"You hear?" said Louis, "safe. She then runs great danger?"

"My dear Louis," said Maurice, "let us be just. She must either be a good compatriot or an aristocrat. If an

aristocrat, we have erred in protecting her; if a good patriot, it is our duty to preserve her."

"Pardon, pardon, cher ami; I am sorry for Aristotle, but your logic is folly. See what he says—

Iris my reason steals away,  
And yet she tells me to be wise;  
Oh! lady, I can only say,—  
Then turn away those glorious eyes."

"Louis," said Maurice, "a truce to Dorcit, to Parny, and to Gentil-Bernard, I pray you. Speak seriously, will you, or will you not, give me the password?"

"That is to say, Maurice, you place me in this situation—I must either sacrifice my duty to my friend, or my friend to my duty; but I fear, Maurice, my duty will fall the sacrifice."

"Decide, then, for one or the other, mon ami, but, in the name of heaven, decide quickly."

"You will not abuse it?"—"I promise you."

"That is not sufficient; swear!"—"Upon what?"

"Swear upon the altar of your country."

Louis pulled off his hat, presenting to Maurice the side with the cockade, and Maurice, finding the affair very simple, took, without smiling, the oath required upon this extemporary altar.

"Now," said Louis, "this is the password—France and Lutece; perhaps you would say, France and Lucretia, but let that pass, it is Roman all the same."

"Citoyenne," said Maurice, "I am at your service. Thanks, Louis."

"Bon voyage," cried he, replacing on his head 'the altar of the country,' and, faithful to his Anacreontic taste, departed singing—

"Eleonora, Eleonora!  
Now I've taught you how to love,  
Tell your passionate adorer,  
Does the lesson weary prove?"

## CHAPTER III.

### LA RUE DES FOSSES SAINT VICTOR.

MAURICE finding himself alone with the young woman, felt for the moment deeply embarrassed. The fear of being duped, attracted by her marvellous beauty, troubled

his conscience as a pure and exalted Republican, and caused him to hesitate when about to offer her the support of his arm.

"Where are you going, citizen?" said he.

"Alas, monsieur, a long way from here," replied she.

"But how far?"

"By the side of the Jardin des Plantes."

"It is some distance, let us proceed on our way."

"Ah! mon Dieu! monsieur," said the Unknown; "I plainly perceive I am a constraint upon you; but indeed it is no ordinary danger that I incur. Believe me, I will not abuse your generosity."

"But, madame," said Maurice, who during his *tête-à-tête* had totally forgotten the language imposed by the Republican vocabulary, and returned to the language of a gentleman, "how is it, in all conscience, that at this hour you are found in the streets of Paris, where, with the exception of ourselves, you do not see a single individual?"

"Monsieur, I have told you; I had been paying a visit to the Faubourg du Roule. Leaving home at mid-day, and knowing nothing of what had taken place, I returned, of course, in equal ignorance, all my time having been spent in deep retirement."

"Yes," murmured Maurice, "in some retired house, the resort of the aristocrats. Confess, citoyenne, while publicly demanding my protection, you laugh in your sleeve at my egregious folly."

"Why should I act thus?"

"You are aware that a Republican acts as your guide. Well, this Republican betrays his cause, that is all."

"But, citizen," quickly rejoined the Unknown, "I, as well as you, love the Republic; you labour under a mistake concerning me."

"Then, citoyenne, if you are a good patriot, you can have no cause for concealment. Where do you come from?"

"Monsieur, excuse me."

There was in this "monsieur" so much sweetness and modesty of expression, that Maurice believed it to be founded on some sentiment concealed.

"Surely," said he, "this woman is returning from some rendezvous d'amour."

At this moment, without knowing why, he felt deeply

oppressed at this thought; and for a short time he remained silent.

When these two nocturnal promenaders had reached La Rue de la Verrerie, after having encountered three or four patrols, who, thanks to the password, allowed them free passage, an officer at length appeared, inclined to raise some difficulties. Maurice here found it necessary to give his name, and also his residence.

"That is all that is required from you," said the officer; "but the citoyenne, who is she?"

"The sister of my wife."

The officer permitted them to pass.

"You are then married, monsieur?" murmured the Unknown.

"No, madame, why do you think so?"

"Then," said she, laughing, "you had better have said I was your wife."

"Madame," said Maurice, "the name of wife is rather too sacred to be slightly bestowed. I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

The Unknown in her turn felt an oppression of the heart, and remained silent and confused. At this moment they crossed the bridge Marie. The young woman quickened her pace as they approached the end of their journey. They crossed the bridge De la Tourville.

"We are now, I believe, in your quarter," said Maurice, planting his foot on the quay Saint Bernard.

"Yes, citizen," replied the young woman, "but it is precisely here I most require your kind assistance."

"Really, madame," said Maurice, "you forbid me to be indiscreet, yet do all in your power to excite my curiosity. This is not generous. Grant me your confidence. I have merited it, I think. Are you not in honour bound to tell me to whom I speak?"

"You speak, monsieur," said the Unknown, smiling, "to a woman whom you have saved from the greatest danger she could encounter, to one who owes you a debt of everlasting gratitude."

"I do not require so much, madame; be less grateful, and pending the second, tell me your name."—"Impossible!"

"You might have told it nevertheless to the first sectionary, if you had been taken to the post."



"No, never!" said the Unknown.

"But, in that case, you would have gone to prison."

"I had considered all that."

"And prison at this moment——"

"Leads to the scaffold; I know it all."

"And you would have preferred the scaffold?"

"To treason—to discover my name was treason; it is treason to betray others."

"I said truly, you compelled me to act a singular part for a Republican!"

"You act the part of a truly generous man. You encounter a poor woman subjected to insult; you do not condemn her because she might be 'one of the people,' but that she may be exempted from fresh annoyances, to save her from shipwreck, you reconduct her to the miserable quarter she inhabits."

"As far as appearances go, you argue correctly, and I might have credited you, had I never either seen you or heard you speak; but your beauty and mode of expression stamp you as a woman of distinction, and it is just this distinction, in opposition with your costume and this miserable quarter, which proves to me that your absence from home at this unseasonable hour conceals some mystery. You are silent . . . we will speak no more. Are we far from your house, madame?"

At this moment they entered La Rue des Fosses St. Victor by La Rue de Seine.

"You see that small dark building," said the Unknown to Maurice, extending her hand, and pointing towards a house situated beyond the walls of the Jardin des Plantes.

"When we arrive there you must quit me."

"Very well, madame, issue your orders, I am here only to obey."

"You are angry."

"I angry?—not the least in the world; besides, what does it matter to you?"

"It matters much, since I have yet a favour to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"A kind and frank adieu—the farewell of a friend."

"The farewell of a friend! Oh! madame, you do me too great an honour. A singular friend, not to know the

name of his friend, who even conceals from him where she resides, no doubt from the fear of being too much troubled with his company."

The young woman hung down her head, but did not reply to this sarcasm.

"As to the rest, madame," continued Maurice, "if I have discovered a secret, I did so involuntarily, and without any effort on my part to do so."

"I have now reached my destination, monsieur," said the Unknown.

It was facing the old Rue St. Jacques, lined with tall dark-looking houses, intersected by obscure narrow alleys, leading to streets occupied by manufactories and tanyards, as within two steps ran the little river De Biure.

"Here!" said Maurice, "is it here that you live?"

"Yes."

"Impossible!"

"It is so, nevertheless. And now, adieu! my brave chevalier, my generous protector, adieu!"

"Adieu! madame," said Maurice, with slight irony of tone, "but first again assure me you run no further risk of any danger."—"None whatever."

"In that case I will leave you."

Maurice bowed coldly and retired a few paces. The Unknown remained for an instant stationary in the same place.

"I do not like to take my leave of you thus," said she. "Come, monsieur, your hand."

Maurice approached, and held out his hand, and then felt the young woman had slipped a ring on his finger.

"Oh! citizen, what have you done? Do you not perceive that you have lost one of your rings?"

"Monsieur, you wrong me much."

"The crime of ingratitude is wanting in me; is it not so, madame?"

"Come, I beseech you, monsieur—mon ami, do not leave me thus. What do you wish to know? What do you ask?"

"Payment—is it not so?" said the young man bitterly.

"No," said the Unknown, with a bewitching expression, "but forgive me the secrecy I am obliged to preserve towards you."

Maurice, seeing in the obscurity those beautiful eyes almost humid with tears, feeling the pressure of that soft hand reposing between his own, hearing the accents of that persuasive voice, which had almost descended to the depths of prayer, felt his anger all at once yield to admiration.

"What do I ask?" said he. "To see you again."

"Impossible! utterly impossible."

"If only for once—one hour, a minute, a second."

"I tell you it is impossible."

"Do you seriously tell me," said Maurice, "that I shall never see you again?"

"Never," said the Unknown, in a desponding tone.

"Madame," said Maurice, "you certainly jest with me." Then, raising his noble head, he shook his hanging curls like a man wishing to escape from some power which, in spite of himself, still bound him. The Unknown regarded him with an undefinable expression. It was evident she had not altogether escaped the sentiment she had inspired.

"Listen," said she, after a moment's silence, interrupted only by a sigh, which Maurice had in vain endeavoured to suppress. "Swear to me, upon your honour, to shut your eyes the moment I desire you to do so, and to keep them closed while you can count sixty seconds. Mind, upon your honour."

"If I swear, what will happen to me?"

"It will happen that I will prove my gratitude to you in a manner that I faithfully promise you I will never again to any other person. Do this for me more than for yourself. As to the rest, it will be difficult."

"But, at least, am I not to know——"

"No; trust to me. You see——"

"In truth, madame, I know not whether you are angel or demon."

"Will you swear it?"

"Yes; I swear to do as you desire me."

"Whatever occurs, you will not open your eyes—whatever happens. You understand? even if you should feel yourself struck with a poniard."

"You bewilder me. My word of honour required with so much urgency."

"Swear, then, monsieur. It appears to me that you run no great risk in so doing."

"Well, I swear," said Maurice, "whatever may happen," closing his eyes.

He hesitated.

"Let me see you only once more—only once more," said he. "I entreat you."

The young woman let fall the hood with a smile not quite free from coquetry, when, by the light of the moon, which at this moment shed its lustre between two clouds, he again beheld, for the second time, the raven hair hanging in masses of shining curls, the beautifully arched and pencilled eyebrows, o'ershadowing the almond-shaped eyes, so soft and languishing, an exquisitely formed nose, and lips fresh and brilliant as coral.

"Oh! you are beautiful, exquisitely beautiful," said Maurice.

"Shut your eyes," said the Unknown.

Maurice obeyed.

The young woman took both his hands within her own, and placed him in the desired position.

Suddenly he felt a warm perfume pervade his face, and lips slightly touch his mouth, leaving between his lips the disputed ring.

All passed rapid as thought. Maurice experienced a sensation almost amounting to pain. His feelings were inexplicable, even to himself.

He made a brusque movement, and extended his arms before him.

"Your oath," said a voice, already in the distance.

Maurice clasped his hands over his eyes to strenuously resist the strong inclination he felt to perjure himself. He counted no more; he thought no more; but remained tottering, his nerves totally unstrung.

In about an instant he heard a noise like that of a door closing a few paces distant from him; then again everything was silent. Then he removed his hand, and opened his eyes, looking round about him like a man just awakened from a deep sleep, and might, perhaps, have fancied all that had occurred a passing dream, had he not held between his lips the identical ring, proving this unheard-of adventure, an incontestable reality.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MANNERS OF THE TIMES.

WHEN Maurice came to himself, he looked around, but saw only the gloomy, dirty streets extending to his right and left. He essayed to find out exactly where he was, that he might recognise it again; but his mind was disturbed. The night was dark, and the moon, which, for a moment, had appeared to light up the lovely face of the fair Unknown, had again retired behind the clouds. The young man, after a moment of cruel incertitude, retraced his steps towards his own house, situated in Rue de Roule.

Arriving at La Rue Sainte-Avoie, Maurice was much surprised at the number of patrols who circulated in that quarter of the Temple.

"What is the matter now, sergeant?" inquired he of the chief of patrol, busily occupied in thoroughly searching La Rue des Fontaines.

"What is it?" said the sergeant. "It is this, *mon officier*. It was intended this night to carry off the woman Capet, and the whole nest beside."

"How was that?"

"A band, forming a patrol, had, I do not know how, procured the password, and introduced themselves into the Temple in the costume of Chasseurs of the National Guard. Fortunately, he who represented the corporal, when speaking to the officer on guard, addressed him as 'Monsieur.' He sold himself—the aristocrat."

"The devil!" said Maurice; "and have they not arrested the conspirators?"

"No. When the patrol reached the street, they were all dispersed."

"And is there any hope of capturing any of these fellows?"

"There is only one among the number of sufficient importance to arrest—that is the chief, a very slight man; who had been introduced among the men on guard by one of the municipals of the service. We had made the villain run, but he had found a door behind, and fled through les Madelonnettes."

Under any other circumstances, Maurice would have remained for the rest of the night with the patriots, who guarded the safety of the public, but since one short hour,

love of country was no longer his sole engrossing thought. He continued his way, and the tidings he had just learned were soon obliterated from his memory by the recent events, in which he had himself taken so active a part. Besides, since these pretended attempts had become very frequent, the patriots themselves were aware, under certain circumstances, they made use of them in a political measure, therefore this news caused our young republican no great disquietude.

On returning home, Maurice found his "official" (at this epoque they had no longer servants),—Maurice, say we, found his official waiting, but who, while waiting, had fallen asleep, and while sleeping snored uneasily. He awoke him, and with all due regard for his fellow-man, made him pull off his boots, then dismissed him, that he might not interrupt his cogitations, and jumping into bed, it being very late, and he also having youth on his side, slept soundly, notwithstanding the preoccupation of his thoughts.

The next day he discovered a letter on his "table de nuit." This letter was written in a clear, elegant hand, but unknown to him. He looked at the seal. The seal was engraved with the single word in English—"Nothing." He opened it. It merely contained these words, "Thank you. Everlasting gratitude in exchange for everlasting forgetfulness." Maurice summoned his domestic (the true patriot never rang, the sound denoted servility, indeed, many officials only entered the service of their masters on this express condition.)

The official of Maurice had received, nearly thirty years before, at the baptismal font, the name of Jean, but in '92 he was, by private authority, re-baptised, (Jean savouring of Aristocracy and Deism), and now called himself "Scevola."

"Scevola," demanded Maurice, "do you know where this letter came from?"

"No, citizen."

"Who brought it to you?"

"The concierge."

"And who brought it to him?"

"A commissionaire, no doubt, since it had no post-mark."

"Go down, and request the concierge to walk up."

The concierge complied, because it was Maurice who made the request, and he was much beloved by all the officials with whom he was concerned in any way; but at the same time the concierge declared, that had it been any other tenant, he should have asked him to walk down.

The concierge was called Aristide.

Maurice interrogated him. It was a stranger who had brought the letter, about eight in the morning. The young man multiplied his questions, and varied them in every possible shape, but could elicit nothing further. Maurice requested his acceptance of six francs, also desiring, if this stranger again presented himself, that he would follow him, without appearing to do so, and inform him where he returned to.

We hasten to say, that, much to the satisfaction of Aristide, who felt himself rather insulted by this proposition, the man returned no more.

Maurice remained alone, crushing the letter with vexation; he drew the ring from his finger, and placed it with the crumpled letter upon the "table de nuit," then turned towards the wall, with the foolish idea of sleeping afresh; but at the end of an hour Maurice returned to this fanfaronade, kissed the ring and re-read the letter. The ring was a splendid sapphire, the letter, as we have said, was a charming little billet, displaying its aristocracy in every line.

As Maurice re-read and examined it, the door opened. Maurice hastily replaced the ring on his finger, and concealed the note under his pillow. Was this the modesty of newly-awakened love? or was it the shame of a patriot, who would not wish it to be known that one in relation with the people was imprudent enough to write a billet of which the perfume alone was sufficient to compromise both the hand that penned it and the hand that received it.

He who entered was a young man attired as a patriot, but a patriot of surpassing elegance. His blouse was composed of fine cloth, his breeches of cashmere, and his stockings of fine striped silk. As to his bonnet, it might have shamed, from the elegance of its form and splendid purple colour, even those of Paris itself. Added to all this, he carried in his belt a pair of pistols of the royal manufacture of Versailles, and a short sabre, equal to those of the pupils of Champ-de-Mars.

"Ah! thou sleepest, Brutus," said the new comer, "and the country is in danger. Fi, done!"

"No, Louis," said Maurice, laughing, "I do not sleep, I dream."

"Yes. I understand."

"Well, as for me, I cannot understand."

"Bah!"

"Of whom do you speak? Who is this Eucharis?"

"Why, the woman."

"What woman?"

"The woman of La Rue Saint Honoré—the woman of the patrol—the Unknown—the woman for whom you and I risked our heads last night."

"Oh! yes," said Maurice, who knew perfectly well what his friend would say, and only feigned ignorance, "the Unknown."

"Well; who was she?"

"I know nothing."

"Was she pretty?"

"Pshaw!" said Maurice, pouting his lips disdainfully.

"A poor woman forgotten in some love adventure."

"Yes; sweet creatures that we are,  
'Tis Love that ever tortures man."

"Is this possible?" said Maurice, to whom such an idea was at this moment peculiarly repugnant, and who would have much preferred finding the Unknown to be even a conspirator rather than a light woman. "And where does she live?"

"I know nothing concerning her."

"Come, now; you know nothing, that's impossible."

"Why so?"

"You escorted her back."

"She escaped from me at the Bridge Marie."

"Escaped from you!" said Louis, with a roar of laughter; "a woman escape from you!"

"Say, can the trembling dove elude  
The vulture,—tyrant of the air;—  
The fawn, on whom the tiger rude  
Springs from his solitary lair."

"Louis," said Maurice, "I wish you would accustom yourself to speak like other people. You annoy me horribly with your atrocious poetry."



"To speak like other people, indeed! Now, it appears to me I speak better than most people. I speak as the Citizen Demonstur, both in prose and poetry. As for my poetry, *mon cher*, I know a certain Emilie who does not consider it so bad. But to return to yours."

"My poetry!"

"No; your Emilie."

"Have I an Emilie?"

"Ah, ah! your gazelle may turn tigress, and show her teeth in a manner that may not please you, although in love."

"I in love," said Maurice shaking his head.

"Yes, you in love."

"Louis," said Maurice, arming himself with a pipe-key which lay upon the table; "I swear that if you will spout verses I will whistle."

"Then let us talk politics; besides, that brought me here. Have you heard the news?"

"I know that Capet's wife wished to escape."

"Oh! that is nothing."

"What more is there, then?"

"The famous Chevalier de Maison Rouge is in Paris!"

"Is it true?" said Maurice, raising himself to a sitting posture. "When did he come?"

"Yesterday evening."

"But how?"

"Disguised as a chasseur of the National Guard. A woman who is thought to be an aristocrat, disguised as a woman of the people, took him these clothes to the barrier gate; an instant afterwards they are gone out arm-in-arm. It was not till after they had passed the sentinel suspicion was excited. He had seen the woman pass with a bundle and repass accompanied by a soldier, when it suddenly struck him something was wrong and he ran after them. They had disappeared in an hotel of La Rue Saint Honoré, where the door was opened as if by magic. The hotel had a second point of egress, leading on to the Champs Elysées. *Bon soir* to the Chevalier de Maison Rouge and his companion; they had both vanished. They will demolish the hotel and guillotine the proprietor, but that will not deter the chevalier from renewing the attempt which has just failed; it is four months since the preceding one, and yesterday was the second."

"Is he not arrested?" demanded Maurice.

"Ah! well. Yes, *mon cher*, as well attempt to stop Proteus, arrest Proteus; you know the trouble Aristides had to accomplish it—

'Pastor Aristæus, fugiens Penela Tempe.'

"Take care," said Maurice, carrying the key to his mouth.

"Take care of yourself, for this time you will not whistle at me, but at Virgil."

"That is very true, and as long as you do not translate it I have nothing to say. Now to return to Maison Rouge."

"We agree that he is a brave man."

"The fact is, that to undertake such things he must possess immense courage."

"Or intense adoration."

"Do you believe, then, in the love of the chevalier for the Queen?"

"I do not believe it. I only mention what report says. Besides, she has turned the brains of so many others, that this would not be at all surprising. She has seduced Bernais, so they say."

"Never mind; the chevalier must have had confederates in the Temple even."

"Very possible:

"Love breaks through bars,  
And laughs at bolts."

"Louis!"

"Ah! it is true."

"Then you think like the rest?"

"Why not?"

"Because, according to your account, the Queen has had already two hundred lovers."

"Two, three, four hundred. She is quite handsome enough for that. I do not say that she loves them; but, in short, they love her. All the world behold the sun, but the sun does not see all the world."

"You say, then, that the Chevalier de Maison Rouge—"

"I say they are on the track at this moment, and if he escapes this time the bloodhounds of the Republic, he will be a cunning fox."

"And what does the Commune in all this affair?"

"The Commune is about to issue a decree, by which every house (like an open register) must display on the front the name of every inhabitant, both male and female. This is realizing the dream of the ancients. Why should there not be a window in every breast, that all the world may see what passes there?"

"An excellent idea that," said Maurice.

"To place windows in men's breasts?"

"No; but to place a list of names on every door."

Maurice felt this might be the means of assisting him to discover the Unknown, or at least afford him some clue whereby he might be able to trace her.

"Is it not so?" said Louis. "I have already betted this measure will secure us a batch of five hundred aristocrats. By the bye, we have received this morning, at our club, a deputation of enrolled volunteers; they arrived conducted by our adversaries of that night, whom I had not abandoned till dead drunk—they are here, I tell you, with garlands of flowers and immortal crowns."

"Indeed," replied Maurice, laughing; "and how many were there?"

"They were thirty, and were shaved, wearing bouquets in their button-holes."

"Citizens of the Club of Thermopyles," said the orator, "we wish the union of Frenchmen not to be interrupted by any misunderstanding; we therefore come to fraternize anew with such excellent patriots as yourselves."

"Well, what then?"

"Then we have fraternized, and in this reiteration, ~~the~~ Diasonis expresses himself, we raised an altar to the country with the table of the secretary and two carafes in which the Rosegays were deposited. As you were the hero of the feat, you were three times summoned to appear, that you might be crowned; but as you did not reply, and it was necessary to crown something, they crowned the bust of Washington. This was the order of the ceremony."

As Louis concluded this statement, which at this epoch had nothing of burlesque, a noise was heard proceeding from the street; the drums, first heard in the distance, now approached nearer and nearer. They easily compre-

hended the cause of this noise, now too common to be misunderstood.

"What is all that?" said Maurice.

"The proclamation of the decree of the Commune," said Louis.

"I will run to the station," said Maurice, leaping from his bed, and calling his servant to assist him.

"I will return home and go to bed," said Louis. "I had not two hours' sleep last night, thanks to those outrageous volunteers. If they only fight a little, let me sleep; but if they fight much, come and fetch me."

"But why are you so smart to-day?" said Maurice, eyeing him all over as he rose to withdraw.

"Because in my road hither I am obliged to pass the "Rue Bethisy," and in La Rue Bethisy, on the third flat, is a window which always opens when I pass."

"Then you do not fear being taken for a fop?"

"I a fop! I am, on the contrary, known for a French sansculotte. But one must make some sacrifice to the softer sex. The worship of the country does not exclude that of love; indeed, one commands the other—

"Our republicans profess  
We but follow ancient lore;  
Beauty we prize none the less,  
That we love our freedom more.

Dare to whistle to that, and I denounce you as an aristocrat. Adieu, *mon ami*."

Louis held out his hand to Maurice, which the young republican cordially shook, and went out thinking of a sonnet to Chloris.

## CHAPTER V.

WHAT SORT OF MAN THE CITIZEN MAURICE LINDEY WAS.

WHILE Maurice Lindsey, having dressed quickly, proceeds to the section of La Rue Lepelletier, of which, as we already know, he was secretary, we will endeavour to lay before the public the antecedents of this young man, introduced upon the scene by one of those impulses so familiar to powerful and generous natures.

The young man had spoken correctly the preceding evening, when in reply he had said his name was Maurice

Lindey, resident in La Rue du Roule. He might have added he was a child of that half aristocracy, accorded to the gentlemen of the robe. His ancestors, for two hundred years, had distinguished themselves by that same parliamentary opposition which had rendered so illustrious the names of Moles and Masson. His father, the good Lindey, who had passed his life grumbling against despotism, when on the fourteenth of July, '89, the Bastille had fallen by the hands of the people, died from sudden fright, and the shock of seeing despotism replaced by a liberty militant, leaving his only son independent by fortune and republican in principles.

The revolution which had closely followed this great event found Maurice in all the vigour and maturity of manhood becoming a champion prepared to enter the lists; his republican education improved by his great assiduity to the clubs, and from reading all the pamphlets of that period. God knows how many Maurice had read. Deep and rational contempt for the hierarchy, philosophical consideration of the events which formed the body, absolute denial of all nobility which was not personal, impartial appreciation of the past, ardour for new ideas, sympathy with the people, blended with more aristocratic organizations, such were the morals, not of those whom we have selected, but which history has given us as the heroes of our tale.

As to his personal appearance, he was in height five feet eight inches, from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age, and muscular as Hercules. His beauty was of the French cast, that is to say, fair complexion, blue eyes, curling chestnut hair, rosy lips, and ivory teeth.

After the portrait of the man, comes the position of the citizen. Maurice, not rich, but still independent, bore a name much respected, and, above all, popular. Maurice, known by his education, and principles still more liberal even than his education, Maurice placed himself, so to speak, at the head of a party composed of all the young citizen patriots. It was well that with the sansculottes he passed for rather lukewarm, and with the sectionaries as rather foppish. But the sansculottes no longer remembered his lukewarmness when they saw him snap in twain the knotted cudgels, and the sectionaries pardoned his elegance when he one day scientifically planted a blow

between two eyes, that had been watching him in an offensive manner for some time past.

And now for the physical, moral, and civic combined. Maurice had assisted at the taking of the Bastile, he had been on the expedition to Versailles, had fought like a lion on the 10th of August, and in this memorable journey, it is only justice to observe, he had killed as many patriots as Swedes, not being more willing to permit an assassin under a blouse, than an enemy to the republic under a red coat. It was he who exhorted the defenders of the chateau to surrender themselves, and to prevent the shedding of blood; it was he who placed himself before the mouth of the cannon, to which a Parisian artilleryman was putting a light; he who by a window first entered the Louvre, regardless of the firing of five hundred Swiss and as many gentlemen in ambush; and when he perceived the signal of surrender, his avenging sword had already cut through more than ten uniforms. Then, seeing his friends leisurely massacring some prisoners, who having thrown down their arms, and, clasping their hands, supplicated for life; he furiously attacked these fiends, which had gained for him a reputation worthy of the good days of Rome and of Greece. War declared, Maurice enrolled himself, and departed for the frontier in the rank of lieutenant, with the first 1500 volunteers the city sent against the invaders, and who each day had been followed by 1500 others.

At the first battle in which he assisted, that is to say at Jemappes, he received a ball, which after having divided the muscles of the shoulder, lodged against the bone. The representative of the people knew Maurice, and he returned to Paris for his recovery.

For a whole month, consumed by fever, he tossed upon his bed of suffering, but in January was able to resume his command, if not by name, at least in fact, of the club of Thermopyles, that is to say of one hundred young men of the Parisian citizens, armed to oppose any attempt in favour of the tyrant Capet; and yet more, Maurice, with contracted brows, dilated eyes, and pale face, his heart shrouded with a strange mixture of moral hatred and physical pity, assisted at the execution of the king, and perhaps he alone of all that throng remained silent when the head of the son of Saint Louis fell on the scaffold, and

only raised on high his redoubtable sabre, while his friends, loudly shouting *Vive la liberté*, omitted to notice that one voice at least did not unite itself with their own.

This was the individual who on the morning of the 14th of March, bent his steps towards La Rue Lepelletier, and of whose stormy career our history will furnish further detail.

Towards 10 o'clock Maurice reached the section of which he was the secretary. The commotion was great. The question in agitation was, to vote an address to the Convention in order to repress the conspiracies of the Girondins. They impatiently awaited the arrival of Maurice.

There was no doubt of the return of the Chevalier de Maison Rouge, of the audacity with which this arch-conspirator had for the second time entered Paris, where he well knew a price was now fixed on his head.

To this circumstance was attributed the attempt made the preceding evening on the Temple, and each one expressed his hatred and indignation against the traitors and aristocrats.

Contrary to the general expectation, Maurice appeared preoccupied and silent, wrote down the proclamation, finished his employment in three hours, demanded if the sitting had terminated, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, took his hat, and proceeded towards La Rue Saint Honoré.

Arrived there, Paris appeared quite different to him. He revisited the corner of La Rue du Coq, where during the night he had first seen the lovely Unknown struggling in the hands of soldiers. Then from thence he proceeded to the Bridge Marie, the same road he had travelled by her side, stopping where the patrols had stopt them, repeating in the same place (as if it had preserved an echo of their words), the sentences exchanged between them; only it was now one o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun shining brilliantly upon this walk, reminded him at every step of the occurrences of the past night.

Maurice crossed the bridge, and entered directly La Rue Victor, as it was then called.

"Poor woman," murmured Maurice, "she did not reflect yesterday that the duration of the night was only twelve hours, and that her secret would in all probability not

last longer than the night. By the light of the sun, I will endeavour to find the door through which she vanished, and who knows but I may perhaps even see her at a window?"

He then entered the old Rue Saint Jacques, and placed himself in the same spot as the Unknown had placed him on the preceding evening. For an instant, he closed his eyes, perhaps foolishly expecting the kiss he had then received would again impress his lips. But he felt nothing but the remembrance; 'tis true that burned yet.

Maurice opened his eyes and saw two little streets, one to the right, the other to the left. They were muddy, dirty, and badly formed, furnished with barriers, cut by little bridges, thrown over a kennel. There might be seen the beams of arches, nooks, corners, and twenty doors propt up, fast falling into decay. Here indeed was misery in all its hideousness. Here and there was a garden enclosed in a fence, others by palisades of poles, some by walls, and skins hanging in the outhouses, diffusing around that disgusting odour always arising from a tan-yard.

Maurice's search lasted for nearly two hours, during which he found nothing, and divined nothing, and ten times he had retraced his steps to consider where he was. But all his efforts were in vain, his search was a fruitless one, as all trace of the young woman seemed to have been effaced by the fog and rain of the previous night.

"Truly," said Maurice, "I must be in a dream. This filthy place could not for an instant have afforded refuge for my beautiful fairy of last night."

There was, in this wild Republican, more real poetry than in his friend of the Anacreontic quatrains, since he clung to this idea, fearful to sully, even in thought, the spotless purity of the Unknown. But all hope had now forsaken him.

"Adieu," said he; "mysterious beauty, you have treated me like a child and a fool. Would she have led me here if she really lived in this wretched locality? No, she would only pass as a swan over the infected marsh, and, like a bird in the air, leave no trace behind."



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE TEMPLE.

THE same day, and the same hour, when Maurice, disappointed and unhappy, repassed the Bridge De la Tour-nelle, several municipals, accompanied by Santerre, Commandant of the Parisian National Guard, made a visit of inquiry to the Temple, transformed into a prison, since the 13th of August, 1793.

The visit was made especially to an apartment in the third story, consisting of an antechamber and three rooms. One of these chambers was occupied by two females, a young girl, and a child of nine years old, all dressed in mourning. The elder of the females was about seven or eight and thirty. She was seated at a table reading.

The second, whose age appeared twenty-eight or twenty-nine was engaged on a piece of tapestry.

The young girl of fourteen years was seated near the child, who, ill and in bed, closed his eyes as if asleep, although that was utterly impossible, owing to the noise made by the municipals. Whilst some moved the beds, others examined their clothes and linen; the rest, when their search was concluded, remained rudely staring at the unfortunate prisoners, who never even raised their eyes, the one from her book, the other from her embroidery, and the third from her brother.

The eldest of these women was tall, handsome, and very pale. She appeared to concentrate all her attention on her book, although in all probability her eyes read but not her mind. One of the municipals approached her, brutally snatched away her book, and flung it into the middle of the room. The prisoner stretched her hand across the table, took up the second volume, and continued to read.

The Montagnard made a furious gesture, as if he would take away the second, as he had the first, but at this attempt, which startled the prisoner at her embroidery near the window, the young girl sprang forward, and encircling the reader's head with her arms, weeping, exclaimed, "My poor mother! my poor mother!" and then embraced her. As she did so the prisoner placed her mouth to her ear, and whispered—"Marie, there is a letter concealed in the stove; remove it."

"Come! come!" said the municipal, brutally dragging the young girl towards him, and separating her from her mother, "shall you soon have finished embracing?"

"Sir," said she, "has the Convention decreed that children shall not embrace their mother?"

"No, but it has decreed that traitors, aristocrats, and *ci-devants* shall be punished, that is why I am here to interrogate you. Answer, Antoinette."

She who was thus grossly accosted did not even deign to look at her examiner, but turned her head aside, while a flush passed over her face, pale, and furrowed with tears.

"It is impossible," said he, "that you are ignorant of the attempt last night. Whence came it?"

The prisoners still maintained silence.

"Answer, Antoinette," said Santerre, approaching her, without remarking the almost frenzied horror which had seized the young woman at sight of this man, who, on the morning of the 21st of January, conducted Louis XVI. from the Temple to the scaffold. "Reply. They were conspiring last night against the Republic, and seeking your escape from the captivity in which you are expiating your crimes, by the will of the people. Tell me, do you know who are the conspirators?"

Marie started at contact with that voice, which she endeavoured to fly from by removing her chair to the greatest distance possible, but replied no more to this question than the former ones; paid no more deference to Santerre than she had done to the municipal.

"You are then determined not to reply," said Santerre, stamping his foot furiously.

The prisoner took up the third volume from the table. Santerre turned himself away. The brutal power of this man, who commanded 80,000 men, who had only need of a gesture to cover the voice of the dying Louis XVI., was defeated by the dignity of a poor prisoner, whose head he could cause to fall, but whose will he could not bend.

"And you, Elizabeth," said he, addressing the other female, who at that instant abandoned her tapestry to join her hands in prayer, not to these men, but to God, "will you reply?"

"I do not know what you ask," said she; "therefore I cannot reply."

"Morbleu! Citizen Capet," said Santerre, impatiently, "I think what I say is sufficiently clear, too. I again tell you, that yesterday an attempt was made for your escape, and you certainly must know the culprits."

"Having no communication with those outside, monsieur, we cannot possibly tell what they do, either for or against us."

"Very well," said the municipal; "we will now hear what your nephew will say."

And he approached the bed of the young Dauphin. At this menace, Marie Antoinette suddenly rose.

"Monsieur," said she, "my son is ill, and now asleep—do not wake him."

"Reply then."—"I know nothing."

The municipal walked straight to the bed of the little prisoner, who, as we have said, feigned sleep.

"Come, wake up, Capet," said he, shaking him roughly.

The child opened his eyes and smiled.

The municipals then surrounded his bed.

The Queen, agitated with fear and grief, made a sign to her daughter, who, profiting by this moment, glided from the apartment into the room adjoining, opened the mouth of the stove, and drew out a letter.

"What do you want with me?" asked the child.

"To inquire if you heard nothing during the night?"

"No; I was asleep."

"You are very fond of sleep, it seems."

"Yes; for when I sleep I dream."

"And what do you dream?"

"That I again see my father, whom you have killed."

"Then you heard nothing?" said Santerre, quickly.

"Nothing."

"These wolf's cubs are, in truth, well agreed with the she-wolf," said the municipal, furious with rage. "There has been, notwithstanding, a plot."

The Queen smiled.

"She bullies us, the Austrian!" cried the municipal. "Well, since it is thus, let us execute in all its rigour the decree of the Commune. Get up, Capet."

"What would you do?" said the Queen, forgetting herself. "Do you not see my son is ill, and suffering from fever? Would you wish to kill him?"

"Your son," said the municipal, "is the cause of constant alarm to the council of the Temple: he is the point at which all the conspirators aim, and flatter themselves they shall carry you off altogether. Well, let them come. Tison—call Tison."

Tison was a species of journeyman, charged with all the household work in the prison. He appeared. He was a man of forty years old, much sunburnt, of a rude and ferocious aspect, with matted black hair, overhanging his eyebrows.

"Tison," said Santerre, "who came yesterday to bring the prisoners' food?"

Tison uttered a name.

"And their linen, who brought it to them?"

"My daughter."

"Then your daughter is a laundress?"

"Certainly."

"And you gave her the washing of the prisoners?"

"Why not? She gains as much by one as another; it is no longer the tyrant's money, but belongs to the nation, who pays for them."

"You were told to examine the linen with the greatest attention."

"Well, do I ever fail in my duty? In proof of which, they had yesterday a handkerchief tied in two knots. I have taken it to the council, who ordered my wife to wash, iron, and return it to Madame Capet, without saying anything about it."

At this remark of two knots being tied in the pocket-handkerchief, the Queen trembled, the pupils of her eyes dilated, and she and Madame Elizabeth exchanged hasty glances.

"Tison," said Santerre, "your daughter is a person of whose patriotism no one can entertain a doubt; but when she leaves the Temple to-day she returns there no more."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" said Tison, terrified, "what are you saying to me? I shall not see my daughter till I go out."

"You will not go out," said Santerre.

Tison looked wildly around, without allowing his eye to remain fixed on any particular object, and suddenly exclaimed—"I am not to go out; that is it, is it? Well, then, I will go out altogether. Give me my dismissal. I

am neither traitor nor aristocrat, that I should be detained in prison. I tell you I will go out."

"Citizen," said Santerre, "obey the orders of the Commune, and be silent, or I tell you it may be all the worse for you. Remain here and watch all that passes. There is an eye on you. I warn you of this."

During this time the Queen, who thought herself for a moment forgotten, recovered by degrees, and replaced her son in his bed.

"Desire your wife to come up," said the municipal to Tison.

He obeyed without a word. The threats of Santerre had rendered him meek as a lamb.

Tison's wife came up.

"Come here, citoyenne," said Santerre, "we are going into the ante-chambers; during that time, search all the prisoners."

"Listen, wife," said Tison; "they will not permit our daughter to come to the Temple."

"They will not permit our daughter to come here! Then we shall see her no more."

Tison mournfully shook his head.

"What do you say to this?"

"I say we will make a report to the Council of the Temple, and the Council shall decide it. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime I will see my daughter again."

"Silence," said Santerre; "you came here for the purpose of searching the prisoners; search them, then, and afterwards we will see—"

"But—now—"

"Oh, oh!" said Santerre, knitting his brows; "you are contaminated, it appears to me."

"Do as the Citizen-General tells you, wife," he said; "afterwards, we shall see."

And Tison regarded Santerre with a humble smile.

"Very well," said the woman; "go, then, I am ready to search."

The men went out.

"Ma chere, Madame Tison," said the Queen; "you know—"

"I only know, Citoyenne Capet," said the horrible woman,

gnashing her teeth, "that you are the cause of all the misery of the people; and also that I have reason to suspect you, and you know it."

Four men waited at the door, to assist Tison's wife, if the Queen offered any resistance.

The search commenced on the Queen.

There was found on her person a handkerchief tied in three knots, which unfortunately appeared a reply to the one spoken of by Tison; a pencil, a scapulary, and some sealing-wax.

"Ah! I knew it," said Tison's wife; "I have often told the municipals she wrote, the Austrian! The other day I found a lump of sealing-wax on the candlestick."

"Ah, madame," said the Queen, in a supplicating tone, "only show the scapulary, I entreat you."

"Yes," said the woman, "I feel pity for you, who have felt so much pity for me; to take my daughter from me."

Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royal had nothing found upon them.

The woman Tison recalled the municipals, who entered, Santerre at their head. She showed them the articles found upon the Queen; which, as they passed from hand to hand, afforded subject for an infinite variety of conjectures; but the handkerchief tied in three knots excited, above all, the imagination of these persecutors of the royal race.

"Now," said Santerre, "we are going to read the decree of the Convention to you."

"What decree?" demanded the Queen.

"The decree which orders you to be separated from your son."

"Is it, then, true that this decree exists?"

"Yes; the Convention has too much regard for the health of a child confided to its guardianship, to leave him in the care of a mother so depraved."

The eyes of the Queen flashed like lightning.

"But form some accusation at least, tigers that you are."

"That is not at all difficult," said a municipal; and he pronounced one of those infamous accusations brought by Suetone against Agrippine.

"Oh!" cried the Queen, standing, pale with indignation "I appeal to the heart of every mother."

"That is all very fine" said a municipal; "but we have

already been here two hours, and cannot lose the whole day. Get up, Capet, and follow us."

"Never, never!" cried the Queen, rushing between the municipals and the young Louis, preparing to defend the approach to his bed, as a tigress the entrance to her den. "Never will I permit you to carry away my child."

"Oh! Messieurs," said Madame Elizabeth, clasping her hands in an attitude of prayer, "Messieurs, in the name of Heaven, have pity on us both."

"Then speak," said Santerre; "state the names, avow the project of your accomplices; explain what they wished to intimate by the knots made in the pocket-handkerchief brought with your linen by Tison's daughter, and the meaning of those tied in the handkerchief found in your pocket, and on these conditions I will leave you your child."

A look from Madame Elizabeth seemed to implore the Queen to submit to this dreadful sacrifice.

Then quietly brushing from her eye a tear which sparkled like a diamond, "Adieu, my son," cried she; "never forget your father who is in heaven, or your mother who will soon join him there, and never omit to repeat morning and evening the prayer I have taught you. Adieu! my son."

She gave him a last kiss; then rising calm and inflexible, "I know nothing, Messieurs," said she, "do as you please."

But the Queen must have required more than the usual amount of fortitude contained in the heart of woman, and above all of a mother. She fell back fainting upon a chair, whilst they carried away the child, who with fast flowing tears held out his arms, but uttered not a single word or cry.

The door closed behind the municipals who carried away the child, and the three women remained alone. There was for a moment the deep silence of despair, interrupted only by occasional sobs.

The Queen first broke silence.

"My daughter," said she, "that letter?"

"I burnt it, as you desired me, ma mère."

"Without reading it?"

"Without reading it."

"Adieu, then, to the last ray of hope, divine hope," murmured Madame Elizabeth.

"You are right, my sister, you are right; it is almost beyond endurance." Then turning towards her daughter, "But you at least saw the handwriting, Marie?"

"Yes, ma mère, for a moment."

The Queen rose, went to the door, to make sure she was not observed, then drawing a pin from her hair, approached the wall, and from a chink drew out a small paper folded like a letter, and showing it to Madame Royale, "Collect your thoughts before you reply, my child," said she; "was the writing the same as this?"

"Yes, yes, ma mère," cried the princess; "I recognise it."

"God be praised, then," cried the Queen, falling with fervour on her knees. "If he could write since this morning, he is safe. Thanks, mon Dieu! thanks! So noble a friend deserves thy miraculous preservation."

"Of whom do you speak, ma mère?" demanded Madame Royale. "Who is this friend? Tell me his name, that I may recommend him to God in my prayers."

"You are right, my child; never forget it. This name, for it is the name of a gentleman replete with honour and courage, one not devoted to us through ambition, for he has only revealed himself since our misfortunes. He has never seen the Queen of France, or rather the Queen of France has never seen him, and he vows his life to her defence. Perhaps he will be recompensed as all virtue is now recompensed, by a dreadful death. But . . . if he dies . . . Oh! I shall still think of him in heaven . . . he is called . . ."

The Queen looked uneasily around, then lowering her voice, "He is called the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge . . . Pray for him."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE OATH OF THE GAMBLER.

THE attempted abduction, so contestable was it, because it had had no one to commence the execution of it, had excited the anger of some, and the interest of others. That which likewise corroborated this event almost to a cer-



tainty, was that the Committee for General Security learned that three weeks or a month before a number of emigrants had entered France from different parts of the frontier. It was evident these people who thus risked their lives did not do so without design, and this design was in all probability to co-operate in carrying off the royal family.

Already, upon the proposition of the Conventionalist Asselim, the terrible decree had been promulgated, which condemned to death all emigrants, convicted of having returned to France, all Frenchmen convicted of having intended to emigrate, particularly all convicted of having assisted in their flight, or in their return, either a female or male emigrant; and lastly, all citizens convicted of having afforded shelter to an emigrant. With this dreadful law commenced the "Reign of Terror." All that was wanting was the law for suspected persons. The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge was an enemy far too active and audacious for his return to Paris, and his apparition in the Temple, not to call forth the gravest measures. More severe inspections than had previously taken place were made in a number of suspected houses, but with the exception of some female emigrants, who allowed themselves to be taken, and some old men, whose few remaining days they did not trouble themselves to dispute with the executioner, their researches produced no other result.

The sections, as may be imagined, were after this event much occupied for several days, and consequently the secretary of the section Lepelletier, one of the most influential in Paris, had little time to think of his unknown fair one. At first, as he had resolved on quitting La Rue Vieille St. Jacques, he had tried to forget her, but, as his friend Louis had observed to him—

Alas! endeavouring to forget  
But makes us recollect the more.

Maurice, however, neither said or confessed anything. He buried in his heart all the details of that adventure which he had been able to conceal from the scrutiny of his friend. But he who knew Maurice to be of a joyous and hilarious nature, and now saw him constantly sad and thoughtful, seeking solitude, doubted not, to use his own expression, that the rogue Cupid had passed that way.

*It is remarkable that, during its eighteen centuries of monarchy, France had had few years so mythological as the year of our Lord 1793. In the meantime the chevalier was not taken, and he was no more spoken of. The widowed Queen, cruelly robbed of her child, contented herself by weeping, in company with her sister and daughter. The young dauphin was consigned to the care of "Simon the Shoemaker," this poor little martyr who, in the short space of three years, was reunited to his father. There was a moment's calm. The Montagnard volcano rested before devouring the Girondins.*

Maurice felt the weight of this calm, as the heaviness of the atmosphere is felt in stormy weather, and not knowing how to dispose of his leisure, abandoned himself entirely to the ardour of a sentiment which, if not actually love itself, bordered closely upon it. He re-read his letter, again kissed his beautiful sapphire ring, and resolved (notwithstanding his oath) to make one more attempt, promising himself this should indeed be the last. The young man had first thought he would go to the section of the Jardin des Plantes, and there make inquiry from the secretary, his colleague. But the first idea (and we may add, which he still retained) that the beautiful Unknown was mixed up in some political plot, still restrained him, as the thought that any indiscretion on his part might be the means of sending this lovely woman to La Place de la Revolution, and her head to the block, caused his blood to curdle and freeze in his veins. He therefore determined on seeking this adventure alone, and without any further information. His plan, besides, was very simple. The catalogue of names inscribed on each door would certainly afford him some clue, and then, by interrogating the porter, he might be able to solve the mystery.

In his capacity of secretary of La Rue Lepelletier, he possessed full and entire right to make all inquiries. Besides, Maurice, ignorant of the name of the Unknown, was able to judge of it by analogy. It was impossible so lovely a creature should not possess a name in harmony with her form, some name appertaining to sylph, fairy, or angel, since her arrival on earth must have been hailed as that of a superior and supernatural being. This name would then most infallibly guide him.

Maurice then dressed himself in a blouse of dark brown cloth, adorned his head with the "bonnet rouge," worn on great occasions, and set out on his voyage of discovery alone. He had in his hand one of those knotted cudgels called "une Constitution," which, wielded by his vigorous hand, was powerful as the club of Hercules, and in his pocket he placed his commission as secretary of the section Le-pelletier. These were at once his physical security and his moral guarantee.

He prepared himself to review afresh La Rue St. Victor, La Rue Vieille St. Jacques, reading by light of the declining day all those names (inscribed in a hand more or less practised) upon the panels of every door.

Maurice had reached the hundredth house, and consequently read the hundredth list, and nothing had yet occurred to induce him to imagine that he was in the least degree upon the trail of the Unknown, when a good-natured shoemaker, noticing the anxiety and impatience depicted on the young man's countenance, came out with his strap of leather and his punch, and looking at Maurice over his spectacles—

"Do you wish any information respecting the tenants of this house, Citizen?" said he; "if so, I shall be happy to give it to you."

"Thanks, Citizen," stammered Maurice; "I am looking for the name of a friend."

"Tell me the name, Citizen; I know everybody in this quarter. Where does this friend live?"

"He lives, I think, in the Old Rue Jacques, but I fear he has removed."

"But how is he named? I must know that."

Maurice taken thus unawares hesitated for a moment, then pronounced the first name that presented itself to his memory.

"Iténé," said he.

"And what trade?"

Maurice was surrounded by tanneries.

"A working tanner," said he.

"In that case," said a burgess, who stopt and regarded Maurice with a certain goodnature, not totally exempt from distrust, "it is necessary to address you, *sic* to his master."

"That is true," said the door-keeper; "it is quite right, the masters know the names of these workmen; there is the Citizen Dixmer, who is manager of a tannery, has more than fifty workmen in his yard, he will perhaps tell you. Maurice turned round and saw a bourgeois of commanding figure, with a mild countenance, the richness of whose attire denoted opulence.

"Only as the citizen porter observes, it is necessary I should know the family name."

"I have told you, René."

"René is his baptismal name; it is the family name I require. All my workmen sign their family name."

"Ma foi," said Maurice, growing impatient under this species of interrogation, "the family name? I do not know it."

"What," said the bourgeois, with a smile, in which Maurice thought he discerned more irony than he wished to appear, "What, not know the surname of your friend?"

"No."

"In that case, it is not probable you will find him," and the bourgeois gravely bowing to Maurice, walked a short distance and entered a house in the Old Rue Saint Jacques.

"The fact is, that if you do not know his surname," said the porter.

"Well, I do not know it," said Maurice, who would not have been sorry to find some occasion to vent his ill temper, and was at the moment much inclined to seek a quarrel.

"What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, Citizen, nothing at all, only since you do not know the name of your friend, it is as Citizen Dixmer said, more than probable, you will not find him." And the citizen porter went into his lodge, shrugging his shoulders. Maurice felt a great inclination to thrash this porter, but he was an old man, and his infirmities saved him. Besides, the day was drawing to a close, and he had only a few moments of daylight left. He availed himself of it by returning to the first street, then to the second, examined every door, searched in every nook, looked under every palisade, climbed each wall, threw a glance into the interior of every gateway, looked through the keyholes, knocked at some deserted warehouses without receiving any reply,

till at length nearly two hours had elapsed in this useless investigation.

Nine o'clock struck; no more noise was heard, no movement seen in this deserted quarter, whose life seemed to have retired with the light of day. Maurice in despair made a retrograde movement, when all at once, at the winding of a narrow alley, he discerned a light burning. He immediately ventured into the dark passage, without remarking that at the moment even where he had thrust himself, a curious head, which for the last quarter of an hour (from the midst of a clump of trees, rising from under the wall), had followed all his movements, and then disappeared suddenly behind this wall. A short time after this head had disappeared, three men came out from a small door in this same wall, went into the alley, where Maurice had preceded them, while a fourth for greater security, locked the door of entrance into this alley. At the end of this alley, Maurice discovered a court; it was on the opposite side of this court the light was burning. He knocked at the door of a poor solitary house, but at the first sound the light was extinguished. He redoubled his efforts, but no one answered to his call, he saw they were determined to make no reply, so comprehending that it was only a useless waste of time, he crossed the court and re-entered the alley. At this moment the door of the house turned softly on its hinges, three men came out, and then the sound of a whistle was heard.

Maurice turned round, and saw three shadows within a short distance. He saw in the darkness, also (his eyes having become accustomed to this obscurity) the reflection of three glittering blades. He knew he was hemmed in. He would have brandished his club, but the alley was so narrow that it touched the wall on either side. At the same moment a violent blow on the head stunned him. This was an unforeseen assault made upon him by the four men who entered through the door in the wall. Seven men at the same time threw themselves upon Maurice, and notwithstanding a desperate resistance, overpowered him, and succeeded in binding his hands and bandaging his eyes.

Maurice had not even uttered a cry, or called for aid. Strength and true courage suffer by themselves, and ar:

tenacious of the help of a stranger. Besides, Maurice had often heard that no one would enter this deserted quarter. Maurice was thus, as we have said, thrown down and bound, but had not uttered a single complaint. He had reflected as to what would follow,—that as they had bandaged his eyes they did not intend to kill him directly. At Maurice's age, respite becomes hope. He recovered his presence of mind, and listened patiently.

"Who are you?" demanded a voice still breathless from the late struggle.

"I am a man they are murdering," replied Maurice.

"What is more, you are a dead man if you speak so loud, or call for assistance, or even utter the least cry."

"If I had wished to do so, I need not have waited till the present time."

"Are you ready to answer my questions?"

"Let me hear them first, I shall then see whether I ought to reply."

"Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"You came then of your own accord?"

"Yes."

"You lie."

Maurice made a desperate effort to disengage his hands, but it was in vain.

"I never lie," said he.

"In either case, whether you came of your own accord or were sent, you are a spy."

"And you are cowards!"—"We cowards!"

"You are seven or eight against one man bound, and you insult that man. Cowards! cowards! cowards!"

This violence on the part of Maurice, instead of enraging his adversaries, appeared to produce a contrary effect. It was even a proof that the young man was not what they deemed him; a true spy would have trembled, and begged for mercy.

"There is nothing insulting in that," said a voice, milder, yet firmer than any that had previously been heard, "in the times we live in, one may be a spy without being a dishonest man, only it is at the risk of one's life."

"If that is your opinion, you are welcome to question me, I will answer you faithfully."

"What brought you into this quarter?"

"To search here for a woman."

An incredulous murmur followed this assertion. The breeze increased, and became a hurricane.

"You lie!" said the same voice; "it is no woman—there is no woman in this quarter to follow; avow your intentions, or you die."

"Well, then," said Maurice, "you surely would not kill me for the mere pleasure of doing so, unless you are true brigands."

And Maurice made a second effort, more strenuous than the first, to disengage his arms from the cord which secured them. It was useless, and at that moment he experienced a sharp pain in his breast, which made him flinch.

"Oh! you feel that," said one of the men; "there are eight more similar to this, with which you will claim acquaintance."

"Kill me, then," said Maurice, with resignation; "it will at least be finished at once."

"Who are you?" said the mild, but firm voice.

"Do you wish to know my name?"

"Yes, your name."—"I am Maurice Lindey."

"What!" cried a voice; "Maurice Lindey, the revolutionist, the patriot, Maurice Lindey, the secretary of the Section Lepelletier?"

These words were pronounced with so much warmth, that Maurice felt they were decisive. This reply was calculated to decide his fate. Maurice was incapable of fear; he drew himself up like a true Spartan, and replied in a firm voice—

"Yes, Maurice Lindey; yes, Maurice Lindey, secretary to the Section Lepelletier; yes, Maurice Lindey, the patriot, the revolutionist, the Jacobin; Maurice Lindey, in short, whose happiest day will be that on which he dies for liberty."

This reply was received with the silence of death.

Maurice presented his breast, expecting every moment the sword, of which he had only felt the point, would be plunged into his heart.

"Is this true?" said a voice full of emotion; "let us see, young man, that you lie not."

"Feel in my pocket," said Maurice, "and you will there find my commission. Look upon my breast, and if not effaced by my blood, you will see my initials, an M and L embroidered on my shirt."

Maurice felt himself immediately raised by strong arms, and carried to some distance. He first heard one door open, then a second, which he knew was narrower than the first, from the trouble the men found in carrying him through. The murmuring and whispering continued.

"I am lost!" said Maurice to himself; "they will fasten a stone round my neck, and cast me into the Briere."

In an instant he felt the men who bore him were mounting some steps. A warmer air fanned his face, and he was placed upon a seat. He heard a door double locked, and the sound of departing steps. He fancied he was left alone. He listened with as much attention as was possible in a man whose life hung upon a word, and thought he again heard the voice which had already struck upon his ear say, with a mixture of decision and mildness, "We will deliberate."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### GENEVIEVE.

A QUARTER of an hour passed away; it appeared an age to Maurice. And what more natural? Young, handsome, and vigorous, highly beloved and esteemed by a hundred devoted friends, with whom he sometimes dreamed of accomplishing great things, he felt himself suddenly, without preparation, liable to lose his life—the victim of a base ambushade. He knew no one was shut in the chamber, but was he watched? He again exerted all his strength to break his bonds, till his iron muscles swelled, and the cords entered his flesh, but this, like all his former efforts, was useless.

It was the more terrible his hands being tied behind, he was unable to draw up his bandage. If he were only able to see, he might perhaps be able to escape. However, as these various attempts were made without opposition, and hearing no one stirring, he concluded he was quite alone.

His feet pressed upon something soft and heavy, it



might be gravel or perhaps clay. An acrid and pungent smell announced the presence of vegetable matter. Maurice fancied he was in a greenhouse, or some place very like it. He took a step or two, hit the wall, turned, and, groping with his hands, felt some garden tools. He uttered an exclamation of joy. With unparalleled exertion he began to examine these tools, one after the other. His flight now became a question of time. If chance or Providence granted him five minutes, and if among these tools he found a sharp instrument, he was saved. He found a spade. From the way in which Maurice was bound, it required a great struggle to raise the spade a sufficient height for his purpose. He at length succeeded, and, upon the iron of the spade which he supported against the wall with his back, he at last cut, or rather wore away, the cord which confined his wrists. The operation was tedious; the iron cut slowly. The perspiration streamed from his face, he heard a noise as of some one approaching; with a tremendous effort the cord (rather worn) broke. This time it was a cry of joy he gave utterance to; now at least he was sure to die in defending himself. Maurice tore the bandage from his eyes. He was not deceived, but found himself in a kind of not greenhouse but pavilion, used as a receptacle for the more delicate plants, unable to outlive the winter in the open air. In a corner the gardening implements were stowed away, which had been the means of rendering him so important a service. Facing him was a window; he glanced towards it, and saw it was grated, and a man armed with a carbine placed sentinel before it.

On the other side of the garden, about thirty paces distant, perhaps rather less, rose a small turret, fellow to the one where Maurice remained prisoner. The blind was down, but through the blind a light was visible.

He approached the door and listened, another sentinel was placed before this door. These were the footsteps he had heard. But from the end of the corridor a confusion of voices resounded. The deliberation had evidently degenerated into disputation.

Maurice could not hear distinctly what was said; some words, however, reached him, and amidst these words—as if for them only the distance was short—he distinguished plainly, Spy! Poniard! Death! Maurice re-

doubled his attention, a door opened, and he heard more distinctly.

"Yes," said one voice, "it is assuredly a spy; he has discovered something, and is certainly sent to take us and our secret unawares. In freeing him we run the risk of his denouncing us."

"But his word," said a voice.

"His word—he will give it only to betray it. Is he a gentleman, that we should trust his word?"

Maurice ground his teeth at the idea which some folks still retained, that only a gentleman could keep his oath.

"But he does not know us; how can he denounce us?"

"No, he does not know us certainly, nor our occupations, but he knows the address, and will return; this time he will be well accompanied."

This argument appeared conclusive.

"Then," said a voice, which several times already had struck Maurice as belonging to the chief; "it is then quite decided."

"Yes, a hundred times yes; I do not comprehend you with your magnanimity. Mon cher, if the Committee for the Public Safety caught us, you would see if they acted after this fashion."

"You persist, then, in your decision, gentlemen?"

"Without doubt, and you are not, we hope, going to oppose it?"

"I have only one voice, gentlemen, it has been in favour of his liberation; you possess six, and they all vote for his death. Let it then be death."

Maurice felt the blood freeze in his veins.

"Of course he will howl and cry," said the voice; "but have you removed Madame Dixmer?"

"Madame Dixmer!" murmured Maurice; "I begin now to comprehend I am in the house of the master tanner, who spoke to me in the old Rue Saint Jacques, and who went away laughing because I was unable to tell him the name of my friend. But how the devil can it be to his interest to assassinate me?"

Looking round about him, Maurice perceived an iron stake with a handle of ash-tree wood.

"In any case," said he, "before they assassinate me, I will kill more than one of them."

And he sprung to secure this harmless instrument, which, in his hand, was to become a formidable weapon. He then retired behind the door, and so placed himself that he could see without being seen. His heart beat so tumultuously, that in the deep silence its palpitations might be heard. Suddenly Maurice shuddered from head to foot. A voice had said—

"If you act according to my advice, you will break a window, and through the bars kill him with a shot from a carbine."

"Oh! no, no—not an explosion," said another voice; "that might betray us. Besides, Dixmer, there is your wife."

"I have just looked at her through the blind; she suspects nothing—she is reading."

"Dixmer, you shall decide for us. Do you advocate a shot from the carbine, or a stroke from the poniard?"

"Avoid firearms as far as it is possible—the poniard."

"Then let it be the poniard. Allons!"

"Allons!" repeated five or six voices together.

Maurice was a child of the Revolution, with a heart of flint, and in mind, like many others at that epoch, an atheist. But at the word "Allons!" pronounced behind the door, which alone separated him from death, he remembered the sign of the cross, which his mother had taught him when an infant he repeated his prayers at her knee.

Steps approached, stopped: then the key turned in the lock, and the door slowly opened.

During this fleeting moment, Maurice had said to himself, "If I lose this opportunity to strike the first blow, I am a dead man. If I throw myself upon the assassins, I take them unawares—gain first the garden, then the street, and am saved!"

Immediately, with the spring of a lion, and uttering a savage cry, which savoured more of menace than terror, he threw down the first two men, who, believing him bound and blindfolded, were quite unprepared for such an assault, scattered the others, took a tremendous leap over them, thanks to his iron muscles, saw at the end of the corridor a door leading into the garden wide open, rushed towards it, cleared at a bound six steps, and found himself in the garden, debating if it were best to endeavour to run and

gain the gate. This gate was secured by a lock and a couple of bolts. Maurice drew back the bolts, tried to open the lock, but it had no key.

In the meantime his pursuers, who had reached the steps, perceived him.

"There he is!" cried they; "fire upon him, Dixmer, fire! Kill him—kill him!"

Maurice uttered a groan; he was enclosed in the garden; he measured the walls with his eye—they were ten feet in height.

All this passed in a moment. The assassins rushed forward in pursuit of him.

Maurice was about thirty feet in advance, or nearly so; he looked round about him with the air of a condemned man who seeks concealment as the means of saving himself from the reality. He perceived the turret—the blind—and behind the blind the light burning.

He made but one bound—a bound of six feet—seized the blind, tore it down, passed through the window, smashing it, and alighted in a chamber, where a female sat reading.

The female rose terrified, calling for assistance.

"Stand aside, Genevieve—stand aside!" cried the voice of Dixmer; "stand aside, that I may kill him!"

And Maurice saw the carbine levelled at him. But scarcely had the woman looked at him, than she uttered a frightful cry, and instead of standing aside, as desired by her husband, rushed between him and the barrel of the gun.

This movement concentrated all Maurice's attention to the generous woman, whose first impulse was to protect him from danger and death. In his turn, he uttered a cry of astonishment.

It was the long sought-for Unknown.

"You!" cried he; "you——"

"Silence!" cried she.

Then, turning towards the assassins, who, variously armed, approached the window—

"Ah! you will not kill him!" cried she.

"He is a spy," said Dixmer, whose usually placid countenance had assumed an expression of stern resolution; "he is a spy, and therefore must die."

"A spy—he!" said Genevieve; "he a spy! Come

here, Dixmer; I need only say one word to prove that you are strangely deceived."

Dixmer and Genevieve approached the window, and in a low voice she uttered a few words. The master tanner raised his head quickly.

"He!" said he.

"He himself," said Genevieve.

"You are certain, quite certain?"

This time the young woman did not reply, but smiling, held out her hand to Maurice.

The features of Dixmer now assumed a singular expression of gentleness and indifference. He placed the butt end of his musket on the ground.

"This is quite another thing," said he.

Then making a sign to his companions to follow, he stepped aside with them, and after saying a few words, they disappeared.

"Conceal that ring," murmured Genevieve; "it is known by every one here."

Maurice quickly drew the ring from his finger, and slipped it into his waistcoat pocket. A moment afterwards the door of the pavilion opened, and Dixmer, unarmed, advanced towards Maurice.

"Pardon me, citizen," said he to him, "that I had not known sooner the obligation I am under to you. My wife, while retaining a grateful remembrance of the service you rendered her on the 10th of March, had forgotten your name. We were therefore completely in ignorance with whom we were concerned; independent of this, believe me, we might not for a moment have entertained suspicion either of your honour or intentions. Again, I say, pardon me."

Maurice was bewildered; with the greatest difficulty he preserved his equilibrium, he felt his head turn round, and was near falling. He supported himself against the mantel-piece. At length,—"Why did you wish to kill me?" said he.

"This is the secret, citizen," said Dixmer; "I confide it to your keeping. I am, as you already know, a tanner, and principal in this concern. The greater part of the acids I employ in the preparation of my skins are prohibited goods. Now the smugglers have received intelli-

gence of an information laid before the counsel-general. I feared you were an informer. My smugglers were more alarmed than myself at your bonnet-rouge and formidable appearance, and I do not conceal from you that your death was resolved upon."

"Pardieu! and well I know it," said Maurice; "you tell me no news. I heard your consultation, and I have seen your carbine."

"I have already apologized," said Dixmer, in a kindly tone. "You must understand, that thanks to the unsettled state of the times, myself and partner, M. Morand are likely to realize an immense fortune. We have the furnishing of the military bags, and finish from 1500 to 2000 each day. Owing to this blessed state of things in which we live, the municipality are much occupied, and have not time strictly to examine our accounts, so that it must be confessed we fish a little in troubled waters, the more so, as I have told you the preparatory materials we procure by smuggling allow us to gain two hundred per cent."

"Diable!" said Maurice, "that appears to me an honest living enough, and I can now understand your dread lest a denunciation on my part should put an end to it; but now you know me, you fear me no longer. Is it not so?"

"Now," said Dixmer, "I only require your promise." Then, placing his hand on his shoulder, and smiling, "As it is only between friends," said he, "may I inquire what brought you here, young man? But remember, if you wish to keep it secret, you are perfectly at liberty to do so."

"I have told you, I believe," murmured Maurice.

"Yes, a woman," said the burgess; "I know there was something about a woman."

"Mon Dieu! excuse me, citizen, I am aware some sort of explanation is due to you. Well, then, I sought a female, who the other evening, disguised, told me she resided in this quarter. I neither know her name, position, or place of abode. I only know I am madly in love with her, that she is short——"—Genevieve was tall.

"That she is fair, and of a lively temperament."

Genevieve was a brunette, with large pensive eyes.

"A grisette, in short," continued Maurice; "so to please her, I assumed the popular dress."

"This explains it all," said Dixmer, with an affectation of belief, which at least did not contradict his sullen look.

Genevieve coloured, and feeling herself blush, turned away.

"Poor Citizen Lindey," said Dixmer, "what a miserable evening we have caused you to pass; and you are about the last I would wish to injure, so excellent a patriot, a brother; but, in short, I believed some 'disinfected' usurped your name."

"Let us say nothing more on the subject," said Maurice, who knew it was time for him to withdraw; "put me in the road, and let us forget that this has occurred altogether."

"Put you in your road!" said Dixmer; "you leave us not yet, not yet; I give—or rather my partner and myself give—a supper to-night to those brave fellows who wished so much to slaughter you a little while ago. I reckon upon your supping with them, that you may see they are not such devils as they appear to be."

"But," said Maurice, overjoyed at the thought of being for a few hours near Genevieve, "I do not know really if I ought to accept——"

"If you ought to accept!" said Dixmer; "I know you ought; these are good and staunch patriots as yourself. Besides, I shall not consider that you have forgiven me unless we break bread together."

Genevieve uttered not a word. Maurice was in torment.

"The fact is," said Maurice, "I fear I may be a constraint upon you, citoyenne; this dress—my ungentelemanly appearance——"

Genevieve looked timidly towards him.

"I accept your invitation, citizen," said he, bowing.

"I will go and secure our companions," said Dixmer; "in the meantime, warm yourself, mon cher."

He went out. Maurice and Genevieve remained alone.

"Ah! Monsieur," said the young woman, in an accent to which she in vain tried to convey a tone of reproach, "you have failed in your word, you have been exceedingly indiscreet."

"Madame," cried Maurice, "shall I expose you? Ah! in that case, pardon me, I will retire, and never——"

"Dien!" said she, rising, "you are wounded in the breast; your shirt is stained with blood."

Indeed, upon the fine, white shirt of Maurice—a shirt forming a strange contrast to his coarser clothes—a large red spot of blood had spread itself, and had dried there.

"Do not be under any alarm, madame," said the young man, "one of the smugglers pricked me with his poniard."

Genevieve turned pale, and, taking his hand, "Forgive me," said she, "the wrong that has been done you; you saved my life, and I have nearly caused your death."

"Am I not sufficiently recompensed in finding you? You cannot for a moment imagine it was for another that I sought."

"Come with me, said Genevieve, interrupting him; "I will find you some clean linen. Our guests must not see you thus—it would be too great a reproach to them."

"I am a great trouble to you, Madame, I fear," said Maurice, sighing.

"Not at all; I only do my duty; and," she added, "I do it with much pleasure."

Genevieve then conducted Maurice to a large dressing-room, arranged with an air of elegance he had not expected to find in the house of a master tanner. It is true this master tanner appeared to be a millionaire. She then opened the wardrobes.

"Help yourself," said she; "you are at home." She withdrew.

When Maurice came out, he found Dixmer, who had returned.

"Allons! allons!" said he, "to table; it only waits for you."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SUPPER.

WHEN Maurice entered with Dixmer and Genevieve into the *salle-à-manger*, situate in the body of the basement, where they had first conducted him, the supper was ready but the room vacant. He saw all the guests enter successively. They were six in number; men of agreeable exterior, for the most part young and fashionably dressed; two or three even wore the blouse and bonnet rouge.



Dixmer introduced Maurice, naming his titles and qualifications. Then, turning towards Maurice, "You see," said he, "Citizen Lindey, all those who assist me in my trade. Thanks to the times in which we live, thanks to the revolutionary principles which have effaced all distinction, we all live upon the same footing of sacred equality. Every day we assemble twice at the same table, and I am happy you have been induced to partake of our family repast. Allons! to table—citizens, to table."

"And—Monsieur Morand," said Genevieve, timidly, "do we not wait for him?"

"Ah, true!" said Dixmer. "This citizen, of whom I have already spoken, Citizen Lindey, is my partner. He conducts, if I may so express myself, the moral part of the establishment. He attends to the writing, keeps the cash, superintends the factories, pays and receives money, and, in short, works harder than any of us. The result is that he is sometimes rather late. I will go and tell him we are waiting."

At this moment the door opened, and the Citizen Morand entered. He was a short man, dark, with bushy eyebrows, and wore green spectacles—like a man whose eyes are fatigued from excess of work—concealing his black eyes, but not so effectually their scintillating gleams. At the first words he uttered, Maurice recognised that mild, yet commanding voice engaged in his behalf, when endeavouring to save him from becoming a victim to that terrible discussion. He was habited in a brown coat, with large buttons, a white waistcoat; and his fine cambric shirt frill was often during dinner smoothed by a hand which Maurice, no doubt from its being that of a tradesman, admired much for its beauty and delicacy of appearance.

They all took their seats. Morand was placed on Genevieve's right hand, Maurice on her left. Dixmer sat opposite his wife. The rest of the guests seated themselves promiscuously round an oblong table. The supper was excellent. Dixmer had a capital appetite, and did the honours of the table with much politeness. The workmen, or those who pretended to be such, under this example, became excellent companions. The Citizen Morand spoke little, and ate still less; drank scarcely anything, and rarely smiled. Maurice, perhaps from the

reminiscences his voice awakened, felt for him immediately a lively sympathy, only he was in doubt as to his age, and this rather annoyed him, as sometimes he imagined him to be a man of forty or fifty years, and at others quite young.

Dixmer, on placing himself at table, felt obliged to offer some explanation to his guests for the admission of a stranger into their little circle. He acquitted himself like an artless man, one unaccustomed to deceit; but the guests, as it seemed, were not difficult on this point; for, notwithstanding the awkwardness displayed by this manufacturer of hides in the introduction of the young man, they all appeared perfectly satisfied.

Maurice regarded him with astonishment.

"Upon my honour," said he to himself, "I shall really soon think that I myself am deceived. Is this the same man who, with flaming eyes and furious voice, pursued me gun in hand, and absolutely wished to kill me, three quarters of an hour since? At this moment one might take him for a hero rather than an assassin. Mon dieu! how the love of hides transforms a man." While making these observations Maurice experienced a strange feeling of joy and grief, and felt unable to analyse his own emotions. He at length found himself near his beautiful Unknown, whom he had so ardently sought. As he had dreamed, she bore a charming name; he was intoxicated with the happiness of finding himself at her side; he drank in every word; and at each sound of her voice the most secret chord of his heart vibrated, but he was deeply wounded by all he saw. Genevieve was exactly what he had pictured her; the dream of a stormy night reality had not destroyed. Here was an elegant woman, of refined mind and superior education, affording another instance of what had so frequently occurred during the latter years preceding this present celebrated year '93. Here was a young woman of distinction compelled, from the utter ruin into which the nobility had fallen, to ally herself to a commoner and a trusty man. Dixmer appeared a brave man. He was incontestably rich, and his manners to Genevieve were those of a man uniting every endeavour to render a woman happy.

But could kindness, riches, or excellent intentions compensate her for what she had sacrificed, or remove the

immense distance existing between husband and wife, between a poetical, distinguished, charming girl, and a vulgar-looking tradesman? With what could Genevieve fill up this abyss? Alas! Maurice now guessed too well. With love! And he therefore return to his first opinion of the young woman, influenced by appearances on the evening of their meeting, that she was returning from some rendez-vous d'amour.

The idea of Genevieve loving any one was torture to Maurice. He sighed, and deeply regretted having exposed himself to the temptation of imbibing a still larger dose of that poison termed love. At other moments, while listening to that ductile voice, so soft and harmonious, examining that pure and open countenance, evincing no fear that he should read every secret of her soul, he arrived at the conclusion that it was utterly impossible that this matchless creature would descend to deceit; and then he found a bitter pleasure in remembering this lovely woman belonged solely to this good citizen, with his honest smile and vulgar pleasantries, and would never be to him more than a passing acquaintance.

They conversed of course on politics. How could it be otherwise at an epoch when politics were mixed up in everything. Political subjects were even painted on the plates, political designs covered the walls, and politics were daily proclaimed in the streets. All at once, one of the guests who had hitherto preserved silence, inquired concerning the prisoners of the Temple.

Maurice started, in spite of himself. He had recognised the voice of that man, a strenuous advocate for extreme measures, who had first struck him with his dagger, and then advocated his death. Nevertheless, this man, an honest tanner, and head of the manufactory, at least so Dixmer represented him, incited the good humour of Maurice by the expression of ideas the most patriotic, and principles the most revolutionary. The young man, under certain circumstances, was not inimical to these extreme measures, so much in fashion at this period, of which Danton was the apostle and hero. In this man's place, whose voice he had heard, and from the effect of whose weapon his wound was still smarting, he would not have attempted to assassinate the man he imagined to be a

spy, but would rather have looked him in the garden, and there, equally armed, sword to sword, have fought without mercy, without pity. This is what Maurice would have done; but he comprehended soon that this was too much to expect of a journeyman tanner. This man of extreme measures, who appeared to possess in his political ideas the same violent system as in his private conduct, then spoke of the Temple, and expressed surprise that the prisoners were confided to the guardianship of a permanent council liable to be corrupted, and to municipals whose fidelity had already been more than once tempted.

"Yes," said the Citizen Morand, "but it must be remembered that on every occasion, up to the present time, the municipals have fully justified the confidence reposed in them by the nation, and history will record it is not only Robespierre who merits the title of 'Incorruptible.'"

"Without doubt, without doubt," replied the interlocutor; "but, because a thing has not yet happened, it would be absurd to suppose it never can happen. As for the National Guard," continued the principal of the manufactory, "well, the companies of the different sections are assembled, each in their turn, on duty at the Temple, and that indifferently. Will you not admit that there might be, in a company of twenty or five-and-twenty men, a band of seven or eight determined characters, who one fine night might slaughter the sentinels and carry off the prisoners?"

"Bah!" said Maurice; "you see, citizen, this would be a foolish expedient. It would occupy them three weeks or a month, and then they might not succeed."

"Yes," replied Morand; "because one of those aristocrats who composed the patrolle had the impudence in speaking to let fall the word *monsieur*, I do not know to whom."

"And then," said Maurice, who wished to prove that the police of the Republic did their duty, "because the entrance of the Chevalier de Maison Rouge into Paris was already known——"

"Bah!" cried Dixmer.

"They know that Maison Rouge had entered Paris?" wildly demanded Morand; "and did they know by what means he entered?"

"Perfectly."

"Ah! diable!" said Morand, leaning forward to look at Maurice, "I should be curious to know that, as up to the present moment no one can speak positively. But you, citizen, you, secretary to one of the principal sections in Paris, ought to be better informed."

"Doubtless; therefore, what I am about to tell you is the true statement of facts."

All the guests and Genevieve appeared prepared to pay the greatest attention to this recital.

"Well," said Maurice, "the Chevalier de Maison Rouge came from Vendée; as it appears, he had traversed all France with his usual good fortune. Arrived during the day at La Barrière du Roule, he waited till nine o'clock at night. At that hour a woman, disguised as a woman of the people, went out from the barrière, carrying to the chevalier a costume of chasseur of the National Guard. Ten minutes afterwards she re-entered with him; but the sentinel, who had seen her go out alone, felt rather suspicious when he saw her return with a companion. An alarm was given at the post, the post turned out, when the two culprits, knowing whom they were seeking, flung themselves into an hotel where a second door opened into Les Champs Elysées.

"It seemed that a patrol devoted to the tyrants waited for the chevalier at the corner of La Rue Burre-du-Bec. You are acquainted with the rest."

"Ah! ah!" said Morand; "this is very strange."

"But positively true," said Maurice.

"Yes, it has an air of truth; but the female, do you know what became of her?"

"No; she has disappeared, and they are quite ignorant who she is, or what she is."

The partner of Citizen Dixmer, and Citizen Dixmer himself, appeared to breathe more freely.

Genevieve had listened to the whole of this recital, pale, silent, and immovable.

"But," said Morand, with his usual coolness, "who can say that the Chevalier de Maison Rouge made one of the patrole who caused the alarm at the Temple?"

"A municipal, one of my friends, that day on duty at the Temple. He recognised him."

"He knew him from description."

"He has formerly seen him."

"And what sort of man, personally, is this Chevalier de Maison Rouge?"

"A man of five or six-and-twenty, short, fair, and of a pleasing countenance, with magnificent eyes and superb teeth."

There was a profound silence.

"Well," said Morand, "if your friend the municipal recognised this pretended Chevalier de Maison Rouge, why did he not arrest him?"

"In the first place, not knowing of his arrival at Paris, he feared being the dupe of a resemblance; and then my friend, being rather lukewarm, acted as the lukewarm generally act, he let it alone."

"You would not have acted thus, citizen?" said Dixmer, laughing boisterously.

"No," said Maurice; "I confess it, I would rather find myself deceived than allow to escape so dangerous a man as the Chevalier de Maison Rouge."

"And what would you have done, then, monsieur?" timidly inquired Genevieve.

"What would I have done, citoyenne?" said Maurice "I would have walked direct up to the patrol, and placed my hand on the chevalier's collar, saying to him, 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge, I arrest you as a traitor to the nation;' and my hand once upon his collar, I would not soon release him, I can tell you."

"And what would happen then?" said Genevieve.

"It would happen he had done thus much for himself and friends, that the same hour they would be guillotined; that is all."

Genevieve shuddered, and darted on her neighbour a look of affright. But the Citizen Morand did not appear to notice this glance, and phlegmatically emptied his glass.

"The Citizen Lindey is right," said he; "there was nothing else to do; but, unfortunately, it was not done."

"And," demanded Genevieve, "do you know what has become of the Chevalier de Maison Rouge?"

"Bah!" said Dixmer; "in all probability he did not wish to remain longer, and, finding his attempt abortive, quitted Paris immediately."

"And perhaps France even," added Morand.

"Not at all, not at all," said Maurice.

"What, has he had the imprudence to remain in Paris?" asked Genevieve.

"He has not stirred."

A movement of general astonishment followed this assertion, which Maurice had stated with so much confidence.

"This is only a supposition, citizen, on your part," said Morand; "merely a supposition, that is all."

"No; it is a positive fact that I affirm."

"Ah!" said Genevieve; "*I acknowledge, for my part, I cannot believe it is as you say; it would be such an unpardonable imprudence.*"

"You are a woman, citoyenne; and can comprehend, then, what would outweigh, with a man of such a character as the Chevalier de Maison Rouge, all considerations of personal security?"

"And what can outweigh the dread of losing his life in a moment so dreadful?"

"Eh! Mon Dieu! Citoyenne," said Maurice; "love."

"Love!" repeated Genevieve.

"Doubtless. Do you not know, then, that the Chevalier de Maison Rouge is enamoured of Marie-Antoinette?"

Two or three incredulous laughs were faintly heard. Dixmer looked at Maurice as if he sought to penetrate the very depths of his soul. Genevieve felt the tears suffuse her eyes; and a shuddering she could not conceal from Maurice ran through her frame.

The Citizen Morand poured some wine into his glass, and at this moment carried it to his lips. His paleness would have alarmed Maurice, had not all the young man's attention been at the time centred on Genevieve.

"You are silent, citoyenne," murmured Maurice.

"Have you not said I should understand this because I was a woman? Well, we women, even if opposed to our princes, feel for such devotion."

"And that of the Chevalier de Maison Rouge is the height of devotion, as it is said he has never even spoken to the queen."

"Ah! there now, Citizen Lindey," said the man of extreme measures; "it seems to me, permit me to observe, that you are very indulgent to the Chevalier——"

"Monsieur," said Maurice, perhaps intentionally making use of a word which had ceased to be in vogue, "I love all brave and courageous natures, which do not refuse to fight when I meet them in the ranks of my enemies. I do not despair of one day encountering the Chevalier de Maison Rouge."

"And——" said Genevieve.

"If I meet him——Well; I shall fight him."

The supper was finished. Genevieve set the example of retiring, by herself rising from table. At this moment the pendulum struck.

"Midnight!" said Morand, coolly.

"Midnight!" said Maurice; "midnight already?"

"That exclamation affords me much pleasure," said Dixmer; "it proves you are not ennuyé, and induces me to hope we may see you again. It is the door of a true patriot which opens to receive you; and, I trust, ere long, you will find it that of a sincere friend."

Maurice bowed, and, turning towards Genevieve,

"Will the citoyenne also permit me to repeat my visit?" demanded he.

"I do more than permit, I request you to do so. Adieu, citizen;" and Genevieve retired.

Maurice took leave of all the guests, particularly saluting Morand, with whom he was much pleased; squeezed Dixmer's hand, and went away bewildered; but, on the whole, more joyful than sad, from the various and unexpected events of the evening.

"Unfortunate encounter, unfortunate encounter!" said the young woman, after Maurice's departure, and then bursting into tears in the presence of her husband, who had conducted her to her room.

"Bah!" said Dixmer, "the Citizen Lindey, a known patriot, secretary to a section, admired, worshipped, and highly popular, is, on the contrary, a great acquisition to a poor tanner who has contraband merchandise on his premises."

"Do you think so, mon ami?" asked Genevieve, timidly.

"I think it is a warrant of patriotism, a seal of absolution, placed upon our house; and I thought, when parting this evening, that the Chevalier de Maison Rouge himself would be safe at our house."



And Dixmer kissed his wife with an affection more paternal than conjugal, and left her in the little pavilion set apart for her special benefit, passing himself into another part of the building, which he inhabited with the guests we have seen assembled round his table.

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## CHAPTER X.

### SIMON THE SHOEMAKER.

THE month of May had commenced. A bright clear day expanded the lungs tired of inhaling the icy fogs of winter, and the rays of the sun, warm and exhilarating, shone upon the black walls of the Temple. At the wicket of the interior, which separated the tower from the gardens, the soldiers of the post were smoking and laughing. But, notwithstanding the beauty of the day, and the offer made to the prisoners to descend and walk in the garden, the three females refused to do so; as, since the execution of her husband, the queen had obstinately secluded herself in her chamber, dreading to pass the door of the apartment lately occupied by the king on the second story. When by any chance she took the air, since the fatal occurrence of the 21st of January, she did so on the platform of the tower, where even the battlements were enclosed with shutters.

The National Guards on duty, who knew the three females had received permission to go out, waited in vain all day, wishing much to turn this same authority to some account. Towards five o'clock a man descended, and approached the sergeant in command of the post.

"Ah! ah! is that you, Father Tison?" said he, who appeared to be a right merry fellow.

"Yes, it is I, citizen; I bring you, on the part of the municipal Maurice Lindey, your friend, who is now upstairs, this permission, granted by the Council of the Temple to my daughter, to pay a visit to her mother this evening."

"And you are going out just as your daughter is coming in? unnatural father!" said the sergeant.

"I am going much against my inclination, Citizen Sergeant. I also hope to see my poor child, who I have not seen for two months, and to embrace her this evening. I

am going out now. This service, this damned service, compels me to go out. It is necessary I should go to the commune to make my report. A fiacre is waiting for me at the door, with two gendarmes, and it is exactly the time when my poor Sophie will arrive."

"Unhappy parent," said the sergeant.

"And, Citizen Sergeant, when my child comes to see her poor mother, who is dying to see her, you will allow her to pass?"

"The order is correct," replied the sergeant, whom the reader has no doubt recognised as our friend Louis; "so I have nothing to say against it; when your daughter comes, she can pass."

"Thanks, brave Thermopyle; thanks," said Tison; and he went out to make his report to the commune, murmuring, "My poor wife, how happy she will be!"

"Do you know, sergeant," said one of the National Guard, seeing Tison depart, and overhearing the last words; "do you know there is something in this that makes my blood run cold?"

"What is it, Citizen Devaux?" demanded Louis.

"Why," replied the compassionate National Guard, "to see this man, with his surly face and heart of stone, this pitiless guardian of the queen, go out with his eyes full of tears, partly of joy, partly of grief, thinking that his wife will see his daughter, and he shall not. It does not do to reflect upon it too much, sergeant; it really is grievous."

"Doubtless that is why he does not reflect upon it himself, this man who goes out with tears in his eyes, as you term it."

"Upon what should he reflect?"

"That it is three months since this woman he so brutally uses has seen her child. He does not think of her grief, only of his own, that is all. It is true this woman was queen," continued the sergeant, in an ironical tone, rather difficult of comprehension; "and one is not obliged to feel the same respect for a queen as for the wife of a journeyman."

"Notwithstanding, all this is very sad," said Devaux.

"Sad, but necessary," said Louis. "The best way then, is, as you say, not to reflect." And he began to sing—

"Where the branches met  
On a rocky stone,  
There I found Nicette,  
Seated all alone."

Louis was in the midst of his pastoral ditty, when suddenly a loud noise was heard from the left side of the post, composed of oaths, menaces, and tears.

"What is that?" demanded Devaux.

"It sounded like the voice of a child," said Louis, listening.

"In fact," said the National Guard, "it is a poor little one they are beating. Truly they ought only to send here those who have no children."

"Will you sing?" said a hoarse and drunken voice.

And the voice sung in example—

"Madame Veto promised  
That all our heads should fall——"

"No," said the child, "I will not sing."

"Will you sing?"

And the voice recommenced—

"Madame Veto promised——"

"No! no!" said the child. "No, no, no."

"Ah! little beggar," said the hoarse voice; and the noise of a lash whirring through the air was distinctly heard. The infant screamed with agony.

"Ah! *sacre bleu!*" said Louis; "it is that rascally Simon beating the little Capet."

Several of the National Guards shrugged their shoulders. Two or three tried to smile. Devaux rose and went out.

"I said truly," murmured he, "that parents should never enter here."

All at once a low door opened, and the royal child, chased by the whip of his guardian, made a flying leap into the court, when something hard struck his leg, and fell on the ground behind him.

He stumbled, and fell upon his knee.

"Bring me my last, little monster, or else——"

The child rose, and shook his head, in token of refusal.

"Ah! this is it, is it?" said the same voice. "Wait, you shall see." And the shoemaker Simon rushed into his hut as a wild beast to its den.

"Hallo! hallo!" said Louis, frowning. "Where are you going so fast, Master Simon?"

"To chastise this little wolf's cub," said the shoemaker.

"To chastise him, for what?"

"For what?"

"Yes."

"Because the little beggar will neither sing like a good patriot, nor work like a good citizen."

"Well, what have you to do with that?" said Louis.

"Did the nation confide Capet to you that you might teach him to sing?"

"And what business have you to interfere, I should like to know, Citizen Sergeant?" said Simon, astonished.

"I interfere, as it becomes every man of feeling to do."

"It is unworthy of a man to see a child beaten, and to suffer him to be beaten."

"Bah! the son of a tyrant."

"He is a child; and the child has not participated in the crimes of the father. The child is not culpable, and, consequently, ought not to be punished."

"And I tell you he was placed with me to do what I choose with him. I choose him to sing 'Madame Veto,' and he shall sing it."

"Contemptible wretch!" said Louis. "'Madame Veto' is mother to this child. Would you yourself like your child to be made to sing that you were one of the canaille?"

"Me!" cried Simon. "Vile aristocrat of a sergeant."

"No names," said Louis. "I am not Capet; and they will not make me sing by force."

"I will have you arrested, vile ci-devant."

"You!" said Louis; "you have ~~me~~ arrested; you had better try to arrest a Thermopyle."

"Good, good; he laughs best who laughs last. And now, Capet, pick up my last, and come and finish your shoe, or mille tonnerres."

"And I," said Louis, turning deadly pale, and advancing a few steps forward, his hands clenched, and his teeth set—"I tell you he shall not pick up your last, he shall not make shoes; do you hear, idiot?"

"Ah! yes; you talk very largely; but that will not make me fear you any the more."

"Ah! massacre," roared Simon, turning pale with rage.

At this moment two women entered the court. One held a paper in her hand. She addressed herself to the sentinel.

"Sergeant," cried the sentinel, "it is Tison's daughter, who asks to see her mother."

"Let her pass, since the Council of the Temple permit it," said Louis, who did not wish to leave for a moment, for fear Simon should avail himself of his absence and again beat the child.

The sentinel passed the two women; but, hardly had they ascended four steps on the dark staircase, when they encountered Maurice Lindey, who at that moment was descending into the court. It was almost dark, so that he was unable to distinguish their features. Maurice stopped.

"Who are you, citizens?" said he; "and what do you want?"

"I am Sophie Tison," said one of the women; "I obtained permission to visit my mother, and have come to see her."

"Yes," said Maurice; "but this permission was for yourself only, citoyenne."

"I brought my friend, that there might be two of us in the midst of the soldiers, at least."

"Very good; but your friend cannot go up."

"As you please, citizen," said Sophie Tison, pressing the hand of her friend, who, close against the wall, seemed paralysed with surprise and terror.

"Citizens sentinels," said Maurice, raising his voice and addressing the sentinels who were stationed on every landing, "allow the Citoyenne Tison to pass, but do not permit her friend to pass; she will remain on the staircase; see that she is treated with all due respect."

"Yes, citizen," replied the sentinels.

"Go up, then," said Maurice.

The two women then passed on; and Maurice, leaping over the remaining five or six stairs, advanced rapidly into the court.

"What is all this?" said he to the National Guard; "and what is the cause of this noise? The cries of a child were heard in the prisoner's antechamber."

"It is this," said Simon; who, accustomed to the manners of the municipals, believed, on perceiving Maurice, that he

came as an ally ; " this traitor, this spy, this ci-devant, this aristocrat, prevents me from belabouring Capet ; " and he shook his fists at Louis.

" Yes, mon dieu, I did prevent it," said Louis, drawing his sword ; " and if you again call me ci-devant, aristocrat, or traitor, I will run my sword through your body."

" A threat!" cried Simon ; " the guard, the guard."

" I am the guard," said Louis ; " so you had better not call, for if I come to you, I will exterminate you."

" Come here, Citizen Municipal, come here," said Simon, now seriously alarmed at Louis's threats.

" The sergeant is quite right," said the municipal, to whom he had appealed for assistance ; " you are a disgrace to the nation, coward, to beat a child."

" And why did he beat him ? do you comprehend," said Maurice.

" Because the child would not sing ' Madame Veto ; ' because the child would not insult his mother."

" Miserable wretch !" said Maurice.

" And you also ?" said Simon ; " I am surrounded with traitors."

" Rogue !" cried the municipal, seizing Simon by the throat, and tearing the last from his hand ; " try to prove that Maurice Lindey is a traitor." And he applied the leather strap pretty heavily to the shoulders of the shoemaker.

" Thanks, monsieur," said the child, who regarded this scene with the air of a Stoic ; " but he will revenge himself upon me."

" Come, Capet, come, my child," said Louis ; " if he beats you again, call for help ; I will chastise him, the hangman. And now, Capet, return to your tower."

" Why do you call me Capet ? you know very well that Capet is not my name."

" Not your name?" said Louis ; " what is your name, then?"

" I am called Louis Charles de Bourbon. Capet is the name of one of my ancestors. I know the history of France ; my father taught me."

" And you want to teach a child to make old shoes to whom a king has taught the history of France?" cried Louis ; " allons done."

"Ah, rest assured," said Maurice, "I will make my report."

"And I mine," said Simon; "and among other things I shall say, that instead of one woman being allowed to enter the tower, two were permitted to pass."

At this moment two women went out from the keep. Maurice ran after them.

"Well, citoyenne," said he, addressing the one by his side, "have you seen your mother?"

"Yes, citizen, thank you," said she.

Maurice had wished to see the young girl's friend, or at least to hear her voice, but she was enveloped in her mantle, and seemed determined not to utter a single word. He also thought she trembled. This appearance of fear excited his suspicion. He re-ascended the stairs quickly, and through the glazed partition saw the Queen endeavouring to hide something in her pocket which looked like a billet.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "I have been duped."

He called his colleague.

"Citizen Agricola," said he, "enter Marie Antoinette's room, and do not lose sight of her."

"Heyday!" said the municipal, "is it because . . ."

"Enter, I tell you, and do not lose sight of her for an instant, a moment, a second."

The municipal entered the Queen's apartment.

"Call the woman Tison," said he to one of the National Guard.

Five minutes afterwards Tison's wife arrived in high spirits.

"I have seen my daughter," said she.

"Where was that?" demanded Maurice.

"Here, of course, in this ante-chamber."

"Well; and did not your daughter ask to see the Austrian?"

"No."

"Did she not enter her room?"

"No."

"And during the time you were conversing with your daughter, did no one come out of the prisoners' chamber?"

"How should I know? I was fully occupied with my daughter, whom I had not seen for three months."

"Recollect yourself."

"Ah, yes; I think I remember."

"What?"

"The young girl came out."

"Marie Therese?"

"Yes."

"Did she speak to your daughter?"

"No."

"Your daughter restored nothing to her?"

"No."

"Did she pick up nothing from the ground?"

"My daughter?"

"No, the daughter of Marie Antoinette?"

"She picked up her pocket handkerchief."

"Ah! malheureuse!" cried Maurice.

And he rushed towards the string of a bell which he pulled violently. It was an alarm bell.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BILLET.

THE other two municipal guards came up hastily. A detachment of the post accompanied them. The doors were shut, and two sentinels intercepted the egress from each chamber.

"What do you want, Monsieur?" said the Queen to Maurice when he entered. "I was retiring to bed, when, five minutes since, the Citizen Municipal suddenly forced his entrance into my chamber, without informing me what he desired."

"Madame," said Maurice, bowing, "it is not my colleague who desires anything from you, it is myself."

"You, Monsieur?" demanded Marie Antoinette, looking at Maurice, whose courteous behaviour had inspired her with almost gratitude; "and what do you desire?"

"I request you will be kind enough to show me the letter you were concealing in your pocket when I entered just now."

Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth trembled. The Queen turned very pale.

"You are mistaken, Monsieur; I concealed nothing."



"You lie, Austrian," cried Agricola.

Maurice quickly placed his hand on the arm of his colleague.

"One moment, my dear colleague," said he; "leave me to speak to the *citoyenne*, I am a little bit of a lawyer."

"Go on then, but you will not contrive it; *morbleu*!"

"You have concealed a letter, *citoyenne*," said Maurice, austere; "now it is necessary we should see this letter."

"But what letter?"

"The letter that Tison's daughter brought you, and which the *citoyenne*, your daughter" (Maurice alluded to the young princess), "picked up with her pocket handkerchief."

The three females looked at each other with terror.

"But, Monsieur, this is worse than tyranny," said the Queen; "these women! these women!"

"Do not mistake," said Maurice, with firmness; "we are neither judges nor executioners, we are overseers; that is to say, your fellow citizens, commissioned to guard you. We have our order; to violate it is treason. Citizen, I pray you to give me the letter you have concealed."

"Messieurs," said the Queen, with much hauteur, "since you are overseers, search, and deprive us of our rest to-night as usual."

"God forbid we should lay our hands upon these women. I am now going to inform the commune, and await its orders; but you cannot retire to bed, you must sleep upon these *fauteuils*, if you please, and we must guard you. If necessary, they will search you."

"What is the matter?" said Tison's wife, appearing at the door quite bewildered.

"It is this, *citoyenne*," said Maurice, "that by lending yourself to treasonable practices, you will debar yourself from seeing your daughter any more."

"From seeing my daughter? What do you tell me then, citizen," demanded Tison's wife, who could not yet comprehend why she was not to see her daughter.

"I tell you, that your daughter did not come here to see you, but to bring a letter to the *Citoyenne Capet*; and, therefore, she will return here no more."

"But if she does not come here, I shall not be able to see her, as we are forbidden to go out."

"This time you have no one to blame but yourself—it was your fault," said Maurice.

"Oh!" screamed the poor woman, "why do you say it is my fault? Nothing has happened, I tell you. If I thought anything would happen, woe to you, Marie Antoinette; you should pay dearly for it." And the exasperated woman shook her fist at the Queen.

"Threaten no one," said Maurice; "but rather gain by kindness what we demand, for you are a woman, and the Citoyenne Marie Antoinette, who is herself a mother, will take pity on you. To-morrow your daughter will be arrested—to-morrow imprisoned; then, if they discover anything, and you know that when they choose they always can do so, she is lost, and also her companion."

The woman Tison, who had listened to Maurice with terrified credulity, turned wildly towards the Queen.

"You hear, Antoinette? My daughter! It is you who will ruin my child!"

The Queen in her turn appeared bewildered, not by the fury which sparkled in the eyes of her female gaoler, but by the despair legible there. "Come, Madame Tison," said she, "I have something to say to you."

"Holloa! No cajolery; there are not too many of us," said Maurice's colleague. "Before the municipality—always before the municipality."

"Never mind, Citizen Agricola," said Maurice; "provided the permission comes from us, it does not matter in what fashion."

"You are right, Citizen Maurice, but ——"

"Let us pass behind the glazed partition, Citizen Agricola; and if you think with me, we will turn our backs, and I am certain the individual for whom we evince this consideration will not make us repent it."

The Queen heard these words, intended for her to hear, and cast upon the young man a look of grateful acknowledgment. Maurice carelessly turned his head, and walked to the other side of the glazed partition. Agricola followed him.

"You see this Queen," said he to Agricola: "as a Queen she is very culpable, as a woman she is high-minded and dignified. They destroyed the crown—woe to the model."

"Sacre bleu! you speak well, Citizen Maurice; I love to

listen to you and your friend Tison. Is this also poetry you are reciting?"

Maurice smiled.

During this conversation, the scene which Maurice had anticipated was passing on the other side.

The woman Tison approached the Queen.

"Madame," said the Queen, "your despair grieves me. I do not wish to deprive you of your daughter—that would be too cruel; but do you consider, that by doing what these men require, your child will be equally lost?"

"Do as they tell you," cried the woman; "do as they say."

"But first, at least, hear what the question is."

"What the question is?" demanded the woman, with an almost savage curiosity.

"Your daughter brought a friend with her."

"Yes, an artificiel, like herself. She did not like to come alone, because of the soldiers. This friend committed a letter to your daughter—your daughter let it fall. Marie, who was passing, picked it up. It is, doubtless, a paper of no consequence, but still one upon which evil-minded people might put a bad construction. Has not the Municipal just told you, if they wish to do so, they can do so?"

"What next? What next?"

"Well, this is all; you wish me to send back this paper—do you wish me to sacrifice a friend, without perhaps benefiting your daughter?"

"Do as they say," cried the woman; "do as they say."

"But if this paper implicates your daughter," said the Queen; "do you understand?"

"My daughter is, like myself, a good patriot," cried the housekeeper. "Dieu-Merci. The Tisons are well known. Do what they tell you."

"Mon Dieu!" said the Queen; "what can I say to convince you?"

"My child, I want them to return me my child," cried Tison's wife, stamping her feet. "Give me the paper, Antoinette, give me the paper."\*

"There it is, Madame." And the Queen tendered a paper to the wretched creature, which she seized, and held joyfully above her head, crying:

"Come here, come here, Citizen Municipals. I have the paper; take it, and give me back my child."

"You would sacrifice our friends, my sister," said Madame Elizabeth.

"No, my sister," replied the Queen, mournfully, "I only sacrifice ourselves. This paper implicates no one."

At the cries of the woman Tison, Maurice and his colleague came towards her, when she immediately held out the paper to them. They opened and read—

"A L'Orient! again an old friend."

Maurice had no sooner cast his eyes on this paper than he started. The writing was not quite unknown to him.

"Mon Dieu!" cried he; "can it be that of Genevieve? but no, it is impossible; and I am mad. It resembles hers, certainly; but what communication can she have with the Queen."

He turned round, and observed that Marie Antoinette was watching him attentively. As for the woman Tison, as she awaited her fate, she devoured Maurice with her eyes.

"You have done a good action," said he, to Tison's wife; "and you, citoyenne, a great one," addressing the Queen.

"Then, Monsieur," replied Marie Antoinette, "follow my example. Burn this paper, and you will perform a charitable one."

"You are joking, Austrian," said Agricola. "Burn a paper that may perhaps enable us to discover a whole covey of aristocrats? Ma foi! no; that would be too much like blockheads."

"Do what? Burn it!—That might compromise my daughter," said the woman Tison.

"I believe you; your daughter and some others," said Agricola, taking the paper from the hands of Maurice, which, had he been alone, would most assuredly have been destroyed.

Ten minutes afterwards, the letter was deposited on the bureau of the members of the Commune, and commented upon in various ways.

"A L'Orient—an old friend.' What the devil can this mean?" said a voice.

"Pardieu!" replied a geographer; "to Lorient, that is clear enough. Lorient is a little town of Brittany, situated between Vannes and Quimper."

"Morblen! they ought to burn the town, if it be true that it shelters aristocrats, who keep watch still upon the Austrian."

"It is the more dangerous," said another, "that Lorient being a sea-port, they might establish communication with England."

"I propose," said a third, "that a mandate be forwarded to Lorient, that an inquiry may be made."

This proposition made the minority smile, but excited the majority; they decreed a mandate should be sent to Lorient to watch the aristocrats.

Maurice had been informed of the consultation.

"I think it may perhaps mean the East," said he, "but I am quite sure it is not in Brittany."

The next day the Queen, who, as we have previously said, would no more enter the garden, to avoid passing the door of the apartment where her husband had been imprisoned, requested permission to ascend the tower to take the air, with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth. Her wish was instantly acceded to; but Maurice followed her, and mounting the stairs, ensconced himself behind a little turret; there, concealed, he awaited the result of the letter of the preceding evening. The Queen at first walked indifferently with Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, then stopped, whilst the two princesses continued their promenade; then turned towards the "East," and observed very attentively a house, at the windows of which were visible several persons. One of the number held a white pocket-handkerchief.

Maurice, on his part, drew a telescope from his pocket, and while he adjusted it, the Queen made a quick movement, as if to request those at the window to retire; but Maurice had already remarked the head of a man, with fair hair and pale complexion, whose salutation was so respectful, as almost to border on humility. Behind this young man, for he appeared to be five or six and twenty years of age, a woman remained partially concealed from view. Maurice directed his glass towards her, and thought he recognised Genevieve. Immediately the female, who also held a telescope in her hand, drew back, dragging the young man away with her. Was this really Genevieve? Had she also recognised Maurice? Had this couple only

retired at the signal given him by the Queen? Maurice waited a moment to see if this young man and woman would reappear; but seeing the window remain unoccupied, he recommended the strictest vigilance to his colleague, Agricola, quickly descended the staircase, and went to lie in ambush at the angle of La Rue Portefoin, to see if they came out of the house. It was in vain; no one appeared. He could not resist the suspicion which had entered his mind at the moment the companion of Tison's daughter had persisted in maintaining so obstinate a silence. Maurice directed his course towards the old Rue St. Jacques, where he arrived, bewildered by the strangest suspicions, doubts, and fears. When he entered, Genevieve, attired in a white morning dress, was seated under an arbour of jasmine, where they were accustomed to take their breakfast. She, as usual, accorded Maurice a friendly greeting, and invited him to take a cup of chocolate with her. Dixmer, on his part, who had in the meantime arrived, expressed the greatest joy at meeting Maurice at this unexpected hour of the day; but before he permitted Maurice to take the cup of chocolate he had accepted (always enthusiastically attached to his trade), he insisted that his friend the Secretary to the "Section Lepelletier," should make a tour through the manufactory with him. Maurice consented.

"My dear Maurice," said he, "I have important news for you."

"Political?" asked Maurice, always occupied with one idea.

"Ah! dear citizen," said Dixmer, smiling, and taking the young man's arm, "do you think we trouble ourselves about politics? No, no; relating to business, Dieu merci.' My honoured friend, Morand, who, as you know, is a celebrated chemist, has discovered the secret of staining leather red in an unequalled manner, that is to say, unalterable, a process never discovered till now. It is this colour I want to show you. Besides, you will see Morand at work; he is quite an 'artiste.'"

Maurice did not exactly comprehend how making a red dye constituted an 'artiste;' but nevertheless accepted his offer, and followed Dixmer across the tan-yards, and in a separate sort of office saw the Citizen Morand at work. He wore blue spectacles, was in his working-dress,

and seemed fully occupied in changing a skin from dirty white to purple. His hands and arms, visible under his sleeves, which were turned up, were red to the elbow.

He merely moved his head to Maurice, so entirely was he preoccupied.

"Well, Citizen Morand," said Dixmer, "what say we?"

"We shall gain 100,000 livres by this process alone; but I have not slept for eight days, and these acids have affected my sight."

Maurice left Dixmer with Morand, and joined Genevieve, murmuring softly, "It must be confessed the trade of municipal stupifies the hero! About eight days in the Temple, one might fancy oneself an aristocrat, and denounce oneself. Good Dixmer! Brave Morand! Sweet Genevieve!"

And for an instant they suspected me. Genevieve awaited Maurice with a sweet smile, calculated to make him forget all his latent cause for suspicion. She was as usual sweet, amiable, and charming. The hours passed in Genevieve's society were those only in which Maurice could be said really to exist.

At all other times he was infected with that fever, which might be termed the fever of '93, by which Paris was separated into two camps, and existence rendered a perpetual combat. Towards noon he quitted Genevieve, and returned to the Tower of the Temple.

At the extremity of La Rue Sainte-Avoye, he encountered Louis, now relieved from guard. He left the ranks and came to meet Maurice, who still wore upon his countenance the impress of the happiness he had enjoyed in the society of the lovely Genevieve.

"Ah!" said Louis, cordially shaking his friend by the hand,

"In vain you seek your anguish  
Within your heart to hide,  
I know for whom you languish,  
For whom so long you've sighed;  
Within your heart, within your eyes,  
Love reigns, and triumphs in his prize."

Maurice put his hand in his pocket to search for the key. This was the method he adopted to put a stop to his friend's poetical vein. But he saw the movement, and ran away, laughing. "Apropos," said Louis, retracing his steps, "you have three days more at the Temple; I recommend the little Capet to your care."

## CHAPTER XII.

## LOVE.

In fact Maurice for some time had experienced a strange mixture of happiness and misery. It is always thus at the commencement of "*des grandes passions*." His daily occupation at the Section Lepelletier, his evening visits to the old Rue Saint-Jacques, and some occasional visits to the club of the Thermopyles, filled up his days.

He did not dissimulate. He well knew that to see Genevieve daily was to imbibe large draughts of love unaccompanied by hope. Genevieve was a woman of retired manners and pleasing appearance, who would frankly tender her hand to a friend, and would innocently approach his face with her lips, with the confidence of a sister, and the ignorance of a vestal, before whom the words of love appear as blasphemy.

Thus in the purest dreams that the first style of Raphael has traced upon the canvas is a Madonna with smiling lips, chaste eyes, and heavenly expression. It is necessary to borrow from the divine pupil of Perugino to portray the likeness of Genevieve.

In the midst of flowers, she imbibed their freshness and perfume; isolated by the occupation of her husband, and by her husband himself, she appeared to Maurice each time he saw her like a living enigma, of which he could not divine the meaning, and dare not ask it. One evening when, as usual, he remained alone with her, they were both seated at the same window by which he had entered, a few nights since, with so little ceremony; the perfume of the lilacs in full bloom floated upon the soft breeze that had succeeded the radiant sunset.

After a long silence, Maurice, having during this silence followed the intelligent and holy eye of Genevieve as she watched the appearance of the stars in the azure vault of heaven, ventured to inquire concerning the great disparity between herself and husband. She so young, and he already past the middle age; she so distinguishé, while everything around announced him a man of inferior birth and education; she so refined in her tastes, while her husband had not an idea beyond his manufactory.

"Here, at the abode of a master tanner, are harp, piano,



and drawings, which you acknowledge to be your own. How is it that this aristocracy which I detest in others I adore in you?"

Genevieve fixed upon Maurice a look full of candour.

"Thanks," said she, "for this inquiry; it proves to me you have not sought information concerning me from any one else."

"Never! madame," said Maurice; "I have a devoted friend who would die for me; I have a hundred comrades ready to follow wherever I may lead them; but among all these hearts, when a woman is concerned, and above all, such a woman as Genevieve, I know but of one I would trust, and that one is myself."

"Thanks, Maurice," said the young woman, "I will myself tell you all you desire to know."

"Your maiden name first," said Maurice. "I only know your married one at present."

Genevieve detected the selfishness of love in this question, and smiled.

"Genevieve du Treilly," said she.

Maurice repeated, "Genevieve du Treilly."

"My family," continued Genevieve, "was ruined after the American war, in which both my father and elder brother had taken part."

"Both gentlemen?" said Maurice.

"No, no," said Genevieve, blushing.

"And yet you said your maiden name was Genevieve du Treilly."

"My family, Monsieur Maurice, was rich, but not noble."

"You challenge me," said the young man, smiling.

"Oh! no, no," replied Genevieve. "In America my father was connected with the father of Monsieur Morand. Monsieur Dixmer was managing man to Monsieur Morand. We were ruined, and Monsieur Morand, knowing that Monsieur Dixmer was a man of independent fortune, presented him to my father, who in his turn presented him to me."

"I saw he had beforehand formed a resolution of marriage. I understood it was the wish of my family. I did not love, neither had I ever loved any one, and I accepted him."

"I have now been Dixmer's wife for three years, and I am bound to say he has proved to me so good and excel-

lent a husband, that notwithstanding the difference of taste and the disparity of age, I have never even for a moment experienced the slightest feeling of regret."

"But," said Maurice, "when you married Monsieur Dixmer he was not at the head of this manufactory."

"No, we lived at Blois. After the 10th of August Monsieur Dixmer purchased this house and the adjoining workshops, and that I might not be annoyed by the workmen, and to spare me the sight of many things repulsive to a person of my habits, which are, as you observed, Maurice, a little aristocratic, he gave me this pavilion, where I live alone retired, gratifying my various fancies and desires, and happy when a friend like yourself, Maurice, comes either to distract or partake in my reveries."

And Genevieve tendered her hand to Maurice, which he ardently kissed. Genevieve blushed slightly.

"Now, my friend," said the young woman, drawing away her hand, "you know how I became the wife of Monsieur Dixmer."

"Yes," said Maurice, regarding Genevieve with great attention; "but you have not told me how Monsieur Morand came to be associated with your husband."

"Oh! that is very simple," said Genevieve. "Monsieur Dixmer had, as I have told you, some fortune, but still not sufficient to engage alone in a large concern like this. The son of Monsieur Morand, his protector, as I have before said, this friend of my father, you will remember, provided half the funds, and as he possesses a good knowledge of chemistry, he devotes himself to various improvements with the energy you have remarked, and, thanks to which, the business of Monsieur Dixmer has extended considerably."

"Monsieur Morand is also a great friend of yours, is he not, Madame?" said Maurice.

"Monsieur Morand is a noble hearted being, one of the worthiest men in existence," gravely replied Genevieve.

"If he has given you no other proofs," said Maurice, a little piqued at the importance accorded by Genevieve to the young man, the partner of her husband, "than dividing the expenses of this establishment with Monsieur Dixmer, and inventing a new colour for the morocco, allow me to say you rather overrate his merits."

"He has given me many other proofs, monsieur," said Genevieve.

"He is young, is he not?" said Maurice. "His wearing green spectacles renders it difficult to tell his age."

"He is thirty-five."

"You have known him, then, a long time?"

"From infancy."

Maurice bit his lips; he had always suspected Morand loved Genevieve.

"Oh!" said Maurice, "that explains his familiarity with you."

"It seems to me, monsieur," said Genevieve, smiling, "that this familiarity, which at least is only that of a friend, does not need any explanation."

"Oh! pardon me, madame, you know all affectionate natures are jealous, and my friendship was jealous of that you appear to feel for Monsieur Morand."

He was silent. Genevieve also remained silent. There were no more questions to-day respecting Morand, and Maurice quitted Genevieve, more than ever in love, for he was jealous.

So blinded was the young man by his passion, that he had not remarked, during the recital of Genevieve, many gaps, much hesitation, and many concealments, which, although at the moment had escaped his notice, now returned to his memory, and strangely tortured him; and then he might not be able to secure to himself the liberty allowed him by Dixmer, of conversing with Genevieve as often and as long as he pleased, and in solitude, as they now found themselves every evening; and more, not only had he become a constant and expected guest at the house—not only remained in perfect security with Genevieve, who seemed guarded by her angelic purity from any advances on the part of the young man, but he now escorted her in all the excursions made from time to time in that quarter. In the midst of this established intimacy one thing surprised him. The more he sought (perhaps the better to watch his sentiments for Genevieve) the friendship of Morand, by whose genius, notwithstanding his prejudice, he felt himself captivated, and whose pleasing manners won him more and more every day, the greater the inclination evinced by this whimsical man to avoid him.

Of this he complained bitterly to Genevieve; for he did not doubt but that Morand had discerned in him a rival, and therefore his conduct was actuated by jealousy.

"The citizen Morand hates me," said he one day to Genevieve.

"You?" said Genevieve, with a look of astonishment.

"You—Monsieur Morand hate you?"

"Yes; I am sure of it."

"And why should he hate you?"

"Do you wish me to tell you?" cried Maurice.

"Without doubt," replied Genevieve.

"Well, then, because I—"

Maurice stopped; he was going to say, "because I love you."

"I cannot tell you why," replied Maurice, colouring. The fierce Republican near Genevieve was timid and confused as a young girl.

Genevieve smiled.

"Say," replied she, "there is no sympathy between you, and I may perhaps believe you. You possess an ardent mind, an ambitious spirit, are a man of birth and education, while Morand is a merchant grafted on a chemist. He is timid and retiring. It is this timidity that deters him from taking the first step towards your acquaintance."

"And who asks him to make the first advance towards me? I have made fifty to him, and he has never responded."

"What is it, then?" said Genevieve.

Maurice chose to remain silent.

The day after this conversation with Genevieve, he arrived there at two o'clock in the afternoon, and found her ready dressed to go out. "Welcome," said she; "you will act as my chevalier?"

"Where are we going, then?" demanded Maurice.

"I am going to Auteuil. It will be a delightful excursion. I mean to walk part of the way. Our carriage will convey us to the barrier, where it will wait for us. We will then walk to Auteuil, and when I have finished my business there, we will return to take—"

"Oh!" said Maurice, "what a delightful day you offer me!"

The two young people went out. Beyond Passy the

carriage put them down. They sauntered along slowly and continued their journey on foot.

On arriving at Auteuil, Genevieve stopped.

"Wait for me," said she, "at the entrance to the park, when I have finished I will rejoin you."

"Where are you going, then?" demanded Maurice.

"To a friend's house."

"Where I cannot accompany you?"

Genevieve smilingly shook her head.

"Impossible!" said she.

Maurice bit his lips.

"Very well," said he; "I will wait."

"Ah! what?" said Genevieve.

"Nothing," replied Maurice. "Shall you be long?"

"If I had thought it would inconvenience you, Maurice, if I had known you were engaged," said Genevieve, "I would not have requested you to do me the slight favour to accompany me to-day. I might have asked—"

"Monsieur Morand," interrupted Maurice, sharply.

"No, you are aware Monsieur Morand is at the manufactory at Rambouillet, and does not return till this evening."

"Then to what do I owe the preference?"

"Maurice," said Genevieve, softly, "I cannot keep the person I came to see waiting; but if I am the least constraint upon your return to Paris, only send back the carriage."

"No, no, madame," replied Maurice, quickly, "I am at your service." He bowed to Genevieve, who, sighing softly, proceeded on her way, and entered Auteuil.

Maurice went to the appointed place, and continued walking backwards and forwards with long impatient strides, cutting off with his cane, like Tarquin, all the heads of the weeds, and flowers of the thistles, which he found upon the road; and this road being narrow and retired, left him at full liberty to trace and retrace his footsteps as often as he pleased. And what occupied his thoughts? The desire to know whether Genevieve loved him or not. Her manner to him was that of a friend, or sister, but he felt this was not sufficient. He loved her with an entire love. She had become his sole thought by day, his renewed dream by night. At one time, he only

asked to see her again; he now required her to love him. Genevieve was absent for an hour, which to him had appeared an age; when he saw her returning with a smile upon her lips, Maurice, on the contrary, went to meet her with a frowning brow.

Genevieve, smiling, took his arm.

"Here I am," said she; "pardon me, *mon ami*, for having made you wait."

Maurice only replied by a bow; and they then entered a shady lane, which, by a winding path, conducted them into the high road.

It was one of those delicious evenings in spring, when every plant sends its fragrance on high, when every bird either seated on the branches, or skipping from spray to spray, warbles its songs of praise to God; one of those evenings that seem destined to live for ever in our memory. Maurice was silent, Genevieve pensive. She plucked with one hand flowers for a bouquet, the other rested on the arm of Maurice.

"What is the matter with you?" said he, all at once, to Genevieve; "and what makes you so sad to-day?"

Genevieve might have answered—my happiness. She regarded him tenderly.

"But you," said she, "are you not more than usually sad to-day?"

"I," said Maurice, "have reason to be sad; I am unhappy; but you——"

"You unhappy?"

"Doubtless; do you not perceive sometimes from my tremulous tones how much I suffer? Does it not often happen, when I am talking with you, or your husband, I am compelled suddenly to seek the air, because I feel as if my heart would burst?"

"But," demanded Genevieve, embarrassed, "to what do you attribute this suffering?"

"If I were an affected lady," said Maurice, attempting a laugh, "I should say it was a nervous attack."

"And at this moment do you suffer?"

"Much," said Maurice.

"Let us return, then."

"What, already, madame?"

"Without doubt."

"True," said the young man; "I forgot Monsieur Morand would return from Rambouillet this evening; and it is fast approaching." Genevieve looked at him reproachfully.

"Oh! again," said she.

"Why then did you, the other day, favour me with so high an eulogium on Monsieur Morand? It is your own fault."

"How long is it since, to people we esteem," demanded Genevieve, "we may not express our real opinion of an estimable man?"

"It must be a very lively esteem to cause you to accelerate your pace, as you at this moment are doing, for fear of being too late by a few minutes."

"You are to-day absolutely unjust, Maurice. Have I not passed part of the day with you?"

"You are right; and I am indeed too exacting," replied Maurice, subduing his impetuosity. "Let us return to meet Monsieur Morand."

Genevieve felt her anger pass from her mind to her heart.

"Yes," said she; "let us return to Monsieur Morand. He at least is a friend who never causes me pain."

"They are, indeed, valuable friends," said Maurice, "and I, for my part, should like a few such."

They were now upon the high road; the horizon crimsoned as the departing rays of the setting sun glistened upon the gilt mouldings of the dome des Invalides. A star, which on the previous evening had attracted the attention of Genevieve, sparkled in the azure of heaven. Genevieve quitted Maurice's arm with melancholy submission.

"Why have you made me suffer?" said she.

"Ah!" said Maurice; "I am not so clever as some people, and do not know how to make love."

"Maurice!" said Genevieve.

"Oh, madame, if he is certainly so worthy and so just he ought not to suffer."

Genevieve again placed her white hand within the powerful arm of Maurice.

"I pray you," said she, in an altered tone, "to speak no more; to speak no more!"

"And why is that?"

"Because your voice makes me ill."

"You are displeased with everything, even my voice?"

"Be silent, I conjure you."

"I will obey you, madame." And the impetuous young man passed his hand over his face, damp with perspiration.

Genevieve saw that he really suffered. "You are my friend, Maurice," said Genevieve, looking at him kindly; "do not deprive me of your valuable friendship."

"Oh! you would not long regret it," said Maurice.

"You are mistaken," said Genevieve, "I should regret it very long, and for ever."

"Genevieve! Genevieve!" cried Maurice, "have pity upon me."

Genevieve shuddered. It was the first time Maurice had uttered her name in these passionate accents.

"And now," continued Maurice, "since you have divined me, let me tell you all, Genevieve, for might you kill me with a look, I have been silent too long; I will speak, Genevieve."

"Monsieur," said the young woman, "I have supplicated you in the name of our friendship to remain silent; I still pray you to do so, if not for my sake, for your own. Not another word; in the name of Heaven! not another word."

"Friendship, friendship! if it be a friendship like this you profess for me, that you feel for Monsieur Morand, I wish for no more of your friendship—I, Genevieve, require more than others."

"Enough," said Madame Dixmer, with the gesture of a queen, "enough, Monsieur Lindey; here is our carriage, please to conduct me to my husband's house."

Maurice trembled with fever and emotion when Genevieve, to rejoin the carriage, which indeed was only a few paces distant, placed her hand on his arm.

They both entered the carriage; Genevieve took the front seat, and Maurice the one opposite. They traversed Paris without either one or the other having uttered a word. Only, all the way, Genevieve had held her handkerchief before her eyes. When they entered the building, Dixmer was occupied in his counting-house, Morand had just returned from Rambouillet, and was changing his dress. Genevieve held out her hand to Maurice, as she entered her chamber.

"Adieu! Maurice, you have wished it."



Maurice said nothing, but walked directly to the mantel-piece, where hung a portrait of Genevieve. He ardently kissed it, pressed it to his heart, replaced it, and went out. Maurice reached home without knowing how he arrived there; he had passed through Paris without seeing anything, without hearing anything; all that surrounded him appeared like a dream; he was unable to account for his actions, his words, or the sentiments which induced them. There are moments when the most serene spirits succumb under the violence of their own emotions.

It was, as we have said, rather a race than a return, on the part of Maurice. He undressed himself without the assistance of his valet-de-chambre, neither replied to his cook, who displayed his supper duly prepared for him, but taking the day's letters from the table, he read them all, one after the other, without comprehending a single word. The burning jealousy, that intoxication of reason, was not yet dissipated. At ten o'clock, Maurice mechanically sought his bed, as, indeed, he had done everything else since his parting with Genevieve.

If Maurice in his cooler moments had been told of this extraordinary behaviour in another, he would not have been able to comprehend it, but would have considered him mad to have pursued this desperate conduct, totally unauthorized either by too much reserve or too much "abandon" on the part of Genevieve. He now only felt this was a terrible blow to all his hopes, of which he had never even to himself rendered an account, and upon which, vague as they were, reposed all his visions of happiness, dreams which like an unseizable vapour floated shapelessly towards the horizon, and there disappeared. Thus it happened, as in similar cases, that Maurice, stunned by this blow, dropped asleep directly he found himself in bed, where he remained free from all sentiment till the morrow. He was awakened by the noise of the official opening the door, who came as usual to unclothe the windows, which opened upon a large garden, and to bring some flowers.

At that time, in the year '98, much attention was paid to the culture of forced flowers, and Maurice dearly loved all flowers; but now without even bestowing a glance upon them, he half raised his heavy head, and supporting it on his hand, endeavoured to recall the events of the preceding

evening. Maurice asked himself, without being able to account for it, the cause of this mad folly; the sole cause was jealousy of Morand; but the moment was certainly badly chosen to amuse himself by being jealous of a man, when this man was at Rambouillet, and whilst enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with the woman one loves, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, on one of the lovely days of spring. It was not suspicion of the inmates at the house at Auteuil, where Genevieve had remained an hour, no, the incessant torment of his life was the idea that Morand loved Genevieve, and yet, singular fantasy of the brain, strange combination of caprice, not a gesture, a look, not even a word from Dixmer's partner had afforded the slightest grounds for this belief. The voice of the valet-de-chambre aroused him from this reverie.

"Citizen," said he, showing him the open letters on the table, "have you selected those you wish to keep, or shall they all be burned?"

"Burn what?" said Maurice.

"The letters the citizen read last night, before he retired to bed."

Maurice could not remember having read one.

"Burn all," said he.

"Here are two days' letters, citizen," said the official.

He presented a packet of letters to Maurice, and threw the others under the grate. Maurice took the letters, felt the impression of a seal, and fancied that he recognised the perfume of a friend, and looking over his correspondence he found an envelope and handwriting that made him tremble. This man, who bravely faced danger, trembled before the odour of a letter. The official approached Maurice to inquire what he would take, but he signified a wish to be alone. Maurice turned and returned this letter; he felt a presentiment it contained misery for him, and started and trembled before unknown misfortune. Having collected all his courage he at length opened it, and read as follows:—

"Citizen Maurice,—It has become necessary that we should burst these bonds—bonds which, on your side, affect to exceed the bounds of friendship. You are a man of honour, citizen, and now a night has passed since the occurrences of yesterday evening, you ought to compre-

hend that your presence at our house is no longer desirable. I leave it to you to excuse yourself in any way you think best to my husband. On the arrival this day of your letter to Monsieur Dixmer, I am convinced I shall regret the loss of an unfortunate friend, whom all social propriety will deter me from meeting for the future. Adieu for ever.—GENEVIEVE.

"P.S.—The bearer awaits your reply."

Maurice called: the valet-de-chambre re-appeared.

"Who brought this letter?"

"A citizen commissioner."

"Is he waiting?"

"Yes."

Maurice did not for a moment hesitate, but, partly dressing, seated himself before his writing-desk, and taking the first sheet of paper that came to hand (he found it had on it the impression of a heart with the name of the Section), he wrote:—

"Citizen Dixmer,—I respected you, and I still do so, but I cannot visit you any longer."

Maurice considered what reason he could assign for not visiting Dixmer, and one idea alone presented itself to his mind, that which at this epoch occurred to every one. He thus continued:—

"Certain rumours are afloat relative to your lukewarmness in public affairs. I have no wish to accuse you, and no mission to defend you. Receive my respects, and feel assured your secrets will remain for ever buried in my heart."

Maurice did not even read this letter, written, as we have said, under the impression of the first idea that presented itself. He did not doubt the effect it would produce. Dixmer, an excellent patriot, as Maurice imagined from his conversation at least, would be much grieved at receiving it, his wife and Monsieur Morand would no doubt influence him not to reply, and forgetfulness would gradually spread itself like a dark veil over the past, laughing at the melancholy transformation. Maurice signed and sealed his letter, gave it the official, and the commissioner departed. Then a slight sigh escaped the Republican; he took his hat and gloves and proceeded to the Section. He hoped, poor Brutus, to recover his stoicism, by occupying himself with public affairs. These were indeed terrible:

the 31st of May was preparing. The *terreur* which, like a torrent, precipitated itself from the height of la Montagne, endeavoured to carry away this dike, opposed to it by the Girondins, those audacious *Modérés* who had dared to demand vengeance for the massacres of September, and to wrestle for an instant to save the life of the King.

Whilst Maurice pursued his way with a rapidity that drove the fever from his heart to his head, the messenger had re-entered the old Rue St. Jacques, filling the dwelling there with terror and astonishment. The letter, after passing through Genevieve's hands, was given by her to Dixmer. Dixmer opened and read it, without at first understanding it; he then communicated the contents to the citizen Morand, who supported his head upon his hand. His face was pale as death. In the situation in which Dixmer, Morand, and their companions found themselves (a situation totally unknown to Maurice, but which our readers have penetrated) this letter was like a thunder-bolt.

"Is this an upright, honest man?" asked Dixmer, much grieved.

"Yes," replied Morand, without the least hesitation.

"Never mind," said the advocate for extreme measures, "you see we were very wrong not to kill him."

"My friend," said Louis, "we struggle against violence, we brand it with the name of crime. We have acted rightly, whatever may be the result, in not assassinating this man. I again repeat I believe Maurice to possess a noble, generous spirit."

"Yes; but if so noble and generous a spirit belongs to this warm republican, perhaps he may regard it in the light of a crime, if he has made any discovery, not to immolate his own honour, as they say, 'on the altar of the country.'"

"But," said Morand, "do you think he knows anything?"

"Do you not hear? he speaks of secrets buried in his own heart."

"These secrets are evidently those confided to him by me relative to our contraband transactions. He knows no others."

"But this interview at Auteuil? does he suspect anything? you know he accompanied your wife?"

"It was I who told Genevieve to take Maurice with her as a protection."

"Listen," said Morand, "we shall soon see if these surmises be true. The turn of our battalion to guard the Temple arrives on the 2nd of June, that is to say, in eight days. You are captain, Dixmer, and I lieutenant; if our battalion or even our company receives a counter-order, like that received the other day by the battalion of la Butte-des-Moulins, which Sauterre has replaced by that of Gravilliers, all is discovered, and we have only to flee from Paris, or die fighting. But if all follows in the usual course of things——"

"We are lost all the same," replied Dixmer.

"How so?"

"Pardieu! does not all revolve upon the co-operation of this young municipal? Was it not he, who without knowing it, must open the road for us to the Queen?"

"That is true!" said Morand, confounded.

"You see, then," said Dixmer, knitting his brows, "that, at any price, we must renew our intimacy with this young man."

"But, if he refuse, if he fear to compromise himself?"

"Listen!" said Dixmer, "I will question Genevieve; she saw him last, perhaps she may know something more."

"Dixmer," said Morand, "it is with pain I see you mixing Genevieve with all our plots, not that I fear any indiscretion on her part. Oh! great God! the drama we are acting is a dreadful one, and I blush and tremble at the same time to place the head of a woman at stake, as well as our own."

"The head of a woman," said Dixmer, "ponders as gravely as that of a man, when stratagem is required, and often achieves more by candour and beauty than by force, strength, power, or courage. Genevieve shares in our convictions and our sympathies. Genevieve shall also share our fate."

"Well, my friend," said Morand, "I have said all I ought to say. Genevieve is in every way worthy of the mission you have given her, or rather that she has taken upon herself. It is martyrs who become saints."

And he held out his delicate and effeminate hand to Dixmer, who roughly pressed it between his own. Then

Dixmer, recommending Morand and his companions to watch with increased vigilance, quitted them, and entered Genevieve's apartments. She was seated before a table, bending over a piece of embroidery. She turned round at the noise of the opening door, and recognised Dixmer.

"Ah! is it you, mon ami?" said she.

"Yes," said Dixmer, with a placid, smiling countenance. "I have received a letter from your friend Maurice, which I cannot understand in the least. Read it, and then tell me what you think of it."

Genevieve took the letter with a hand, of which (with all her self-command) she could not disguise the tremor, and read. Dixmer followed her eyes as they ran over every line.

"Well?" said he, when she had finished.

"Well! I think that Monsieur Maurice Lindey is an honest man, and from him we have nothing to fear," replied Genevieve, with the greatest calmness.

"You think he is ignorant who the persons are you visited at Auteuil?"

"I am certain."

"Why then this sudden determination? Did he appear yesterday less friendly and more silent than usual?"

"No," said Genevieve; "I believe he was just the same."

"Consider well before you answer me, Genevieve, for you must understand your reply will greatly influence our future projects."

"Listen, then," said she, with an emotion that overthrew all her attempt at calmness. "Wait——"

"Well!" said Dixmer, all the muscles of his face slightly contracting; "collect your thoughts, Genevieve."

"Yes!" said the young woman, "yes, I remember, yesterday he was not particularly civil. Monsieur Maurice," continued she, "is a little tyrannical in his friendship, and," hesitatingly added, "sometimes we have quarrelled for a whole week."

"This is then merely a simple quarrel?" demanded Dixmer.

"Most probably."

"Genevieve, understand this, in our position it is not probability that will suffice, it is certitude we require."

"Ah, well, mon ami, I am certain."

"This letter, then, would be only a pretext for not visiting us again?"

"Mon ami, as you wish it, I will tell you."

"Speak, Genevieve, speak; of any other woman I would not ask it."

"It is a pretext," said Genevieve, looking down.

"Ah!" said Dixmer. Then after a moment's silence he replaced it in his waistcoat, and placing his hand upon his wife's chair to compress the beatings of his heart.

"Will you do me a service?" said he.

"What service?" said Genevieve, turning round surprised.

"To prevent even the shadow of danger. Maurice is, perhaps, deeper in our secrets than we imagine. That which you believe a pretext may, perhaps, be a reality. Write him one word."

"I!" said Genevieve, starting.

"Yes, you. Tell him that you have opened the letter and desire an explanation. He will then call, you can interrogate him, and will easily discover what is the matter."

"Oh! no," cried Genevieve, "I cannot do as you wish me; I will not do it."

"Dear Genevieve, when interests so powerful as those that rest upon us are at stake, will you recoil before the paltry consideration of self-love?"

"I have told you my opinion of Maurice, monsieur," said Genevieve, "he is honest, and brave, but capricious, and I do not choose to submit to any authority but that of my husband."

This answer, returned with so much calmness, and, at the same time, firmness, convinced Dixmer that to insist further at this moment would be worse than useless. He did not add another word, but looked at Genevieve, without seeming to do so, and went out. Morand was awaiting his return with great anxiety. Dixmer repeated word for word all that had occurred.

"Well!" said Morand, "we will wait, and think no more about it, rather than I would cast a shadow of suspicion on your wife, rather than wound her self-love, I would renounce . . . ."

Dixmer placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"You are mad, monsieur," said he to him, "or else you do not know what you are saying."

"Do you think so, Dixmer?"

"I think, Chevalier, that you have no more self-command than I have, to give utterance to sentiments on the impulse of the moment. Neither you, I, or Genevieve belong to ourselves, Morand. We are the chosen defenders of a certain cause, and this cause depends upon its supporters."

Morand trembled, and preserved a gloomy and thoughtful silence. They took several turns round the garden without exchanging a word. Then Dixmer left Morand.

"I have some orders to give," said he in a calm voice. "I must leave you, Monsieur Morand."

Morand held out his hand to Dixmer, and looked after him as he turned away.

"Poor Dixmer," said he, "I fear much that in all this you risk the most."

Dixmer returned to the manufactory, and having issued several orders, looked over the day-book, and distributed bread and fuel to the poor of the section, went home, and changed his working dress for his walking costume immediately on his arrival there.

An hour afterwards, Maurice Lindey, while deeply engaged in his readings and allocutions, was interrupted by the voice of his official, whispering in his ear, "Citizen Lindey, some one who, so he pretends at least, has something of importance to say to you, is waiting at your house. Maurice, on entering, was much surprised at meeting the master tanner, who had there comfortably installed himself, and was turning over the newspapers. All the way along he had questioned the domestic, who, of course, not knowing Dixmer, could afford him no clue to his recognition. On perceiving Dixmer, Maurice stopped at the threshold of the door, and blushed in spite of himself. Dixmer smilingly arose, and held out his hand.

"What ails you? and what have you written to me?" he inquired of the young man. "Indeed, my dear Maurice, I feel it sensibly. You designate me as 'lukewarm and a false patriot.' Now as you dare not repeat these accusations to my face, acknowledge you wish to seek a quarrel with me."

"I will avow anything you please, my dear Dixmer, for your conduct to me has always been that of a worthy man,



but I have nevertheless made a resolution, and that resolution is irrevocable."

"But how is that?" said Dixmer, "when according to your own account you have nothing to reproach me with, and yet, notwithstanding, you leave us?"

"My dear Dixmer, believe me, acting as I now am, and depriving myself of such a friend, I must be actuated by powerful motives."

"Yes; but under any circumstances," said Dixmer, affecting to smile, "these reasons are not those you have written. What you have written to me is merely a subterfuge."

Maurice reflected an instant.

"Listen, Dixmer," said he; "we live in an epoch when a doubt conveyed in a letter could and would annoy you, I can well understand. It would then be acting like a dishonourable man to allow you to remain in this state of inquietude. Yes, Dixmer, the reasons I gave you were not the true ones."

This avowal, which should have cleared the face of the merchant, only seemed the more to cloud it.

"But at least tell me the true motive," said Dixmer.

"I cannot tell you," said Maurice, "and yet I am certain if you knew it, you would afford me your approval."

Dixmer still continued to press him.

"Then you really wish to know it," said Maurice.

"Yes," replied Dixmer.

"Well, then," replied Maurice, who felt a sensation of relief as he approached the truth; "this is the truth. You have a young and beautiful wife, virtuous as she is beautiful; yet it is well known that I cannot visit at your house without my visits being misinterpreted."

Dixmer turned rather pale.

"Truly, then, my dear Maurice," said he, "you ought to thank the wife for the wrong you do the friend?"

"Understand," said Maurice, "I have not the folly to suppose my presence can be dangerous to your repose, or that of your wife; but it might, perhaps, afford subject for calumny, and you are aware the more absurd the scandal, the easier it gains belief."

"Absurd!" said Dixmer, shrugging his shoulders.

"Absurd, as much as you please," said Maurice, "but separate, we shall not the less be good friends; for we

shall have nothing to reproach ourselves with, while, on the contrary, if near——"

"Well! What then?"

"There would be food for scandal."

"Do you think, Maurice, that I should believe——"

"Eh! mon Dieu!" said the young man.

"But why did you not write this instead of telling it to me, Maurice?"

"Just to avoid the scene of this moment."

"And are you vexed, Maurice, that I respected you sufficiently to demand an explanation?"

"No; on the contrary, I swear I am glad to have seen you once again before our final separation."

"Our final separation, citizen; you whom we esteem so much!" taking Maurice's hand and pressing it between his own.

Maurice started.

"Morand," continued Dixmer, who failed not to notice this start, "Morand said to me only this morning, 'Do all in your power to bring back Maurice.'"

"Monsieur," said the young man, frowning, and drawing away his hand, "I do not believe I stand very high in the estimation of Monsieur Morand."

"You doubt it," said Dixmer.

"Me!" replied Maurice, "I neither believe or doubt it, and have no motive to inquire on the subject. When I went to your house it was to visit yourself and your wife, and not on account of Monsieur Morand."

"You do not know him, Maurice," said Dixmer; "Morand possesses a noble soul."

"I grant it," said Maurice, smiling bitterly.

"Let us, however, return to the object of my visit," continued Dixmer.

Maurice bowed, like a man who hears all, but has nothing more to say.

"You say, then, that these reports have already circulated?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Well, then, let us speak frankly. Why should you pay any attention to the silly prattling of idle neighbours? Have you not your own clear conscience, Maurice, and Genevieve, has she not a sense of honour?"

"I am younger than you," said Maurice, who began to be astonished at this pertinacity, and perhaps view things with more susceptibility. "This is why I declare that on the reputation of such a woman as Genevieve, a shadow even should not be permitted to be cast. Permit me, therefore, my dear Dixmer, to adhere to my former resolution."

"And now," said Dixmer, "since we are in order for confession, tell me one thing more."

"What!" said Maurice, colouring; "what more do you wish me to avow?"

"That it is neither politics, nor the report of your assiduous at my house, that induces you to leave us?"

"What is it, then?"

"The secret you have discovered."

"What secret?" demanded Maurice, with so naïve an expression of curiosity, as completely to reassure the tanner.

"The secret of the smuggling affair, which you discovered the same evening when our singular acquaintance commenced. You have never forgiven me this fraud, and accuse me of being a bad republican, because I employ English produce in my manufactory."

"My dear Dixmer, I solemnly declare to you that when I visited at your house, I had totally forgotten I was in the house of a contrabandist."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"You really, then, had no other reason for abandoning the house than that you have stated."

"Upon my honour."

"Well," said Dixmer, rising and offering his hand to the young man, "I hope you will consider this resolution, which has been productive of pain to us all, and will again return to us as usual."

Maurice bowed but made no reply, which was of course equivalent to a refusal. Dixmer left, annoyed at not having been able to re-establish an intimacy with this man, whom certain circumstances had rendered not only useful to him but absolutely indispensable. Maurice was agitated by a variety of emotions of a contrary nature. Dixmer entreated him to return. Genevieve would pardon

him. Why then should he despond? Louis, in his place, would have selected a crowd of aphorisms from his favourite authors. But then he had Genevieve's letter, that formal adieu, which he had carried with him to the section and placed near his heart; also the little word received from her the day after he had rescued her from the cowards who insulted her; and, lastly, the obstinate jealousy still retained by this young man against the detestable Morand, the first cause of his rupture with Genevieve.

Maurice remained inflexible in his resolution. But it must be acknowledged, the privation of his daily visits to the old Rue Saint Jacques formed a sad blank in his existence; and when the hour arrived at which he had been accustomed to pay his daily visit to the quarter Saint Victor, he fell into a profound fit of melancholy, and began, from that moment, to survey every aspect of hope or regret. Each morning on awakening he expected to receive a letter from Dixmer, and acknowledged to himself that he who had so firmly resisted all persuasion, would now at last yield to a letter; each day he sallied out in hopes of meeting Genevieve, and, beforehand, had arranged a thousand ways of speaking to her; each evening he returned in hopes of there finding a letter or message left since the morning, though, doubtless, it would bring an addition to the grief, now become his constant companion.

Often, in his hours of despair, his strong nature rebelled at the idea of enduring so much torture, without retaliating upon the primary cause of all his suffering and all his misery, Morand. Then he formed a project to go and seek some quarrel with Morand, but Dixmer's partner was so inoffensive and gentlemanly, that to insult or provoke him would be a cowardly proceeding on the part of a Colossus like Maurice.

It was fortunate Louis came to distract the attention of his friend from troubles which he obstinately concealed in his own heart, without having the power to destroy them. He had used every argument of theory and practice to secure to its country that heart totally engrossed by another love. But, although this was to be regretted, and although, in another state of mind, it might have

and the Tuileries was laid upon his bed, devoured by the fever which destroys the strongest, and yet only requires a word to dissipate, a look to heal.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY.

DURING the morning of the 31st of May, when the tocsin and beat of drum had been sounding since the break of day, the battalion of the faubourg St. Victor entered the Temple. When all the usual formalities had been gone through, and the posts distributed, the municipals on service arrived, bringing with them four pieces of cannon, in addition to those already forming the battery at the gate of the Temple. At the same time Santerre arrived, with his epaulets of yellow wool, and a coat on which his patriotism was displayed by large spots of grease. He reviewed the battalion, which was in a proper state, but on counting the municipals, found only three.

"Why are there only three municipals?" inquired he; "and who is the bad citizen who fails us?"

"The absent citizen, General, is not, however, *un tiede*," replied our old acquaintance, Agricola; "for it is the Secretary of the Section Lepelletier, the chief of the brave Thermopyles, the citizen Maurice Lindey."

"Well, well," said Santerre, "I know as well as yourself the patriotism of the citizen Maurice Lindey; but that will not deter me, if he is not here in five minutes, from inscribing his name in the list of the absent."

And Santerre passed on to other details. A few paces from the General, at the moment he pronounced these words, a captain of chasseurs and a soldier had stationed themselves, one leaning against his gun, the other seated on a cannon.

"Did you hear?" said the captain to the soldier, in a low tone. "Maurice has not yet arrived."

"Yes; but rest assured he will arrive, he will not remain quiet at least."

"In case he should not come," said the Captain, "I will place you sentinel on the staircase; and as she ascends to the tower, you will be able probably to speak a word to her."

At this moment a man, evidently a municipal, from his tricoloured scarf, entered; but this man being a stranger to the captain and the chasseur, they both regarded him attentively.

"Citizen General," said the new comer, addressing Santerre; "I request you to accept me in place of Citizen Maurice Lindey, who is ill. Here is the medical certificate; my turn of guard arrives in eight days. I now exchange with him; in eight days he will do duty for me, as to-day I will for him."

"Provided Capet and the Capets live eight days longer," said one of the municipals.

Santerre replied by a slight smile to this pleasantry, and turning towards Maurice's proxy—

"Very good," said he; "sign the register, in lieu of Maurice Lindey, and consign to the column of observations the reason for this exchange."

The captain and chasseur exchanged looks of delight, mingled with astonishment.

"In eight days," said they.

"Captain Dixmer," said Santerre, "take your position in the garden with your company."

"Come, Morand," said the captain, to the chasseur his companion. The drum sounded, and the company led by the master tanner, filed off in the direction prescribed. They placed their arms altogether, and the company divided itself into groups, which dispersed themselves according to their inclination, far and wide. Their place of promenade was the same garden where, in the time of Louis XVI., the royal family came sometimes to take the air. This garden was naked, barren, and desolate, completely despoiled of trees, flowers, or verdure of any kind. At about five-and-twenty paces, or perhaps rather nearer, that portion of the wall built on the Rue Porte Foin, rose a species of cottage, which the foresight of the municipality had established for the convenience of the National Guard stationed at the Temple, who during the days of riot, when they were not permitted to go out, found it an accommodation to take their meals in this little cottage. The direction of this little alehouse had been a matter of contention, till at length concession was made in favour of an excellent patriot, wife of a Fabourien, killed on the

10th of August, and who bore the name of Plumeau. This little cabin, built of planks and mud, rose in the middle of a border, of which the bounds may still be recognised by a hedge of dwarf box trees. It was composed of a simple chamber, twelve feet square, under which extended a cave, entered by steps rudely cut in the earth itself. Here the widow Plumeau stowed away her wine and provisions. This department was ultimately managed by herself and daughter, a girl of twelve or fifteen years of age. Hardly established at their bivouac, the National Guards separated, as we have said, some to saunter in the garden, while others chatted with the hostess. Some amused themselves by criticising the designs traced upon the walls, which were all of a patriotic tendency, such as the King pendant with this expression—"Monsieur Veto taking an air-bath;" or the King guillotined, with this—"Monsieur Veto spitting in the sack;" while some offered hints to Madame Plumeau concerning her gastronomical designs, that might more or less excite their appetites. Among the latter were the captain and the chasseur whom we have previously remarked.

"Ah, Captain Dixmer!" said the cantiniere, "I have some famous Vin de Saumer."

"But, citizen Plumeau, in my opinion at least, the Vin de Saumer is nothing without the cheese of Brie," replied the captain, who, before he stated this opinion, had carefully looked round, and detected the absence of his favourite commodity.

"Ah! captain, it is true; but the last morsel has been consumed."

"Well," said the captain, "if there is no cheese of Brie, no Vin de Saumer for me, and remark, citoyenne Plumeau, the consumption is worth the trouble; listen to what I intend to propose to the company."

"But, captain, I ask you to wait only five minutes, and I will run and procure some at the house of the citoyenne concierge, who competes with me, and who always has it. I shall pay very dear, and you I am sure are too good a patriot to injure me."

"Yes, yes," replied Dixmer, "and in the mean time we will go into the vault, and select our own wines."

"Make yourself at home, captain, pray do."

And the widow Plumeau began to run with all her might towards the lodge of the concierge, whilst the captain and chasseur, provided with a light, raised the trap-door, and then descended into the cave.

"Good," said Morand, after an instant's examination, the cave advances in the direction of la Rue Porte Foin. It is nine or ten feet in depth, and there is no brickwork."

"What is the nature of the soil?" inquired Dixmer.

"Sandstone; it is all made earth; these gardens have been thrown into confusion, and then restored many times. There is no rock in any part."

"Be quick," cried Dixmer, "I hear the sabots of our vivandiere; take two bottles of wine, and let us go up."

They both appeared at the entrance of the trap-door as Madame Plumeau entered, carrying the cheese so strenuously insisted upon by Dixmer, while several chasseurs followed her, attracted by the presence of the said cheese. Dixmer did the honours; he offered twenty bottles of wine to his company, whilst the citizen Morand recounted the devotion of Curtius, the disinterestedness of Fabricius, and the patriotism of Brutus and Cassius, histories almost as much appreciated as the cheese of Brie, and the vin d'Anjou offered by Dixmer, which is not saying a little. Eleven o'clock struck. At half-past, the sentinels were relieved.

"Does not the Austrian take her walk in half-an-hour?" asked Dixmer of Tison, who passed the cabin.

"Half-an-hour after noon, exactly," and he began to sing.

He was received with a shout of laughter from the National Guard. Dixmer immediately summoned those men in his company whose duty it was to mount guard at half-past eleven o'clock for an hour and-a-half, recommended them to hasten their breakfast, and made them take the arms to Morand, to place them, as it was agreed, on the highest story of the tower, in the same turret behind which Maurice was hidden the day he intercepted the signs intended for the Queen from the window of la Rue Porte Foin. If anyone had noticed Morand at the moment he received this message, simple as it was, he would have seen him blush beneath the masses of his long black hair. Suddenly a dull noise shook the court of the Temple, and



sounds were heard like the roaring of a hurricane in the distance.

"What is that?" said Dixmer to Tison.

"Oh!" replied the jailor, "it is nothing; some little uproar they are making as these rascally Brissontins go to the guillotine."

The noise increased, the roar of artillery was heard, and a crowd of people rushed past, near the Temple, shouting, "Long live the Sections," "Long live Henriot," "Down with the Brissontins," "Down with the Rolandists," "Down with Madame Veto."

"Ah!" said Tison, clapping his hands, "I will go and open the door for Madame Veto, that without any disturbance, she may enjoy the love the people evince for her."

He approached the wicket of the donjon.

"Holloa! Tison," cried a loud voice.

"Yes, General," replied he, stopping short.

"Not to go out to-day," said Santerre; "the prisoners are not to quit their chambers to-day." This order was peremptory.

"Good," said Tison, "so much the less trouble."

Dixmer and Morand exchanged looks of disappointment, then waiting till the hour for duty had struck (though now uselessly), they both left to walk between the cabin and the wall built on the Rue Porte Foin. Morand began walking fast, a distance of easy and geometrical steps, that is to say of three feet.

"What distance?" inquired Dixmer.

"Sixty to sixty-one feet," replied Morand.

"How many days will be required?"

Morand considered, then traced upon the ground some geometrical signs, which he effaced directly.

"Seven days at least are necessary," said he.

"Maurice is guard in eight days," murmured Dixmer. "It is then absolutely imperative that within eight days we should be reconciled to Maurice."

The half hour struck, Morand, sighing, resumed his gun, and conducted by the corporal, went to relieve the sentinel who paraded the platform before the tower.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## DEVOTION.

THE day following these events, that is to say the 1st of June, at ten o'clock in the morning, Genevieve was seated in her accustomed place near the window. She asked herself why, for the last three weeks, the days for her rose so sad, why they passed so slowly, and lastly, why instead of anticipating each evening with delight, she now dreaded its return. Her nights above all were wretched, those nights that used to be so happy, those nights passed in dreaming of the past and of the future. At this moment her eyes fell upon a case of magnificent striped and crimson carnations, which since the winter she had removed from the little greenhouse where Maurice had been imprisoned, to bloom in her own apartment. Maurice had learned her to cultivate them in this case where they were enclosed; they were watered and daily trimmed as if Maurice had been there; for when he came in the evening, she delighted to show him, thanks to their united care, the progress they had made during the night. But since the cessation of Maurice's visits, the poor carnations had been quite neglected, and for want of requisite care and attention, the opening buds had withered, turned yellow, and fallen down outside the balustrade. Genevieve now comprehended from this sight alone, the reason of her own melancholy. She said to herself—"It is with flowers as with certain friendships, which we nourish and cultivate with ardour, till they bloom in the heart, and then in a moment a suspicion, a caprice, an unkindness, strikes at the root of this friendship, and the heart that this friendship has bound up and brought to life languishes and dies." The young woman experienced a sensation of anguish. She examined her inmost thoughts; the sentiments she had endeavoured to combat, and which she had hoped to conquer, she feared now more than ever, would only die with her; then she felt a moment's despair, for she knew the struggle would become more and more impossible. She slowly bowed her head, imprinted a kiss upon the withered flowers, and wept. Her husband entered at this moment. He, on his side, was too much pre-occupied with his own thoughts to pay any attention to the emo-

tious exhibited by his wife. It is true Genevieve rose quickly to meet him, and in so doing turned her face from the window.

"Well?" said she.

"Well, nothing new; impossible to approach her, impossible to pass her, impossible even to see her."

"What!" cried Genevieve, "with all the noise there has been in Paris."

"It is this very noise which has made the guard redouble their vigilance, from the fear that any one might avail themselves of the general excitement to make an attempt on the Temple, and the very moment when her Majesty was about to walk upon the platform, an order was issued by Santerre, that neither the Queen, Madame Royale, nor Madame Elizabeth should go out to-day."

"The poor chevalier: he would be much annoyed?"

"He was in despair when he saw this chance had thus escaped us, and turned so pale that I trembled lest he should betray himself."

"But," asked Genevieve timidly, "is there not then at the Temple any municipal of your acquaintance?"

"There ought to have been one, but he did not come."

"Who?"

"The citizen Maurice Lindey," said Dixmer, in a tone he endeavoured to render indifferent.

"And why did he not come?" said Genevieve, in her turn making a similar effort at self-command.

"He was ill."

"He: ill?"

"Yes, and seriously so. Patriot as you know him to be, he was obliged to cede his turn to another."

"This is most unfortunate."

"Mon Dieu, Genevieve," replied Dixmer, "if he had been there, as matters now stand, it might have been just the same. Unfriendly as we are at present, he might perhaps have avoided even speaking to me."

"I think, mon ami," replied Genevieve, "you exaggerate the unpleasantness of our situation. Monsieur Maurice may have taken a whim not to come here, but is not on that account our enemy. Coolness does not exclude politeness, and I am convinced on seeing you he would meet you half way."

"Genevieve," replied Dixmer, "what we require from Maurice needs something more than politeness,—a firm and attached friendship. This feeling is destroyed: we have nothing further to hope from him."

And Dixmer heaved a deep sigh, while his usually placid face bore a troubled expression.

"But," said Genevieve, hesitatingly, "if you think that Monsieur Maurice is necessary to your projects——"

"That is to say," replied Dixmer, "that I despair of being able to succeed without him."

"Well, then, why do you not try some new method with the Citizen Lindey?"

It seemed to her that in speaking of the young man by his surname, her voice sounded less tender than when she called him by his Christian name.

"No," replied Dixmer, shaking his head, "any new proceeding would appear singular and necessarily awaken suspicion; and then, Genevieve, I see farther than you into this affair; Maurice feels deeply wounded."

"Wounded! mon ami. What would you say? Speak."

"You know as well as I do, Genevieve, that in our rupture with the Citizen Lindey there is more than caprice."

"To what, then, do you attribute this rupture?"

"To pride, perhaps," said Dixmer, quickly.

"To pride!"

"Yes; he did us honour, in his opinion at least, this good Bourgeois of Paris—this demi-Aristocrat de robe—concealing his susceptibilities under his patriotism; he conferred honour upon us, this Republican so powerful in the section, in his club, in the municipality, by according his friendship to a manufacturer of hides. Perhaps we have made too few advances; perhaps we have forgotten ourselves."

"If we had even been guilty of this, I think your last step would have redeemed all that," replied Genevieve.

"Yes, supposing the offence came from me; but if, on the contrary, it proceeded from you."

"From me! Do you imagine I have any ill-feeling towards Monsieur Maurice?" said Genevieve, astonished.

"Who knows: in a similar manner did you not at first even accuse him of caprice? I therefore still return to my

first opinion, Genevieve: you did very wrong not to write to him."

"Me!" cried Genevieve; "do you think so?"

"Not only now do I think so, but have done so ever since this rupture of the last three weeks."

"And?" said Genevieve, timidly.

"I look upon this step as indispensable."

"No, no! Dixmer, do not require this of me."

"You know, Genevieve, I require nothing of you; I only entreat you. Well, listen: I request you to write to the Citizen Maurice."

"But——" said Genevieve.

"Hearken!" said Dixmer, interrupting her; "there is between you and Maurice either some serious cause of quarrel—for, as far as I am concerned, there is no complaint against my proceedings—or it emanates from childish folly."

Genevieve did not reply.

"If this is merely a silly disagreement, it is folly to render it lasting; and if you have serious motives for quarrelling, situated as we are, you ought not even to value your dignity or self-respect. We must not place in the balance the quarrels of young people against objects of high interest. Make one effort; subdue your own feelings, and write one word only to Maurice Lindsey, and he will return."

Genevieve reflected for a moment.

"But," said she, "could we not find some means less compromising to renew the friendly intercourse between Monsieur Maurice and yourself?"

"Compromising, do you call it? It appears to me to be the most natural way possible."

"No, not for me, mon ami."

"You are very opinionated, Genevieve."

"Allow me to tell you, it is the first time, at least, that you have discovered it."

Dixmer, who for some time had been crushing his handkerchief between his hands, now wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Yes," said he, "and it is this increases my astonishment."

"Mon Dieu!" said Genevieve; "and is it possible, Dixmer, that you do not divine the cause of my resistance, and that you wish to force me to speak?"

And overcome with contending emotions, her head sunk upon her breast, and her arms fell listlessly by her sides. Dixmer appeared to make a strenuous effort to command himself, took Genevieve's hand, compelled her to raise her head, looked into her eyes, and began to laugh, but in a manner so forced and unnatural, that had Genevieve been less agitated at the moment, it must have been perceptible even to her.

"I see how it is," said he; "you are in the right, and I was blind. With your wit and distinction, you have been fearful that Maurice ought not to admire you so much."

Genevieve felt as if an icy chill had penetrated to her heart. This irony on the part of her husband relative to Maurice's affection for her—that love of which, from the knowledge she possessed of the character of the young man, she could estimate the violence, and in which, though only acknowledged with deep remorse, she participated in the depths of her heart,—this irony petrified her. She felt it was utterly impossible to reply.

"I have guessed rightly, have I not?" said Dixmer. "Well, reassure yourself, Genevieve; I know Maurice to be a fierce Republican, whose heart contains no other love than love of country."

"Monsieur," exclaimed Genevieve, "are you certain of what you say?"

"Eh, without doubt," replied Dixmer. "If Maurice loved you, instead of quarrelling with me he would redouble his attentions and civilities to one whom it was his interest to deceive. If Maurice loved you, he would not so easily renounce his title of 'friend of the family,' generally used to cover these treasons."

"Do not, I beseech you," cried Genevieve, "make a jest of these things."

"I do not jest, madame; I only tell you Maurice does not love you, that is all."

"And I—I," said Genevieve, "tell you that you deceive yourself."

"In that case," replied Dixmer, "Maurice, who has had sufficient strength to tear himself away, is an honest man, and as they are rare, Genevieve, one cannot do too much to reclaim them when once lost. Genevieve, you will write to Maurice, will you not?"

"*Oh ! mon Dieu !*" cried the young woman, resting her head between her hands, for he to whom she looked for support in a moment of danger had precipitated instead of restraining her fall.

Dixmer regarded her for a moment, then forcing a smile, "Allons chère amie," said he; "no woman's amour propre. If Maurice wishes to recommence a declaration, laugh at the second as you did at the first. I know you, Genevieve, you have a noble and excellent heart. I can depend on you."

"*Oh ! mon Dieu !*" said the young woman, sinking on her knees, "who can feel confidence in those who have no confidence in themselves?"

Dixmer turned pale, as if all his blood had retreated back to his heart.

"Genevieve," said he, "I have acted very wrong to cause you so much anguish of mind. I ought to have explained myself at once. Genevieve, we live at an epoch of self-sacrifice. I have devoted myself to the Queen, our benefactress, and not only my arm, not only my head, but my happiness. Others will give their lives; I do more than give her my life, I risk my honour, and if that perishes, only one more tear will fall into the ocean of miseries which are preparing to swallow up France. But my honour runs no risk under the guardianship of such a woman as Genevieve."

For the first time Dixmer had revealed the whole truth. Genevieve raised her head, and fixed her beautiful eyes, full of admiration, upon him; then slowly rose, and presented her face to him to kiss.

"You wish it?" said she.

Dixmer made a sign in the affirmative.

"Dictate, then," and she took up a pen.

"No, it is sufficient to use, not to abuse this worthy young man," said Dixmer; "and when he will reconcile himself to us on receipt of a letter from Genevieve, this letter should be from Genevieve, and not from Monsieur Dixmer."

And Dixmer a second time, kissed his wife's forehead, thanked her, and went out.

Then Genevieve tremblingly wrote:—

"CITIZEN MAURICE,—You know how much my husband

respects you. Three weeks of separation, which to us have appeared an age, have made you forget. Come, we await you ; your return will be a real *fête*.—GENEVIEVE."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GODDESS REASO .

As Maurice had informed General Santerre the preceding evening, he was seriously ill whilst he kept his chamber. Louis in his daily visits had made use of every argument to induce him to enter into some amusements ; but Maurice continued obstinate. There are some maladies we do not desire to heal. On the 1st of June he arrived towards one o'clock.

"Is there anything particular going on to-day," asked Maurice, "that you are so superb?"

Indeed, Louis was most splendidly attired. The "bonnet rouge," the "carmagnole," and the tri-colored girdle, ornamented with two instruments, then called the "cruets of the Abbé Maury," but which before and since have been honestly termed pistols.

"In the first place," said Louis, "it is generally the breaking of the ice of the Bironde which is in train for execution ; but the drum beats. At this moment, for example, the 'bonnets rouges' chafe upon La Place du Carrousel ; then, in particular, there is a grand solemnity to which I invite you after to-morrow."

"But what is there to-day ? You came to seek me, do you say ?"

"Yes ; to-day we have the rehearsal."

"What rehearsal ?"

"Why, the rehearsal of this great solemnity."

"Mon cher," said Maurice, "you know that it is now eight days since I last went out, consequently I am ignorant of everything, and therefore the more require to be fully informed."

"What ! Have I not told you ?"

"You have told me nothing."

"First, you already know, we had suppressed 'God' for some time past, and have replaced it by the 'Supreme Being.'"

"Yes ; I know all that."



"Eh bien, it seems they have found out one thing ; that the 'Supreme Being' was a Modéré, a Rolandist, and, in short, a Girondin."

"Do not make a jest of anything holy, Louis ; you know I do not like it."

"What would you have, mon cher ? it is necessary to accord with the age. I like the ancient God well enough ; first, because I am accustomed to it. As for the 'Supreme Being,' it appears he has been really wrong, and since he has been above, everything has been playing at cross-purposes, consequently our legislators have decreed his downfall." Maurice shrugged his shoulders.

"Shrug your shoulders as much as you please," said Louis, "but now we are going to worship the 'Goddess Reason.'"

"And are you engaged in all these masquerades ?" said Maurice.

"Ah ! mon ami, if you know the Goddess Reason as I know her, you would be one of her warmest partisans. Listen ; I wish you to know her, and will present you to her."

"A truce with all this folly. I am out of spirits, you well know."

"The very thing, morbleu ; she will enliven you ; she is a nice girl. Ah ! but you know the austere goddess whom the Parisians wish to crown with laurels, and promenade about in a gilded paper chair ! It is — Guess."

"How can I guess ?"

"It is Arthemisc."

"Arthemise !" said Maurice, taxing his memory in vain to recollect the name.

"Yes ; a handsome brunette, with whom I formed an acquaintance last year at the ball at the Opera ; by the same token, you came to sup with us, and made her tipsy."

"Ah ! yes," said Maurice. "I remember now. It is her, is it ?"

"She has the best chance. I presented her to the concourse. All the Thermopyles have promised me their votes. In three days the general election will take place. To-day we enjoy the preparatory dinner, to-day we spill the wine of Champagne, perhaps after to-morrow we may spill blood ! Let them spill what they like, Arthemese

shall be goddess, or may the devil carry me away! Allons, come, we will help to put on her tunic."

"Thanks; but I have always entertained a repugnance for things of this sort."

"To robe goddesses? Peste! mon cher, you are difficult to please. Let me see; if that does not suit you, I will put it on, and you shall take it off."

"Louis, I am ill, and not only out of spirits, but the gaiety of others makes me miserable."

"Ah! that is it! You frighten me, Maurice; you neither laugh nor fight. Are you by any chance engaged in some plot?"

"Me? Would to God!"

"You ought to say, Would to the Goddess Reason!"

"Leave me, Louis; I cannot, and will not, go out. I am in bed, and there let me rest in peace."

Louis scratched his ear.

"Well," said he, "I see how it is."

"What do you see?"

"That you wait for the goddess Reason."

"Corbleu!" cried Maurice, "spiritual friends are very troublesome. Go, or I shall utter a few imprecations on you and your goddess."

"Charge!—Charge!"

Maurice raised his hand to curse him, when he was interrupted by his official, who at this moment entered, bearing in his hand a letter for the citizen his brother. "Citizen Agricola," said Louis, "you enter at an unfortunate moment. Your master was about to become superb." Maurice let fall his hand, which he listlessly extended for the letter; but the instant he had touched it he started; and having eagerly examined both the seal and handwriting, grew very pale in the anticipation of bad tidings, and broke the seal hastily.

"Oh! our interest is awakened at last," said Louis, "it seems to me."

Maurice heard him not; his whole soul was merged in the four lines of Genevieve. He read and re-read them three or four times over; and then raising his head, gazed at Louis like a man quite stupified.

"Diable!" said Louis; "the sight of a letter, it appears, makes all fierce feeling subside."

Maurice read the letter for the fifth time, and a hue of vermilion suffused his face, the moisture disappeared from his eyes, and a deep sigh relieved his breast; then forgetting at once his illness and attendant weakness, he leapt from his bed.

"My clothes!" cried he to the astonished official; "my clothes, my dear Agesilas. Oh, my dear Louis—my poor Louis, I will attend you every day. Indeed I did not expect or hope for this. Here; my white trousers or frilled shirt, that they may dress my hair and shave me."

The official hastened to execute the orders of Maurice.

"Ah, Louis!" cried the young man, "I never till this moment knew what happiness meant."

"My poor Maurice," said Louis, "I think you require the visit I recommended to you."

"Oh! my dear friend, pardon me; for truly reason has forsaken me."

"Then I offer you mine," said Louis, laughing at his own execrable pun.

The most surpassing thing was, Maurice laughed also. His present happiness rendered this easy.

This was not all. "Wait," said he, cutting some orange blossom from a tree in full bloom; "present this from me to the worthy widow of Mansole."

"A la bonne heure!" said Louis; "in consideration of your gallantry, I pardon you. Then it appears to me you are absolutely in love, and I always feel profound respect for its unfortunate victims."

"Yes, I am in love," said Maurice, and his heart dilated with joy. "I am in love; and now, since she loves me, I may declare it; for since she has recalled me, must she not love me, Louis?"

"Doubtless," complacently replied the adorer of the goddess Reason; "but take care, Maurice, for the fashion in which you take this makes me fear for you."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Maurice, clapping his hands; then taking to his heels, he descended the stairs four at once, and directed his steps towards the well-known old Rue Saint Jacques.

"He is worse than I thought him," said Louis, in his turn descending the staircase in rather a calmer mood. Aristhème was not Genevieve.

Hardly had Louis and his orange blossom arrived at La Rue Saint Honoré, when a crowd of young citizens, to whom he had been accustomed to administer either kicks or halfpence, according to the humour he happened to be in, respectfully followed him—mistaking him, no doubt, for one of those virtuous individuals to whom St. Just had proposed they should offer the white robe and a bunch of orange blossoms. As the ~~cortège~~ every moment increased in numbers—for even at this epoch a virtuous man was a rare sight to behold—there were several thousand young citizens present when the bouquet was offered to Arthemise, a homage which made several other “Beasts” who had joined the ranks very ill with sick headache next day. It was on the same evening the famous song was circulated through Paris:—

“Long life to Goddess Reason—  
The pure, clear dawn of day.”

And as it has arrived thus far without any knowledge of the author—a fact which has exceedingly exercised the sagacity of the revolutionary historian—we have almost the audacity to affirm it was composed for la belle Arthemise by our poetical friend, Hyacinthe Louis.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

MAURICE could not have been quicker, had he even possessed wings. The streets were crowded, but Maurice only remarked the crowd as it retarded his course; it was said everywhere that the Convention was sitting; that the majesty of the people was offended through the representatives, whom they prevented from coming out; and of this there seemed some probability, as the tingling of the tocsin was heard, and the thunder of the cannon sounding an alarm. But what at this moment, to Maurice, mattered either the tocsin or the cannon? What cared he whether the deputies were or were not able to come out, when the prohibition did not extend to him? So he quickened his pace, that was all. While running, he pictured to himself Genevieve waiting at the little window overlooking the garden, in order to see him, and that she would perceive

him far off; and then her smile, more than ever charming would welcome him back again. Dixmer also was no doubt informed of this happy return, and would tender him his coarse large hand, so frank and loyal in its greetings. He loved Dixmer; now, even his love almost extended to Morand, with his black locks and his green spectacles, behind which he fancied he could see the glitter of his brilliant but saturnine eyes. He loved the whole world, for he was happy, and would willingly have showered flowers on the heads of all mankind, that they might be as happy as himself. But for once he was deceived. Poor Maurice! he deceived himself, as a man generally does when he reckons according to his wishes.

Instead of the sweet smile awaiting Maurice, which was to receive him when he would be seen from afar, Genevieve had determined on meeting Maurice with the most distant politeness—a feeble rampart with which to oppose the torrent that threatened to invade her heart. She had retired to her chamber on the first floor, and did not intend coming down till sent for. Alas! she also deceived herself. Dixmer alone was not deceived; he watched for Maurice through a wired lattice, and smiled ironically. Morand was gravely occupied in dyeing black some tails which are placed on white cat-skin to imitate ermine.

Maurice pushed open the little door of the alley, to enter unceremoniously through the garden, as of old; the door opening produced a peculiar sound, which indicated the arrival of Maurice.

Genevieve, who had stationed herself behind the closed window, started, and let fall the curtain she had drawn on one side.

The first sensation experienced by Maurice on entering his friend's house was disappointment. Not only was Genevieve absent from the window on the ground-floor, but on entering the little "salon" where he had uttered his last adieu, he found no one, and was compelled to announce himself, as if an absence of three weeks' duration had transformed him into a stranger. His heart was oppressed.

It was Dixmer whom Maurice first saw. He came forward, and embraced him with exclamations of joy.

Genevieve then came down. She tried in vain to restore some colour to her pallid cheek; but before she had pro-

needed twenty steps the blood receded to her heart. Maurice saw Genevieve appear in the shadow of the door; he advanced towards her smiling, intending to kiss her hand, and then only perceived how sadly she was changed. She on her part noticed with anxiety the attenuated frame of Maurice, and his fevered look of wild excitement.

"You are here, then, monsieur," said she, in a voice of which she could not subdue the emotion.

She had determined to address him with perfect indifference.

"Bonjour, Citizen Maurice; why have your visits been so rare of late?"

This fickleness appeared more strange still to Maurice; and now what a shadow was cast upon all.

Dixmer cut short this examination, and put an end to all reciprocal reproaches by ordering dinner to be served: it was nearly two o'clock. They passed into the *salle à manger*, where Maurice saw a cover was placed for him. Then the Citizen Morand arrived, dressed in the same chestnut-coloured coat and waistcoat—he always wore his green spectacles—and white frilled shirt.

Maurice was so affectionately disposed to all present, that while assembled before him he dismissed the suspicions and fears which intruded themselves upon his mind when absent from them. In short, what probability was there that Genevieve loved this little chemist? He was in love, and in consequence a fool to allow such folly to enter into his head.

Besides, the moment was badly chosen for jealousy. Maurice carried within his waistcoat pocket Genevieve's last letter, and his heart, bounding with joy, beat beneath it. Genevieve had recovered her serenity.

There is this peculiarity in the organization of women, that the present is able to efface all hues of the past, and distances all fears for the future. Genevieve felt happy, having resumed her self-command; that is to say, she became calm and dignified, though still kind—another shade which Maurice had not the requisite skill to comprehend. Louis would have found the explanation in "Parny," in "Berlin," or the "Gentil Bernard." The conversation turned upon the Goddess Reason. The fall of the Girondins, and the new mode of worship, were the prevailing topics of

the day. Dixmer pretended he should not have been sorry to see this unparalleled honour offered to Genevieve. Maurice felt inclined to laugh, but Genevieve concurred in the opinion of her husband, whilst he regarded them both with astonishment, wondering that patriotism could so far mislead a sensible man like Dixmer, and a woman of so poetical and refined a nature as Genevieve. Morand developed the theory of female politicians. He cited "Theognie de Mircourt," the heroine of the 10th of August, and Madame Roland, the "Soul" of the Girondins. Then, *en passant*, he launched out against the "Tricotuses." These words made Maurice smile. It was, however, a cruel joke against these female patriots, that they were latterly termed "the female leeches of the guillotine."

"Ah! Citizen Maurice," said Dixmer, "we respect patriotism, even when it is mistaken."

"As for me," said Maurice, "as far as I know of patriotism, I always find the women sufficiently good patriots, if not too high aristocrats."

"You are quite right," said Morand; "and as for myself, I frankly confess I consider a woman very contemptible when she affects the demeanour of a man, and a man a coward, unworthy of the name, when he insults a woman, even were she his bitterest enemy."

Morand was gradually drawing Maurice on to delicate ground. Maurice, on his side, replied by an affirmative sign. The lists being opened, Dixmer, like the sounding herald, added—

"One moment, one moment, Citizen Morand; you except, I hope, those women who are known enemies of the nation?"

A silence of some moments succeeded this "parry and thrust" to the response of Morand and the sign of Maurice. Maurice first interrupted the silence.

"Let us except no one," said he, sadly; "those females who have been enemies to the nation are now, it appears to me, sufficiently punished."

"You allude to the prisoners of the Temple; to the Austrian, the sister and daughter of Capet?" cried Dixmer, with a rapidity which deprived his words of all expression.

Morand changed colour while awaiting the reply of the young Republican. It has been said that, could we have

seen it, during this suspense, the marks of his nails were visible indented in his breast.

"Just so," said Maurice; "it is of them I am speaking."

"Who?" said Morand. "Is what they say of them true?"

"What do they say?" demanded the young man.

"That the prisoners are cruelly maltreated, sometimes even by those whose duty it is to protect them."

"There are individuals," said Maurice, "who do not deserve the name of men. There are some cowards who, totally deficient in real courage, retain a desire to torture the vanquished, in order to persuade themselves that they are the conquerors."

"You are not one of those men, Maurice, I am quite certain," said Genevieve.

"Madame," replied Maurice, "I who now speak to you, I have mounted guard near the scaffold on which perished the late King. My drawn sabre in my hand, I was prepared to slay any who attempted to rescue him. Notwithstanding, on his approach I removed my hat, and turning towards my men said—'Citizens, I here warn you that the man who first insults the King receives my sabre through his body.' And I defy any one to assert that a single shout was heard to proceed from my company. From my hand first enunciated those ten thousand placards affixed to the walls of Paris after the King's return from Vincennes:—'Whoever acknowledges the King shall be flogged. Whoever insults the King shall be hung.'

"Well," continued Maurice, without noticing the fearful effect his words had produced on his listeners, "well, I have proved to you that I am a frank, good patriot, that I hate all kings and their partisans. Yet I declare, notwithstanding my opinion, which is nothing short of a deep conviction, that, notwithstanding the certainty I feel that the Austrian is in a great measure the cause of the miseries that desolate France, never, never shall any man, let him be who he may, even Santerre himself, insult the ex-queen in my presence."

"Citizen," said Dixmer, shaking his head as if he disapproved of so much hardihood, "are you aware you ought to be very sure of us before you speak of these things in our presence?"



"Before you, and before every one, Dixmer; and I will add, she may perhaps perish on the same scaffold as her husband, but I am not one to inspire a woman with fear, and I respect all those who are weaker than myself."

"And the Queen, Monsieur Maurice?" demanded Genevieve, timidly;—"has she sometimes evinced her sense of this delicacy, to which she is so little accustomed?"

"The prisoner has thanked me several times for my consideration for her, Madame."

"Then she must witness your turn to guard with pleasure?"

"I believe she does, Madame," replied Maurice.

"Then," said Morand, tremulous as a woman, "since you have confessed to what no one can now doubt—that is to say, a generous heart—you will not persecute the child any more?"

"Me!" said Maurice; "ask the infamous Simon the weight of the arm of the municipal before whom he had the audacity to beat the little Capet."

This answer produced a spontaneous movement at Dixmer's table. All the guests rose respectfully; Maurice alone remained seated, and did not imagine he had elicited this mark of admiration.

"What is the matter?" said he, astonished.

"I thought some one called from the manufactory," said Dixmer.

"No," said Genevieve; "at first I thought so, too; but we are mistaken." And every one resumed their seats.

"Ah! it is you, then, Citizen Maurice," said Morand in a tremulous voice, "who are the municipal so much talked about, and who so nobly defended a child."

"Talked about?" said Maurice, with a *naïveté* almost sublime.

"Yours is a noble heart," said Morand, rising from the table. That he might give way to his feelings he retired to the manufactory as if some pressing business there awaited him.

"Yes, Citizen," replied Dixmer, "they do speak about it, and it should be said that all those possessed with generous hearts applaud without knowing you."

"And let him remain unknown," said Genevieve. "The glory he would acquire would be replete with danger."

Thus in this singular conversation, without knowing it, each had contributed his word of heroism, devotion, and sensibility. There had nearly been the word—Love.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MENERS.

At the moment they left the table Dixmer was told that his notary awaited him in his study. He excused himself to Maurice, besides, he was accustomed to leave him thus, and proceeded to attend his man of business. He was negotiating for the purchase of a small house, Rue de la Corderie, facing the garden of the Temple. It was rather, as to the rest, a ruin than a house that Dixmer was purchasing, for the actual basement was in a state of dilapidation, but it was his intention to rebuild it. The bargain had not been delayed with the proprietor; that same morning the notary had seen him and agreed to pay 19,500 livres. He therefore brought the agreement for signature, and came to receive the requisite money for the purchase, as the proprietor would that day clear out the building, that the workmen might commence operations on the morrow.

The contract signed, Dixmer and Morand accompanied the notary to the Rue de la Corderie, to view this new acquisition, for they had purchased without seeing it. It was a house situated near where No. 20 now stands—three stories in height, and surmounted by a curved roof. The lower part at one time had been let to a wine-merchant, and contained some most excellent cellarage.

The proprietor, above all things, vaunted his cellars: they were the best part of the house. Dixmer and Morand appeared to attach very little interest to these cellars, yet both, as if from mere politeness, descended with the proprietor into what he called his vaults.

An exception to the general rule, he had not exaggerated. The cellars were magnificent, one of them extended under the Rue de la Corderie, and from this cellar they could hear the voitures roll over their heads. Dixmer and Morand did not appear to appreciate this advantage. They even spoke of filling them up, observing that, however convenient they might be to a wine-

merchant, they became perfectly useless to honest bourgeois, who intended to occupy the whole of the house. After the cellars they visited the first, second, and third story; from the third they completely overlooked the garden of the Temple. It was, as usual, invaded by the National Guard, who enjoyed this privilege, since the Queen never walked there now. Dixmer and Morand recognised their friend, the Widow Plumeau, with her usual activity, doing the honours of her cantine, but doubtless their anxiety to be in their turn remembered by her was not very great, as they kept themselves concealed behind the proprietor, while he expatiated on the advantages of this view, at once so varied and agreeable. The purchaser then wished to see the roof. The proprietor, doubtless, was unprepared for this emergency, since he had not got the key, but, influenced by the bundle of papers of assignment shown him, he descended to search for it.

"I was not deceived," said Morand, "and this house will answer our purpose exactly."

"And what do you say to the vaults?"

"That it is an interposition of Providence, which will spare us two days' labour at least."

"Do you think it may be in the direction of the cantine?"

"It inclines a little to the left, but that is of no consequence."

"But," said Dixmer, "how will you be able to follow your subterranean line with the certainty of its terminating where you wish?"

"Rest assured," said Morand; "that is my affair."

"If we were every day to give a signal from here that we are watching?"

"But from the platform the Queen could not see it, for the curved roofs alone are less in height than the platform, and yet I doubt it."

"Never mind," said Dixmer, "either Maury or Toulon may see an opening somewhere, and they will inform the Queen."

And Dixmer tied several knots in a white calico curtain, passing it backwards and forwards before the window as it shaken by the wind.

Then both, equally impatient to visit the roof, awaited the proprietor's return on the staircase, having first closed the door, not wishing to afford the worthy man a sight of his waving curtain.

The roofs, as Morand had foreseen, did not reach the height of the summit of the Tower.

This was at once an advantage and disadvantage. A difficulty, because they could not communicate by signs with the Queen, and an advantage, because the very impracticability alone disarmed all suspicion.

The highest houses were naturally the objects of the strictest surveillance.

"It is necessary, either by means of Toulun, Maury, or Tison's daughter, to find some way to tell her to keep upon the watch," murmured Dixmer.

"I have thought of that," said Morand.

They descended; the notary waited in the salon with the contract signed.

"It is all right," said Dixmer; "the house suits me, so hand over to the proprietor the sum of 950,000 livres in payment, and let him give a receipt."

The proprietor did so, first scrupulously counting the money.

"You understand, Citizen," said Dixmer, "the principal clause, that the house must be vacated this evening; that, in short, I must put the workmen in to-morrow."

"Well, Citizen, I agree to do so; you can take the keys this evening at eight o'clock; all will be free."

"Pardon me," said Dixmer, "but did you not tell me, Citizen notary, there was a way out leading into the Rue Porte-Foin?"

"Yes, Citizen," said the proprietor; "but I had it closed; for having only one official, the poor devil had too much fatigue, being obliged to watch both doors. But it is so fastened up that at any time it can be re-opened in two hours at least. Would you wish to convince yourselves, citizens?"

"Thanks, it is not necessary," said Dixmer. "I attach no importance to this way out; it is useless to me."

They then both left, having for the third time reminded the landlord of his promise that the apartments should be empty at eight o'clock that evening. At nine o'clock

they both returned, followed by five or six men at a distance, of whom, in the confusion then reigning in Paris, no one took any notice. They both entered first. The landlord kept his word; the house was totally empty. They closed the shutters with the greatest care, sounded the brickwork, struck the steel, and lighted some wax candles which Morand carried in his pocket. Then one after another the six men entered. These were the ordinary guests of the master tanner, the same contrabandists who one evening wished to kill Maurice, but had now been converted into his friends. They closed the doors, and descended into the vaults. This vault, so contemptuously treated during the day, had become this evening the most important part of the house. Having first stopped up every crevice through which a curious eye might penetrate to the interior, Morand placed a cask upright, and began to trace geometrical lines upon a piece of paper laid upon it with a stick of chalk. While he was thus engaged, his companions, conducted by Dixmer, left the house, following the Rue de la Corderie, and at the corner of the Rue de Bennie, stopped before a covered carriage. In this carriage was a man, who silently distributed to each one the instrument of a pioneer, to one a spade, to another a mattock, to this one a lever, to that a pickaxe; each man concealed his under his riding coat or mantle. The miners retraced the road to the small house, and the carriage disappeared. Morand had finished his calculation. He went straight to an angle of the cave. "There," said he, "dig."

And the work of deliverance immediately commenced.

The situation of the unhappy prisoners in the Temple became daily more serious and hourly more wretched. For an instant Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royal had indulged some hope. The municipals Toulon and Lepetre, touched with compassion for the august prisoners, had evinced some interest in them. At first little habituated to the marks of sympathy, the poor women were suspicious, but suspicion ceases to exist with hope. Besides, what now could happen to the Queen, separated from her son by a prison, from her husband by death. To follow him to the scaffold, this idea had possessed her for some time, and she finished by becoming accustomed to it. The first time Toulon and Lepetre returned on guard, the Queen par-

ticularly requested, if they really felt any interest in her misfortunes, they would describe to her the last moments of the king. This was putting their sympathy to a sad test. Lepetre had assisted at the execution; he obeyed the order of the Queen. The Queen demanded the journals containing the report of the execution. Lepetre promised to bring them when next on guard; it would be his turn again in three weeks. In the king's time they had at the Temple four municipals; the king dead, they had only three, one to watch during the day, two during the night. Then Toulun and Lepetre invented a stratagem that they might always keep watch together at night. The hours of guard were arranged thus: they wrote one ballot "day," on two others "night." Each drew his ballot from a hat, and chance decided the night watch. Every time that Toulun and Lepetre were on guard they wrote "day" on three ballots, and presented the hat to the municipal they wished to dispossess, and he, thrusting his hand into the improvisatory, unnecessarily drew forth a ballot on which was inscribed "day." They then destroyed the other two, murmuring against the hazard which always decreed them the most wearisome watch of the two, that is to say, the night. When the Queen was sure of her guards she corresponded with the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. Then an escape was attempted, but the attempt was arrested. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth were to flee disguised as municipal officers, with cards that would be provided for them.

As to the two children,—that is to say, Madame Royal and the young Dauphin, they had remarked that the man who came to light the lamps of the Temple was always accompanied by two children, the same age apparently as the Princess Royal and the Dauphin. It was, therefore, arranged that Turgu, of whom we have previously spoken, should dress himself as a lamplighter, and carry away the prince and princess. We will mention, in a few words who Turgu was. Turgu was an old waiter of the King's, introduced at the Temple with part of the family from the Tuileries, for the King had at first been permitted a well-appointed table. The first month this consideration cost the nation thirty or forty thousand francs. It may easily be understood this prodigality could not last. The

communicated otherwise. They dismissed the chiefs, the cooks, and scullions, one single man-servant only was retained—that man was Turgy. He was naturally the medium of communication between the prisoners and their partisans, for Turgy was permitted to go out, and consequently was enabled to forward their letters, and introduce the replies. These billets were generally twisted round the stoppers of the *sarafes*, containing the milk of almonds, brought to the Queen and Madame Elizabeth. They were written in lemon-juice, and perfectly illegible, till held near the fire. All was prepared for their escape, when one day Tison lighted his pipe with the paper stopper of the *sarafe*. As the paper burned, the writing became visible. He instantly extinguished the half-burnt paper, and carried the remaining fragment to the council of the Temple, when, being held near the fire, they could only read a few disjointed words, the other part being burnt to ashes. They could merely recognise the handwriting of the Queen. Tison being questioned, mentioned some slight marks of attention and sympathy he fancied he had observed on the part of Lepetre and Toulon. They were immediately denounced to the municipality, and allowed no more to enter the Temple. Turgy remained. But suspicion was now excited to the highest degree. The princesses were never left a moment alone. All communication with the exterior was now utterly impossible. Madame Elizabeth had one day given Turgy a gold-handled knife to clean, which she used for cutting her fruit. Turgy, suspecting something, opened the blade, and in the handle found a letter. This letter contained an alphabet of signs. He returned the knife to Madame Elizabeth; but a municipal then present prevented him, and, in his turn, securing the knife, opened the blade; but fortunately the letter was no longer there. The municipal nevertheless confiscated the knife. It was at that time the indefatigable Chevalier de Maison-Rouge dreamed of this second attempt, which they intended to carry into execution by means of the house which Dixmer had purchased. The prisoners, however, by degrees had now lost all hope. That day the Queen, terrified by the noise in the streets, which reached her ears, and learning from these cries they were debating the accusation of the Girondins, the last

supporters of moderation, felt dreadfully depressed. The Girondins dead, the royal family lost their only defence against the Convention.

At seven o'clock the supper was served. The municipals examined every plate as usual, unfolded each napkin successively, searched the bread, the one with a fork, the other with his fingers, and concluded by breaking into pieces the macaroons and walnuts, for fear any letter should reach the prisoners. These precautions being concluded, the royal family were invited to their meal in these simple words—

“Widow of Capet, you may eat.”

The Queen shook her head, signifying she was not hungry. But at this moment Madame Royal advanced, as if to embrace her mother, and whispered,

“Seat yourself at table, Madame. I fancied Turgy made a sign.”

The Queen, tremblingly, raised her head. Turgy was opposite to her. The napkin laid over his left arm, and with his right hand he touched his eye. She immediately rose, without any further objection, and resumed her usual place at table. The two municipals assisted at their meals, being strictly prohibited from leaving the princesses alone for an instant with Turgy. The feet of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth met, and pressed each other under the table. As the Queen was seated opposite Turgy, not one of his gestures escaped her notice; besides, they were all so natural, that they neither could nor did inspire the municipals with any suspicion whatever. At the removal of the supper the same precautions were used as before; the smallest pieces of bread were broken and examined. After which, Turgy went out first, the two municipals following; the woman Tison remained. This woman had become ferocious since her separation from her daughter, of whose fate she was totally ignorant. Every time the Queen lavished a caress on Madame Royal, it threw her into an excess of rage almost bordering on frenzy; so much so, that the queen, who so well understood the griefs of a mother, often denied herself this consolation, now, alas! the only one left her, of pressing her daughter to her heart.

Tison came now to seek for his wife, who at first declared she would not leave till Capet's wife was in bed.



Madame Elizabeth then wished the Queen good night, and entered her chamber. The Queen and princess having also retired, Tison's wife took the candle and went out. The municipals had already thrown themselves upon their beds in the corridor. The moon, pale visitant of the unhappy princesses, glided by the opening of the first house, casting a diagonal ray across the window at the foot of the Queen's bed. For an instant everything remained calm and silent in the chamber, then a door turned softly on its hinges, a shadow passed over the rays of the moon, and approached the Queen—it was Madame Elizabeth.

"Did you see it?" said she in a whisper.

"Yes," replied the Queen.

"And you understood it?"

"So well, that I dare not believe it."

"Let us see, repeat the signs."

"First, then, he touched his eye to indicate he had some news for us; then he passed his napkin from his left to his right, by that he meant to say, they were occupied in our deliverance. Then he put his hand to his face, to signify that the expected aid would reach us from the interior, and not from a stranger; then when you asked him not to forget the milk of almonds to-morrow, he made two knots in his pocket-handkerchief. Thus it is again the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge—noble-hearted man that he is."

"It is he," said Madame Elizabeth.

"Are you asleep, my child?" demanded the Queen.

"No, ma mère," replied Madame Royal.

"Then pray for you know who."

Madame Elizabeth quietly regained her chamber, and for some minutes during the silence of the night, the soft, sweet voice of the youthful princess might be heard addressing her prayer to God. It was at that moment, at a signal from Morand, the first stroke of the pickaxe sounded in the small house at Rue de la Corderie.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CLOUDS.

OPPOSED to the intoxication of first appearances, Maurice was certainly much disappointed at the reception of Genevieve, and reckoned upon solitude to regain the road

he had lost, or seemed to have lost, on the route to her affections. But Genevieve had wisely arranged her plan, and did not intend to allow him an opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*, being conscious of their danger even from the happiness they afforded her. Maurice anticipated the morrow. A kinswoman of Genevieve's, no doubt previously invited, came to call upon her, and Genevieve had retained her. This time there was nothing to be said, it could not be the fault of Genevieve. When leaving, Maurice was requested to escort this relation to Rue des Fosses Saint Victor, where she resided. Maurice went away pouting, but Genevieve smiled, and he construed this smile into a promise.

Alas! Maurice deceived himself. The next day, the 2nd of June, that terrible day that witnessed the downfall of the Girondins, Maurice dismissed his friend Louis, who absolutely wished to carry him off to the Convention, and that he should put everything aside, and accompany him to visit his fair friend. The Goddess of Liberty had a frightful rival in Genevieve. Maurice found Genevieve in her little salon, all grace and amiability, but near her was a young femme-de-chambre with the tri-coloured cockade, engaged in marking pocket-handkerchiefs in the angle of the window; she never left her place.

Maurice knitted his brows, and Genevieve perceiving he was not in the best temper possible, redoubled her assiduities; but since her amiability was not carried so far as to dismiss the young official, he impatiently left an hour earlier than usual. This might have happened by chance, perhaps. Maurice grew patient. The evening, besides, from other causes, was so fearful, that long as it was since he had interested himself in politics, the report reached even him. It required nothing less than the downfall of a party who had reigned in France for ten months to withdraw his attention from his all engrossing passion for Genevieve. The next day witnessed the same management on the part of Genevieve, and Maurice having foreseen this, had arranged his plan. So ten minutes after his arrival, seeing that the young woman, having finished marking a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, commenced six dozen of table napkins, Maurice, we say, drew out his watch, rose, bowed to Genevieve, and went out without

saying one word. Still more, as he left, he did not even once look back. Genevieve, who had risen to watch him across the garden, remained an instant speechless, pale and trembling, then dropt into her chair, thunderstruck at the effect of her diplomacy. At this moment Dixmer entered.

"Maurice gone?" said he, with astonishment.

"Yes," stammered Genevieve.

"But he had only just arrived."

"He was here a quarter of an hour, or nearly so."

"Then he will return?"

"I much doubt it."

"Leave us, Magnet," said Dixmer. The *femme-de-chambre* had assumed the name from hatred to that of Maria, from its unfortunately being the same as that of the Austrian. She rose at the command of her master, and quitted the room.

"Well, dear Genevieve," said Dixmer, "is peace restored between you and Maurice?"

"On the contrary, mon ami, I think we are cooler than ever."

"And this time, who is to blame?" said Dixmer.

"Maurice, without the slightest doubt."

"Permit me to judge."

"You cannot guess," said Genevieve, blushing.

"Why he is angry? No."

"It seems to me, it is some whim about Magnet."

"Bah! truly; then you must send the girl away. I will not deprive myself of a friend like Maurice for the sake of a *femme-de-chambre*."

"Oh!" said Genevieve, "he is not, I think, so angry as to require her to be sent away, it will suffice to ——"

"What?"

"To exile her from my chamber."

"And Maurice is right," said Dixmer; "it is you he comes to visit, and not Magnet; it is therefore quite unnecessary that she should be present."

"But, my dear Dixmer," replied she, regarding her husband with astonishment.

"Genevieve," replied Dixmer, "I hoped to have found in you an ally who would render more easy the task imposed upon me, and find, on the contrary, that your fears redouble our dangers and difficulties. Four days since I

thought all was arranged between us, and now all must commence over again. Have I not told you that I confide in you, in your honour? have I not told you that it is positively necessary that Maurice should become our friend, more intimately than before, but less suspicious than ever. Oh! mon Dieu! these women are an everlasting obstacle to our projects."

"But, mon Dieu! is there no other way? I have told you before, that for all our sakes it would be better if Monsieur Maurice returned here no more."

"Yes, for our sakes, perhaps, but for the sake of those far above us, those for whom we have promised to sacrifice our lives, fortune, and happiness, it is necessary that this young man should return. Are you aware they begin to suspect Turgy, and talk of placing another servant near the queen?"

"Well, I will send away Magnet."

"Mon Dieu! Genevieve," said Dixmer, with a movement of impatience, very unusual with him, "why do you speak to me thus? why stifle the ardour of my ideas by your own? why strive to create difficulties where too many already exist? Genevieve, act like an honourable, devoted woman, act as you feel you ought to act. I tell you, to-morrow I go out—to-morrow I take Morand's place as engineer. I shall not dine with you, but he will, he has something to ask Maurice, and will explain to you what it is. What he has to request you may imagine, Genevieve, is a thing of vital import; it is not only the goal to which we march, but the way leading to it. It is the last hope of that devoted, noble-minded man, our protector, to whom we are bound to dedicate our lives."

"And for whom I will freely give mine," cried Genevieve, with enthusiasm.

"Well, this man, Genevieve, I cannot tell why, as you must have seen, is not loved by Maurice, by whom, above all things, it is necessary he should be respected. In short, from the bad temper in which you have put Maurice to-day, he may perhaps refuse Morand that which it is so imperative we should obtain at any price. Will you, now that I have told you, Genevieve, assist Morand with all your tact and delicacy of sentiment?"

"Oh! monsieur," cried Genevieve, clasping her hands

and turning pale, "let us speak no more on this subject."

"Then," said Dixmer, pressing his lips on his wife's forehead, "reflect upon it, and form your resolution." And he went out.

"Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" murmured Genevieve, with anguish, "they compel me to accept this love by violence, towards which my whole soul inclines!"

The next day, as we have already said, was Sunday. It was customary in the family of Dixmer, as in all the bourgeoisie families at that period, that the dinner should be longer and more ceremonious on that day than on any other. Since their intimacy, Maurice having received a general invitation, never omitted to dine with them on that day. Although they did not dine till two o'clock, Maurice had not arrived at noon. From the manner of their parting, Genevieve had almost despaired of seeing him. In short, twelve o'clock struck, then half-past, then one. It would be impossible to describe during this period what passed in the heart of Genevieve. She was at first dressed with the greatest simplicity; then, seeing that he delayed his coming, she, with a feeling of coquetry natural to the heart of woman, had placed a flower at her side, a flower in her hair, and still listened, her heart each moment more and more compressed. The dinner-hour had almost arrived, and Maurice had not appeared. About ten minutes to two, Genevieve heard the sound of horse's steps, that sound she knew so well.

"Oh!" cried she, "his pride could not wrestle against his love. He loves me! he loves me!"

Maurice dismounted, and gave his horse to the gardener, desiring him to remain where he was. Genevieve saw with anxiety that the gardener did not lead the horse to the stables. Maurice on this day looked superlatively handsome. A splendid black coat, a white waistcoat, breeches of chamois leather, designed for limbs after the model of Apollo, a white cambric stock, and his waving hair, displaying a fresh, a beaming face, formed altogether a type of manly beauty. He entered. As we have already said, his presence dilated the heart of Genevieve, who received him joyfully. "Ah!" said she, holding out her hand, "you are come to dine with us, are you not?"

"On the contrary, citoyenne," said Maurice, coldly, "I came to ask your permission to absent myself."

"To absent yourself?"

"Yes, the sectional affairs claim my attention. I feared you might wait, and would accuse me of being wanting in politeness, therefore came to make my excuses in person."

Genevieve again felt her heart sink within her.

"Ah! mon Dieu," cried she, "and Dixmer, who does not dine at home, counted upon finding you here on his return, and desired me to detain you."

"Ah! then, madame, I comprehend your insistence, it is a command of your husband's; and I not to gains all this. I shall never cure myself of conceit."

"Maurice!"

"It is for me, madame, to draw my inference from your actions rather than your words; it is for me, therefore, to comprehend, that if Dixmer is absent the greater the reason I should not remain. His absence would surely add to your constraint."

"Why so?" timidly inquired Genevieve.

"Because you appear, since my return, sedulously to avoid me, because I returned for your sake, and yours only; you well know, mon Dieu, that ever since my return I have invariably found some one with you."

"Then," said Genevieve, "you are still angry, mon ami, although I endeavour to act for the best."

"No, Genevieve, you would do much better to receive me as before, or drive me away altogether."

"Maurice," said Genevieve, tenderly, "understand my situation, consider my anguish, and do not enact the tyrant over me any longer."

And the young woman regarded him mournfully.

Maurice remained silent.

"What do you require, then?" continued she.

"I require your love, Genevieve, since I now feel I cannot live without that love."

"Maurice! have pity on me."

"Then, madame, you leave me to die."

"To die?"

"Yes, to die; or to forget."

"You could, then, forget?" said Genevieve, the tears rushing from her heart to her eyes.

"Ah! no, no," said Maurice, falling on his knees before her; "no, Genevieve, I may die, perhaps, but forget you, never, never."

"And yet," replied Genevieve, with firmness, "that would be the best, Maurice, for this love is criminal."

"Have you said this to Monsieur Morand?" said Maurice, suddenly resuming his frigidity of manner.

"Monsieur Morand is not a madman like yourself, and has never yet compelled me to indicate to him how he should conduct himself in the house of a friend."

"We wager," said Maurice, smiling ironically, "that if Dixmer dines out Morand is not absent. Ah! I see, this is necessary to deter me, for while Morand is there, Genevieve, for ever at your side, not quitting you even for a single moment," continued he, contemptuously, "I should not love you, or rather I should not declare that I loved you."

"And I," cried Genevieve, driven to extremity by this eternal suspicion, and seizing the young man's arm with a species of frenzy, "I swear solemnly, Maurice, and let it be once for all, that whether you ever return here again or not, Morand has never breathed a word of love, that he neither loves me or ever will love me. I swear this on my honour—I swear this by the soul of my mother."

"Alas! alas!" said Maurice, "I wish I could believe you."

"Oh! believe me, poor fool," said she, with a smile (which, although anything but jealous, might have been a charming confession), "believe me. Besides, if you wish to know more, Morand loves a woman in whose presence all others sink into insignificance, as the flowers of the field fade before the stars of heaven."

"And who is this woman, able to eclipse all other women?" demanded Maurice, "when among the number we find Genevieve."

"Do we not always," said Genevieve, smiling, "consider the one we love as the *chef d'œuvre* of the creation?"

"Then," said Maurice, "if you do not love me, Genevieve—" The young woman waited with anxiety the end of the sentence. "If you do not love me," continued Maurice, "will you swear never to love another?"

"Ah! that, Maurice, I will swear with all my heart,"

cried the young woman, delighted that he had thus compromised with her conscience.

Maurice seized her raised hands, and covered them with ardent kisses.

"And now," said he, "I will be kind, indulgent, and confiding. I will even be generous. I wish to see you smile, and myself to be happy."

"And you will ask me nothing more?"

"I will endeavour."

"And now," said Genevieve, "I think it will be useless to hold the horse any longer. The Section will wait."

"Oh, Genevieve! the whole world might wait, if I could only stay with you!"

Steps were heard in the court-yard.

"They come to tell us that dinner is ready," said Genevieve. They silently pressed each other's hands.

It was Morand, who came to tell them they only awaited their presence at table. He, also, was in full dress for the Sunday's dinner.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE REQUEST.

In the meantime Morand did not a little excite the curiosity of Maurice. The most refined of fops could not discover a fault in the tie of his cravat, the folds of his boots, or the texture of his linen; but it must be allowed his hair and spectacles were always the same. It then appeared to Maurice, so much was he reassured by the oath of Genevieve, that he now, for the first time, viewed these locks and spectacles in a proper light.

"The devil!" said Maurice, to himself; "the devil take me if I am now ever again jealous of this worthy citizen Morand. Put on every day, if you choose, your full dress coat, or even make yourself one of cloth of gold, since from this time I promise to see nothing but your wig and spectacles, and above all, never again to accuse you of loving Genevieve."

We can easily understand the shake of the hand bestowed upon the Citizen Morand at the conclusion of this soliloquy was more frank and cordial than usual. Contrary



to custom, the party was small, covers being placed for only three on a narrow table. Genevieve was seated nearly opposite Maurice, between himself and the light, which reflected on her luxuriant black curls, tinged them with the blue hue of the raven's wing, enhancing the brilliancy of her eyes and complexion. Beyond his pigeon-coloured suit, Morand appeared to have dismissed all recollection of the day from his mind—that brilliant mind, which Maurice had sometimes heard burst fresh from the lips of this singular man, which would no doubt have been accompanied by the flashes from his eyes, had they not been totally obscured by the green spectacles. He uttered a thousand witticisms, but never himself smiled; indeed, what added piquancy to his witticisms, and a strange charm to his sallies, was his own impenetrable gravity. This merchant, who had made numerous voyages, and visited various countries, trading in every sort of skin, from the skin of the panther to that of the rabbit; this chemist, with arms dyed with his own chemical preparations, was as conversant with Egypt as Herodotus, Africa as Lavallant, and the opera and the boudoir as any fop.

"But the devil take me, Monsieur Morand," said Maurice, "you are not only a clever man, but a scholar also."

"Ah! I have both seen and read much," said Morand; "and then it is necessary I should prepare myself in some degree for the life of pleasure I intend to lead, when I retire on my fortune. It is time, Citizen Maurice, it is time."

"Bah!" said Maurice; "you talk like an old man. What age, then, are you?"

Morand turned round, startled by this question, natural as it certainly was.

"I am thirty-eight," said he. "Ah! see what it is to be a scholar, as you term it. It makes one old."

Genevieve began to laugh, and Maurice joined in; but Morand merely smiled.

"You have, then, made several voyages?" demanded Maurice, pressing Genevieve's foot between his own.

"Part of my youth," replied Morand, "was passed among foreigners."

"And you have seen much? Pardon me, I ought to

say, have observed much; for a man like yourself cannot see without observing," replied Maurice.

"Ma foi! yes; seen much?" replied Morand, "I have almost seen everything."

"Everything, citizen," replied Maurice, laughing, "that is saying a great deal. If you were to search——"

"Ah! yes, you are right; there are two things I have never seen. It is true, in our days, these two things have become rare."

"What are they, then?" demanded Maurice.

"The first," said Morand, "is a god."

"Ah!" said Maurice, "but in lieu of a god, I shall be able to show you a goddess, Citizen Morand."

"How so?" interrupted Genevieve.

"Yes, a goddess of modern creation — the Goddess Reason. I have a friend, of whom you have sometimes heard me speak—my dear and brave Louis, with a heart of gold, whose only fault is that of making verses and vile puns."

"Well?"

"Well, he selected for Paris a Goddess Reason, of good repute, and in whom they can discover nothing at all objectionable. It is the Citizen Arthemise, ex-dancer to the Opera, and at present parfumeuse, Rue Martin. As soon as she is definitely received as goddess, I will show her to you."

Morand bowed his head in token of thanks, and continued—

"The other," said he, gravely, "is a king."

"Ah! that is more difficult," said Genevieve; "there are no more of them," she added, forcing a smile.

"You should have seen the last," said Maurice; "it would have been prudent to have done so."

"The result is," said Morand, "I have not the least idea of a crowned head; it must be very sad?"

"Very sad, indeed," said Maurice; "I respond to you. I who see one nearly every month."

"A crowned head?" demanded Genevieve.

"At least," said Maurice, "one that has borne the weight and miserable burden of a crown."

"Ah! yes, the queen," said Morand; "truly, Monsieur Maurice, it must be a melancholy sight——"

"Is she as proud and beautiful as they say?" demanded Genevieve.

"Have you never seen her, then, madame?" demanded Maurice, surprised in his turn.

"I? never!" replied the young woman.

"Indeed?" said Maurice, "that is strange."

"And why strange?" said Genevieve. "We lived in the province till '91; since '91 we have resided in the old Rue St. Jacques, which much resembles the province, only there they have neither light or air, and still less flowers. You are acquainted with my life, Monsieur Maurice? It has always been the same. How do you suppose I could have seen the Queen, when I have had no opportunity whatever of so doing?"

"And I do not think you will avail yourself of that which, unfortunately, perhaps, may present itself," said Maurice.

"What do you mean to say?" demanded Genevieve.

"The citizen Maurice," replied Morand, "alludes to one thing no longer a secret."

"To what?" demanded Genevieve.

"To the probable condemnation of Marie Antoinette, and to her death upon the same scaffold where her husband died. The citizen said, in short, that you would not avail yourself of the opportunity offered you of seeing her the day when she will quit the Temple for La Place de la Revolution."

"Oh, certainly not!" cried Genevieve, as Morand pronounced these words with the greatest sang-froid.

"Then you can only lament," said the impassible chemist; "for the Austrian is well guarded, and the Republic a fairy that renders invisible what seems best to her."

"I acknowledge, however," said Genevieve, "I have been very much wishing to see this poor woman."

"Let us see," said Maurice, anxious to gratify all the wishes of Genevieve; "have you really such an inclination? Then only say the word. I agree with the Citizen Morand, the Republic is a fairy; but I in quality of municipal, am somewhat of a wizard."

"Could you allow me a sight of the Queen, you, monsieur?" cried Genevieve.

"Certainly, I can."

"And how?" exclaimed Morand, exchanging a rapid glance with Genevieve, which escaped the notice of the young man.

"Nothing more simple," said Maurice. "There are certainly some municipals of whom they are mistrustful; but as for me, I have given sufficient evidence of my devotion to the cause of liberty to render me above all suspicion. Besides, admittance to the Temple depends conjointly on the municipals and the chiefs of the post. Now, the chief of the post is, just at this moment, my friend Louis, who appears to me to be called indubitably to replace General Santerre, seeing that, in three months, he has risen from the rank of corporal to that of adjutant-major. Well, come to me the day I shall be on guard, that is to say, next Thursday, at the Temple."

"Well," said Morand, "I hope now your wishes may be gratified. Take care that you find him."

"Oh! no, no," said Genevieve, "indeed, I cannot."

"And wherefore not?" said Maurice, who only anticipated in this visit to the Temple an opportunity of seeing Genevieve on a day when he could enjoy this happiness alone without the presence of others.

"Because it might, perhaps, dear Maurice, expose you to some unpleasant dispute; and if anything were to happen to you through gratifying a whim of mine, I should never, while I lived, forgive myself."

"You have spoken wisely, Genevieve," said Morand. "Suspicion is very great, the best patriots are now even suspected. Renounce this project, which, as you say, is, after all, a mere caprice of curiosity."

"They will say that you are envious, Morand, and that, not having yourself seen either King or Queen, you do not wish others to do so. Come, to end all discussion, join the party."

"Me! ma foi! No."

"It is then no longer the citoyenne Dixmer who wishes to visit the Temple; it is I who entreat you to come there, to divert a poor prisoner. For the great door, once closed upon me, I remain for twenty-four hours as much a prisoner as the king would be, or a prince of the blood." And pressing between his own the foot of Genevieve—"Come then," said he, "I entreat you!"

"Voyons! Morand," said Genevieve, "come with me."

"It will be losing a day," said Morand, "and will prevent my going where I ought on business."

"Then I shall not go," said Genevieve.

"But why?" demanded Morand.

"Because I cannot depend upon my husband to escort me; and if you will not accompany me—you, a respectable man, thirty-eight years of age—I have not the hardihood to encounter alone all the chasseurs, cannoniers, and grenadiers, requesting to speak to one of the municipals only three or four years older than myself."

"Then," said Morand, "since you deem my presence indispensable, citoyenne——"

"Allons! allons! learned citizen, be as gallant as if you were a kind-hearted, ordinary man, and sacrifice half a day to the wife of your friend," said Maurice.

"Well, let it be so," said Morand.

"Now," said Maurice, "I only require one thing from you, that is discretion. Any one visiting the Temple is considered a suspicious proceeding, and consequently, should any accident occur afterwards, we should all be guillotined. The Jacobins do not jest. Peste! you see how they have treated the Girondins."

"Diable!" said Morand, "this observation of the citizen Maurice requires consideration. It would be a sort of retiring from business if I could not go out at all."

"Have you not heard," said Genevieve, smiling, "that the citizen Maurice said all?"

"Eh, bien! all?"

"All."

"Yes, without doubt," said Morand, "your company is very agreeable, but I much prefer, *belle sentimentale*, to live in your society than to die in it."

"What the devil was I thinking of?" said Maurice to himself, "when I imagined this man loved Genevieve?"

"Then it is all settled," said Genevieve. "I address myself to you, Morand, thoughtful, absent man that you are; remember it is on Thursday next; so do not on the Wednesday evening commence some chemical experiment that will occupy your time and attention for the next twenty-four hours, as it very frequently happens."

"You may be perfectly easy on that point," said Morand. "Besides, you can remind me."

Genevieve then rose from table, and Maurice followed her example. Morand was about to leave also, and perhaps to follow them, when one of the workmen brought the chemist a small vial containing some liquid, which instantly engrossed all his attention."

"Let us make haste," said Maurice, drawing away Genevieve.

"Oh! be assured," said she, "he will remain there for an hour at the very least."

And the young woman allowed him to take her hand, which he tenderly pressed between his own. She felt remorse for her treachery, and compensated for it by her kindness.

"Do you see," said she to Maurice, crossing the garden, and showing him the carnations, which had been removed into the air, with the hope of reviving them, "do you see my flowers are all dead."

"What killed them?" said Maurice; "your neglect? Poor carnations!"

"It was not my neglect, but your desertion, *mon ami*."

"They required, my little Genevieve, some water; that was all; besides my absence should have left you plenty of time."

"Ah!" said Genevieve, "but if the flowers were watered with tears, the poor carnations, as you call them, would they not then die?"

Maurice threw his arms round Genevieve, and, drawing her to him, before she had time to prevent him, pressed his lips upon the half-smiling, half-languishing eye, now fixed upon the drooping, dying flowers. Genevieve felt so much self-reproach, it made her lenient to others.

Dixmer returned home late, and on his return found Morand, Maurice, and Genevieve botanising in the garden.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FLOWER GIRL.

At length the anticipated Thursday, the day of Maurice's guard, arrived. It was now the month of June. The sky was of a deep and cloudless blue, and against this

sheet of blue rose the heavy white mass of nine houses. The coming of that dreadful day was already foreseen, represented by the ancients as thirsting with an unquenchable thirst, and which, to borrow the phraseology of the plebeian Parisians, licked the pavement very dry. Paris was clean as a carpet, and perfumes filled the air, mounting to the trees, emanating from the flowers, circulating and intoxicating with joy, as if to render the inhabitants of the capital forgetful for a few moments of that vapour of blood which rose without intermission from the pavement of these places.

It was Maurice's duty to enter the Temple at nine o'clock; his two colleagues were Meruvault and Agricola. At eight o'clock he was in Rue Vieille Saint Jacques, in grand costume as citizen municipal, that is to say, with a tri-colored scarf tightly fastened round his tall and elegant frame. He as usual rode there on horseback, and on his route had an opportunity of receiving the sincere approbation, admiration, and eulogiums of the worthy patriots who saw him pass. Genevieve was already prepared; she wore a simple muslin dress, a species of light taffeta mantle, and a small bonnet, ornamented with a tri-colored cockade. Thus attired, she appeared of dazzling beauty. Morand, who, as we have seen, had been earnestly solicited to accompany them, had, no doubt for fear of being mistaken for an aristocrat, attired himself in his usual costume—half-bourgeois, half-artisan. He entered alone, and his countenance betrayed great fatigue; he pretended to have been at work all night, in order to complete some urgent business.

Dixmer had gone out immediately after the return of his friend Morand.

"Well," demanded Genevieve, "what have you decided on, Maurice; and how are we to see the Queen?"

"Listen," said Maurice, "I have arranged everything. I shall arrive at the Temple with you, and then introduce you to my friend Louis, who commands the guard; I then take my post, and at a favourable moment I will come to seek you."

"But," demanded Morand, "when are we to see the prisoners, and how are we to see them?"

"At either their breakfast or their dinner, if that

will suit you, through the glazed partition of the Municipal."

"Perfectly," said Morand.

Maurice then saw Morand approach a sideboard at the further end of the *salle-a-manger*, and drink hastily a glass of pure wine, which rather surprised him, Morand being usually very abstemious, and indulging only in wine and water.

Genevieve saw that he regarded him with astonishment.

"Can you not fancy," said she, "he must be half dead with fatigue; he has taken nothing since yesterday morning."

"Did he not dine here?" asked Maurice.

"No, he was trying some experiments in the city."

Genevieve took a useless precaution with respect to Maurice, since lover-like he was an egotist, and had merely bestowed upon the action of Morand that superficial attention which an amorous man might accord to any one, except the woman whom he loves. To his glass of wine Morand added a crust of bread, which he hastily swallowed.

"And now," said he, "dear Citizen Maurice, I am quite ready; when you choose we will depart."

Maurice, who was stripping the decayed petals from one of the dead carnations he had plucked in passing, now offered his arm to Genevieve, saying—"Let us set out."

"They went, in short, Maurice so happy he could scarcely contain himself; he would have uttered cries of joy had he not restrained his emotion. What could he desire more? Not only had he acquired the certainty that she did not love Morand, but also the hope that he possessed her affection. The glorious sun shone upon the world, the arm of Genevieve was reposing within his own, whilst the public criers, shouting at the top of their voices the triumph of the Jacobins and the defeat of Brissot and his companions, announced that the country was saved.

There are truly moments of life when the heart of man seems too small to contain the joy or grief concentrated there.

"Oh! what a lovely day," exclaimed Morand.

Maurice turned round in surprise. This was the first burst of feeling he had ever heard issue from the lips of this singularly reserved and absent man.

"Oh! yes, it is indeed lovely," said Genevieve, pressing



closer the arm of Maurice, "if it would only continue till evening, pure and cloudless as it is now!"

Maurice applied this word, and his happiness redoubled each moment. Morand at the same time regarded Genevieve through his green spectacles with a peculiar expression. Perhaps he also applied her expressions. They thus crossed Le Petit-Pont, La Rue de la Janerie, and the bridge Notre Dame, they then proceeded to La Place de l'Hotel de Ville, La Rue Bur-du-Bec and La Rue Sainte-Avoye. As they progressed, Maurice's step became more and more elastic, while on the contrary, those of his male and female companions waxed slower and slower. They had reached the corner of La Rue des Vieilles Audriettes, when all at once a flower-girl impeded their passage, by offering them her basket filled with flowers.

"Oh! what magnificent carnations!" cried Maurice.

"Oh! yes, very beautiful," said Genevieve, "it seems the cultivator of these had no other pre-occupation, for they are not withered and dead."

This speech sank deep into the heart of the young man.

"Ah! my brave municipal," said the flower-girl, "purchase a bouquet for the pretty citoyenne. She is dressed in white; look at these superb crimson carnations; white and purple look well together; she will place the bouquet upon her heart, and as her heart is near to your blue coat, there you have the national colours. The flower-girl was young and pretty, her compliment was well-turned and well chosen, for had it been made expressly for that occasion, it could not better have applied to the circumstances. Besides the flowers were almost symbolical; they were similar to those now dead.

"I will purchase one," said Maurice, "since they are carnations; all other flowers I detest."

"Ah! Maurice," said Genevieve, "it is useless, we have so many of them in the garden."

But although her lips uttered the refusal, her eyes expressed a longing desire to possess them.

Maurice selected the most beautiful of the bouquets. It was the one the pretty flower-girl had presented to him. It consisted of twenty deep red carnations, emitting an odour at once sweet and pungent; in the centre, towering above the rest, rose a magnificent carnation.

"Here," said Maurice to the marchande, throwing on her basket an assignat of five livres, "that is for you."

"Thanks, my brave municipal," said the flower-girl, "a thousand thanks."

And she went towards another couple, trusting the day commenced thus auspiciously would so continue till its close. During this apparently simple scene, which had only occupied a few seconds at most, Morand seemed scarcely able to support himself, and wiped the perspiration from his pallid brow, while Genevieve also turned pale and trembled.

She received the nosegay which Maurice presented to her, and clasping it in her lovely hand, held it to her face, less to inhale the odour than to conceal her emotion. The remainder of the journey was pleasant, at least as far as concerned Maurice. As for Genevieve, his gaiety was a constraint upon her, and Morand passed his day in a fashion peculiar to himself, that is to say, in smothered sighs or startling bursts of laughter, and occasionally uttering some formidable witticism, which fell upon the passers-by like sparks of fire.

At nine o'clock they reached the Temple.

Santerre called over the municipals.

"I am here," said Maurice, leaving Genevieve under the care of Morand.

"Welcome," said Santerre, holding out his hand to the young man.

Maurice took care not to refuse the hand thus offered to him. The friendship of Santerre was certainly most valuable at this epoch. At sight of this man who had commanded the famous rolling of drums, Genevieve shuddered, and Morand turned pale.

"Who is this handsome citoyenne?" demanded Santerre of Maurice, "and what does she do here?"

"She is the wife of the brave Citizen Dixmer; you have heard this excellent patriot spoken of, Citizen General?"

"Yes, yes," replied Santerre, "the chief of a tannery, captain of chasseurs of the legion Victor."

"The same."

"Bon! bon! Ma foi, she is pretty. And this ugly fellow who has given her his arm?"

"That is the Citizen Morand, her husband's partner, and chasseur in Dixmer's company.

Santerre approached Genevieve.

"Bonjour, citoyenne," said he.

Genevieve made an effort.

"Bonjour, Citizen General," replied she, smiling.

Santerre felt flattered by both title and smile.

"And what brings you here, belle patriote?" continued Santerre.

"The citoyenne," replied Maurice, "has never seen the Widow Capet, and she wishes to see her."

"Yes," said Santerre, "before——," and he made an atrocious gesture.

"Precisely," replied Maurice, coldly.

"Very well," said Santerre, "only mind they are not seen entering the keep; it would be a bad example, besides, I confide all to you."

Santerre again shook hands with Maurice, made an inclination of his head to Genevieve in a friendly and protecting manner, and quitted them to attend to his other various engagements.

After a great many evolutions of gendarmes and chasseurs, after some manœuvring with cannon, the dull resounding of which, it was considered, carried to the environs a salutary lesson or admonition, Maurice took Genevieve's arm, and followed closely by Morand, advanced towards the post, at the door of which Louis was vociferating loudly, commanding the manœuvres of his battalion.

"Bon!" cried he, "why there is Maurice; peste! with a female, too, who appears to me rather agreeable. Does the stupid fellow wish to compare her with my Goddess Reason? If it were so, poor Arthemise!"

"Well! Citizen Adjutant," said the Captain.

"Ah! that's right; attention," said Louis; "files to the left, left——bonjour, Maurice; not so quickly——."

The guns rolled, the company dispersed to their respective places, and when each was at his post, Louis hastened away to exchange compliments with his friend. Maurice presented Louis to Genevieve and Morand. Then an explanation commenced as to the purport of their visit.

"Yes, I understand," said Louis, "you wish your friends to enter the keep; that is easily managed. I will

go directly and station the sentinels, then I will order them to admit you and your friends."

In ten minutes afterwards Genetieve and Morand entered the suite of the three municipals, and placed themselves behind the glazed partition.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE CRIMSON CARNATIONS.

THE Queen rose alone. Having been indisposed for two or three days, she had remained in bed longer than usual, but having heard from her sister that the sun was rising magnificently, she made an effort to quit her couch, and that she might be enabled to breathe the pure air with her daughter, had requested permission to walk on the platform, which had been granted her without the slightest difficulty. She had also been induced to act thus from another cause. Once, and it is true, once only, from the height of the tower, she had seen the Dauphin playing in the garden. But at the first signal of recognition between the mother and child Simon interfered, and compelled the boy to retire immediately. Never mind, she had seen him, that was a great source of happiness to her. True, the poor little prisoner was very pale and much changed. Then he was drest as a child of the people, in a blouse and large trousers. But his beautiful fair waving curls were still left him, forming around him a glory which God no doubt intended to guard the infant martyr to heaven. If she could only see him once again, oh! what a cordial to the heart of the unhappy mother! There was yet another motive.

"My sister," Madame Elizabeth had said to her, "you know we found in the corridor a straw standing upright in an angle of the wall. In the language of our signs this desires us to pay attention to everything around us, and to warn us of the approach of a friend."

"That is true," replied the Queen; who, regarding her sister and child with pity, had even herself encouraged them not to despair of their ultimate safety. The duties of the service accomplished, Maurice was then higher in authority in the keep of the Temple, since chance had

selected him as guard during the day, and the other municipals, Agricola and Meruvault, as guards during the night. These municipals had left, after laying their "procès-verbal" before the council of the Temple.

"Eh bien, Citizen Municipal," said the woman Tison, coming forward to salute Maurice, "you bring company, then, to see our caged pigeons? It is only I who am condemned no more to see my poor Héloïse."

"They are friends of mine," said Maurice, "who have never yet seen the female Capet."

"Ah! well, they will see admirably behind the partition."

"Assuredly," said Morand.

"Only," said Genevieve, "we shall present the appearance of the cruel impertinents who come from the other side of the iron grate to mock the misery of the unfortunate prisoners."

"Eh bien! why should not your friends see them on their way to the tower, since the woman will walk there to-day, with her sister and her daughter, for they have left her a daughter, while I who am not guilty they have deprived of mine. Oh these aristocrats! it will always be the case; let them do what they will, favour is always shown to them, Citizen Maurice."

"But they have removed her son," replied he.

"Ah! if I had a son," murmured the gaoleress, "I should lament my daughter less."

Genevieve during this time had exchanged looks with Morand several times.

"Mon ami," said the young woman to Maurice, "the citoyenne is in the right. If you could by any means place me in the way of Marie Antoinette, it would be less repugnant to my feelings than gazing at her here. It seems to me this manner of viewing people is at once humiliating both to them and us."

"Kind Genevieve," said Maurice, "you possess true delicacy of mind."

"Pardieu! citoyenne," said one of Maurice's colleagues, who was at that moment breakfasting in the antechamber on bread and sausages, "if you were the prisoner, and Capet's wife felt curiosity to see you, she would not be so very particular about the indulgence of her fancy—the jade."

Genevieve, with a movement quicker than lightning,

threw a rapid glance towards Morand, to note the effect of these words upon him. In effect, Morand started, a strange phosphorescent light gleamed from under his eyelids, and his hands were clenched for an instant, but all this was so momentary that it passed unperceived.

"What is the name of this municipal?" asked she of Maurice.

"It is the Citizen Meruvault," replied the young man; and then added, as if to apologize for his coarseness, "a stone-cutter."

Meruvault heard it, and in his turn stared at Maurice.

"Allons! allons!" said the woman Tison; "finish your sausage and your half bottle, that I may take away."

"It is not the fault of the Austrian if I finish them now," grumbled the municipal; "for if she could have murdered me on the 10th of August she would have done so; thus the day when she 'sneezes in the sack' I shall be in the first rank, firm at my post."

Morand turned pale as death.

"Allons! Citizen Maurice," said Genevieve, "let us go where you promised to take us; here it seems as if I were a prisoner; I feel suffocated."

Maurice conducted Genevieve and Morand out, when the sentinels, previously instructed by Louis, allowed them to pass without any difficulty. They installed themselves in a little passage on the upper story, so that the moment when the Queen, Madame Royal, or Madame Elizabeth ascended to the gallery, these august personages could not do otherwise than pass before them.

As the promenade was fixed for ten o'clock, and they had only a few minutes to wait, Maurice not only did not quit his friends, but farther, in order that the slightest suspicion might not be excited by this rather illegal proceeding, having met Agricola, he took him with him. It struck ten.

"Open!" cried a voice from the base of the tower, which Maurice knew to be that of General Santerre. Immediately the guard assumed arms and closed the iron gratings; the sentinels also prepared arms. There was then heard in all the court a confused noise of iron, stones, and footsteps, which vividly impressed both Morand and Genevieve, for Maurice observed them both turn pale.

"And all these precautions to guard three poor women," murmured Genevieve.

"Yes," said Morand, endeavouring to smile; "if those who tempt them to escape were now here, and in our place saw what we see, it would disgust them with the trade."

"In fact," continued Genevieve, "I begin to think they will not save themselves."

"And I to hope," said Maurice, inclining towards the staircase as he spoke.

"Attention," cried he; "here are the prisoners."

"Name them to me," said Genevieve, "for I do not know either of them."

"The two first who are ascending are the sister and daughter of Capet. The last one, preceded by a little dog, is Marie Antoinette."

Genevieve made a step in advance. Morand, on the contrary, instead of looking at them, pressed himself close against the wall, his lips more livid and earthy than the stones of the keep.

Genevieve, with her white robe and bright pure eyes, appeared like an angel awaiting the prisoners to cheer them on their dark and dreary road, and to administer in passing a ray of comfort to their desolate and blighted hearts. Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royal pursued their way, having only thrown a glance of astonishment at the strangers. No doubt the former imagined they were those whom the signals announced, for turning round quickly to Madame Royal, she pressed her hand, and, while so doing, dropped her pocket handkerchief, as if to inform the Queen.

"Pay attention, my sister," said she; "I have dropped my pocket handkerchief."

And she passed on with the young princess.

The Queen, with panting breath, accompanied with a short dry cough, indicating ill health, stooped to pick up the handkerchief which had fallen at her feet, when her little dog, more agile than its mistress, seized it, and ran forward to convey it to Madame Elizabeth. The Queen continued her ascent slowly, and after some steps found herself in her turn before Genevieve, Morand, and the young municipal.

"Flowers!" cried she; "oh! how long it is since I have seen any flowers. How deliciously they smell. You are happy to possess these flowers, Madame."

Quick as the idea formed in her mind, prompted by these melancholy words, Genevieve extended her hand to offer her bouquet to the Queen.

Then Marie Antoinette raised her head, looked at her, and an almost imperceptible blush passed over her colourless face.

But by a natural movement, from an habitual passive obedience to regulation, Maurice put out his hand to arrest the arm of Genevieve. The Queen then remained hesitating, when, looking at Maurice, she recognised him as the young municipal who had always spoken to her with so much firmness, but at the same time tempered with equal respect.

"Is this forbidden, Monsieur?" said she.

"No, no, Madame. Genevieve, you can offer your bouquet," said Maurice.

"Oh! thanks, thanks, Monsieur," said the Queen with grateful acknowledgments; and bowing with gracious affability to Genevieve, the Queen extended her emaciated hand, and selected at hazard a single carnation from the mass of flowers.

"Take all, madame, take all," timidly said Genevieve.

"No," said the Queen, with a fascinating smile, "this bouquet may come perhaps from one you love. I will not deprive you of it."

Genevieve blushed, and at this blush the Queen smiled.

"Allons, allons! Citoyenne Capet," said Agricola, "you must continue your route."

The Queen bowed, and ascended the steps, but before she disappeared, turned round and murmured—"The carnations smell very sweet, and she is very lovely."

"She has not seen me," murmured Morand, who almost kneeling in the shade, had effectively escaped the notice of the Queen.

"But you had a good view of her, had you not, Morand? had not you, Genevieve?" said Maurice, doubly happy, first from the sight he had procured his friends, and also that he had afforded ever so slight a gratification to the unhappy prisoner.



"Oh! yes, yes," said Genevieve, "and were I to live for a thousand years, I should never forget her."

"And what do you think of her?"

"She is charming."

"And you, Morand."

Morand clasped his hands, but made no reply.

"Tell me," said Maurice, in a whisper to Genevieve, "is it the Queen whom Morand worships?"

Genevieve started, but recovering herself instantly, replied smilingly, "It really looks like it."

"You have not yet told me what you think of her, Morand," persisted Maurice.

"I thought her very pale," replied he.

Maurice retook the arm of Genevieve, to descend towards the court. In the dark staircase it seemed to him that Genevieve kissed his hand.

"What does that mean, Genevieve?"

"It means, Maurice, that I shall never forget, that to gratify a whim of mine you have risked your life."

"Oh!" said Maurice, "what exaggeration of danger, Genevieve. Between you and I, you well know that gratitude is not the sentiment I wish to inspire you with."

Genevieve pressed his arm softly.

Morand followed with faltering steps.

On quitting the court, Louis came to identify the two visitors, who then left the Temple, but before quitting it Genevieve made Maurice promise to dine the next day in the old Rue Saint Jacques.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SIMON THE CENSOR.

WHEN Maurice returned to his post, in a state of transcendent happiness, he found Tison's wife weeping.

"What have they done to you now, mother?" asked Maurice.

"All this makes me furious," replied the gaoleress.

"What?"

"Because there is nothing but injustice for poor people in this world."

"But how?"

"You are rich, you are a bourgeois, you come here only for a day, and they permit pretty women to visit you here, who present bouquets to the prisoners; whilst I who nestle everlastingly in this dove-cot am not allowed to see my poor Sophie."

Maurice took her hand and slipped into it an assignat of ten livres.

"There, good woman, take that, and do not despair. Mon Dieu! the Austrian will not last for ever."

"Ten livres," said the gaoleress, "that is kind of you; but I would rather have even a papillote that had curled my poor girl's hair."

As she finished these words, Simon, who was then coming up, heard them, and saw the gaoleress place in her pocket the money Maurice had given her. We will mention what sort of a temper Simon was in. As he entered the court he encountered Louis. Now a decided antipathy existed between these two men. This hatred was less induced by the violent scenes with which our readers are already familiar, than by the difference of race, an everlasting source of detestation, which, however mysterious it may at first appear, is easily explained. Simon was hideous, Louis handsome; Simon was low, Louis the very opposite; Simon was a republican bully, Louis one of those ardent patriots who had sacrificed everything to the revolution; and then, if they must come to blows, Simon instinctively felt that the fist of the fop lost none of its elegance when Maurice had decreed him to a plebeian punishment.

Simon on perceiving Louis, stopped short, and turned pale.

"It is still this battalion that mounts guard," growled he.—"Well," said a grenadier, who overheard this apostrophe, "one is as good as another, it seems to me." Simon drew a pencil from his pocket, and pretended to note down something on a piece of paper almost as black as his own hands.

"Ah!" said Louis, "you know how to write, then, Simon, since you are tutor to young Capet? Look, citizens, upon my honour he takes notes; it is Simon the Censor."

A universal shout of laughter proceeded from the ranks of the young national guards, almost all men of education, at the ridiculous title bestowed upon the wretched cobbler.

"Very well, very well," said he, grinding his teeth, and colouring with rage; "they say you have permitted strangers to enter the keep, and that without the consent of the Commune. Very well, I am going to draw out the procès-verbal for the municipal."

"At least he knows how to write that," said Louis; "it is Maurice, you know, brave Simon—Maurice with the Iron Hand, you remember that."

At this moment Morand and Genevieve went out. At this sight, Simon rushed into the keep, at the very moment, as we have said, when Maurice, by the way of consoling her, presented the woman Tison with the assignat for ten livres. Maurice paid no attention to the presence of this miserable wretch, whom by a natural instinct he always avoided if he by any chance encountered him, regarding him in the light of a disgusting and venomous reptile.

"Ah, well!" said Simon to Tison's wife; "so you wish to bring yourself to be guillotined, citoyenne?"

"I!" said the woman, who had just dried her eyes with her apron; "and why is that?"

"Why! because you receive money from the municipal for allowing aristocrats entrance to the Austrian."

"I!" said the woman Tison; "be silent, you are mad!"

"This shall be consigned to the procès-verbal," said Simon, emphatically.

"Well, then, they are friends of the municipal Maurice, one of the best patriots that ever existed."

"Conspirators, I tell you; besides, the Commune shall be informed; it will judge for itself."

"Allons; you mean to denounce me, then, spy of the police!"—"Exactly so, if you do not denounce yourself."

"Denounce what? what do you wish me to denounce?"

"All that has happened, then."

"But nothing has happened."

"Where were these aristocrats?"

"There, upon the staircase."

"Has Capet's wife ascended the stairs?"

"Yes."

"And they spoke to her?"

"They exchanged two words."

"Two words! and what perfume of this aristocrat's do I smell here?"

"It is the scent of the carnations."

"Carnations! what carnations?"

"Why, the citoyenne had a bunch of them, which perfumed the whole place."

"What citoyenne?"

"The one who saw the queen pass."

"You see plainly—and tell the queen so—that conversing with these aristocrats will be your ruin. But what is this I am treading upon?" continued Simon, stooping down.

"Ah!" said the woman Tison, "it is a flower, a carnation; it must have fallen from the hand of the Citoyenne Dixmer, when Marie Antoinette took one from her bouquet."

"The woman Capet took a flower from the Citoyenne Dixmer's bouquet?" said Simon.

"Yes, and it was given her by me," said Maurice, in a loud and menacing tone, who had been for some moments listening to this colloquy till his patience was nearly exhausted.

"It is all very well, it is all very well; one sees what one does see, and one knows what one says," growled Simon, who still held in his hand the carnation crushed by his huge foot.

"And I also know one thing," replied Maurice, "which I am now going to tell you; it is that you have nothing whatever to do in this keep, and that your honourable post of tormentor is down there with the little Capet, whom I would, for your own sake, recommend you not to chastise to-day, as I am here to defend him."

"Do you threaten me? do you call me tormentor?" cried Simon, crushing the flower in his hand. "Ah! we shall see if it is permitted these aristocrats——Why, what can this be?"

"What?" asked Maurice.

"That I feel in this carnation? Ah! ah!"

The eyes of Maurice were transfixed with astonishment as Simon drew from the calyx of the flower a small paper, rolled with the most exquisite care, which had been artistically introduced into the centre of the clustering leaves.

"Oh ! mon Dieu !" said Maurice, "what can this mean ?"

"We will know, we will know," said Simon, approaching the window. "Ah ! you and your friend Louis told me I did not know how to read. Well ! you shall see."

Louis had calumniated Simon ; he had learned both to read and write. But the billet was so minute that Simon was obliged to have recourse to his spectacles. He consequently placed it on the window, while he proceeded to take an inventory of the contents of his pockets ; but while thus engaged, the Citizen Agricola opened the door of the ante-chamber exactly facing the little window, thereby causing a current of air, which blew away the little paper, light as a feather from a bird's wing, so that when Simon, after a momentary exploration, had discovered his spectacles, placed them on his nose, and turned himself round, his search was useless—the paper had disappeared.

"There was a paper here," screamed Simon, crimson with rage ; "there was a paper here. Look to yourself, citizen municipal, for it must and shall be found." And he descended precipitately, leaving Maurice in a state of stupefaction. Ten minutes afterwards three members of the Commune entered the keep. The Queen was still upon the platform, and strict orders had been issued that she should remain in total ignorance of all that had just occurred. The members of the Commune desired to be conducted to her presence. The first object which met their view was the crimson carnation, which she still retained in her hand. They regarded her with surprise, and approaching her,—*"Give us this flower,"* said the president of the deputation. The Queen, who had not previously noticed this interruption, started, and hesitated.

*"Surrender your flower, madame,"* said Maurice, in terror, *"I entreat you."*

The Queen tendered them the carnation. The president took it and retired, followed by his colleagues, into a neighbouring apartment, to make an examination, and draw up the *procès-verbal*. They opened the flower—it was empty. Maurice breathed afresh.

*"Wait a moment,"* said one of the members, *"the heart of the carnation has been removed. The socket is empty, it is true, but in this socket, most unquestionably, a letter has been introduced."*

"I am quite ready and willing," said Maurice, "to furnish all necessary explanation; but first of all, I request that I may be arrested."

"It would not be right to avail ourselves of your proposition," said the president. "You are known as a staunch patriot, Citizen Lindey."

"And I will answer with my life for the friends I had the imprudence to bring with me."

"Answer for no one," replied the procurator.

A great conversation was now heard in the court. It was Simon, who having long and vainly sought for the little billet wafted away by the wind, now went to inform Santerre that an attempt had been made to carry off the Queen, with all the accessories which the charms of his excited imagination could lend to such an event. Santerre was in great haste—he investigated the Temple and changed the guard, to the great disgust of Louis, who strongly protested against this offence offered to his battalion.

"Ah! vile cobbler," said he to Simon, menacing him with his sabre, I have you to thank for this; but only wait a little, I will have my revenge, and pay you in your own coin."

"I think rather that the nation will pay you," said the shoemaker, rubbing his hands.

"Citizen Maurice," said Santerre, "hold yourself in readiness for the command of the Commune, who will examine you."

"I await your orders, commandant; but I have already told you I desire to be arrested, and I again repeat my former request."

"Wait, wait," murmured Simon, sullenly; "since you feel so sure, we will soon settle that business for you." And he went to find the woman Tison.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE GODDESS REASON.

THEY searched during the whole day in the court, in the garden and its environs, for the little billet which had caused all this tumult, and which they no longer doubted contained the whole plot. They interrogated the Queen,

after having first separated her from her daughter and sister, but elicited nothing more from her than having, on the staircase, encountered a young woman carrying a bouquet, she had drawn a single flower from the centre.

"Had she not plucked this flower with the consent of the municipal Maurice?"

She had nothing more to tell. This was the truth in all its force and simplicity. This was all reported to Maurice, and he in his turn declared the deposition of the Queen to be quite correct.

"But," said the president, "there was still a plot."

"Impossible," said Maurice; "I was dining at Madame Dixmer's, and proposed that she should see the prisoners, hearing her remark she had never done so; but neither the day nor the manner of so doing was arranged."

"But the flowers were purchased," said the president; "the bouquet had been made beforehand."

"Not at all; I myself purchased these flowers from a flower girl, who offered them to us at the corner of La Rue des Vieilles-Audriettes."

"But at least this flower-girl presented the bouquet to you?"

"No, citizen; I selected it myself from ten or twelve others. Certainly, I purchased the most beautiful."

"But was there a possibility of secreting this billet on your road to the tower?"

"Impossible, citizen. I never quitted Madame Dixmer's side for a moment, and to perform the operation named on each flower—for remark that every flower, according to Simon's account, contained a like billet—would at least occupy half a day or more."

"But, in short, could not two prepared billets have been placed in the flowers?"

"It was in my presence the prisoner took one at hazard, after having declined the rest."

"Then, in your opinion, Citizen Lindey, there was not a plot at all?"

"If it were a plot," replied Maurice, "and I am the first not only to believe but to affirm it, my friends were not concerned in it. However, as the nation must necessarily experience alarm, I offer security by constituting myself prisoner."

"Not at all," said Santerre, "this act alone is sufficient proof. If you constitute yourself prisoner to answer for your friends, I constitute myself prisoner to answer for you. The thing is simple enough. There is no positive denunciation. Is it not so? No one will know what has passed. Inspect every occurrence more strictly, redouble your own vigilance especially, and we shall arrive at the bottom of this thing by avoiding publicity."

"Thanks, commandant," said Maurice; "but I reply to you as you would answer were you in my place. We ought not to stop here, it is necessary that the flower-girl should be discovered."

"The flower-girl is far away, but be perfectly easy on that point; she shall be sought after. As for you, watch your friends, whilst I will guard the prison correspondence."

No one had thought of Simon, but he had formed his own project. He arrived towards the conclusion of the sitting, and learned the decision of the Commune.

"Ah! then, it only requires a regular denunciation," said he, "to settle this affair. Wait five minutes and I will bring it to you."

"Who is it?" said the president.

"It is," said Simon, "the courageous Citoyenne Tison who denounces the secret practices of that partisan of aristocracy, Maurice, and the intrigues of another equally false patriot, one of his friends, named Louis."

"Take care, take care, Simon; your zeal for the nation perhaps misleads you. Maurice and Louis are tried and proved patriots."

"That will be seen at the tribunal," replied Simon.

"Consider well, Simon; this will be a disgraceful proceeding for all true patriots."

"Disgraceful or not, what difference will that make to me? Do I dread disgrace? They shall at least learn all the truth concerning those who wish to betray them."

"Then, you persist in a denunciation in the name of the woman Tison?"

"I will denounce myself, even this very night, to the Cordeliers, and you among the rest, Citizen President, if you are still unwilling to command the arrest of the traitor Maurice."

"Well, let it be so," said the president, who, according



to custom in these miserable times, trembled before those who clamoured the loudest, "they shall be arrested."

While this decision was forming against him, Maurice had returned to the Temple, where the following billet awaited him:—

"Our guard being violently broken up, I shall not be able, in all probability, to see you before to-morrow morning.—Come, then, and breakfast with me; during that meal you shall give me a true and particular account of the plots and conspiracies discovered by Simon.—Yours faithfully,  
LOUIS."

Maurice replied—

"There is nothing new, so sleep in peace to-night, and breakfast without me to-morrow, as, on reviewing the incidents of the day, I find I shall not, in all probability, be able to leave till noon.—Yours faithfully,

MAURICE.

"P.S.—As to the rest, I believe the conspiracy was only a false alarm, after all."

Louis had, indeed, left at one o'clock, with the whole of his battalion, thanks to the brutal conduct of the shoemaker; he, however, consoled himself with a quatrain, and went to visit Arthemise. Arthemise was delighted to see Louis. The weather, as we have said, was magnificent, she therefore proposed a walk along the quay, to which Louis of course assented. They had walked some distance, discoursing on politics, Louis recounting his expulsion from the Temple, and vainly endeavouring to divine the cause, when, on reaching the height of La Rue des Barres, they perceived a flower-girl, who, like themselves, remounted the bank to the right of the Seine.

"Ah! Citizen Louis," said Arthemise, "I hope you are going to present me with a bouquet?"

"Two, if you wish it," said Louis; and they both redoubled their speed to overtake the flower-girl, who walked at a rapid pace. On arriving at the bridge, Marie, the young girl, stopped, and stooping under the parapet, emptied the contents of her basket into the river. The flowers separated, whirled round for an instant in the air, whilst the bouquets, dragged down by their own weight, fell more quickly, till at last both flowers and bouquets floated upon the surface, following the course of the water.

"Stop!" said Arthemise, regarding the flower-girl thus strangely occupied; "it is said—but yes—but no—but if—ah! this is strange."

The flower-girl placed her finger on her lips, as if to entreat her silence, and disappeared.

"Who is this, then?" said Louis; "do you know this mortal goddess?"

"No; I fancied at first—but certainly I am deceived."

"She, however, made a sign to you," persisted Louis.

"But why is she a flower-girl this morning?" said Arthemise to herself.

"You acknowledge, then, that you know her, Arthemise?" said Louis.

"Yes," replied Arthemise, "she is a flower-girl I sometimes deal with."

"At all events," said Louis, "she has a strange method of disposing of her merchandize."

And both, after having looked for the last time at the flowers, which, already arrived at the wooden bridge, had received a fresh impetus from the arm of the river which passed under its arches, continued their route towards the Rapee, where they anticipated dining *tête-à-tête*. This incident was forgotten for the moment, but as it was at least singular, and of rather a mysterious character, it vividly impressed Louis's poetical imagination. In the meantime, the denunciation brought by Tison's wife against Maurice and Louis caused a great tumult at the club of the Jacobins; and Maurice was informed at the Temple by the Commune that his safety was endangered by the public indignation. This was a recommendation to the young municipal to conceal himself if he were guilty; but with conscious rectitude, Maurice remained at the Temple, where he was found at his post when they came to arrest him. At the same time, Maurice was interrogated. Remaining firm in his resolution not to endanger the safety of his friends, in whom he felt the most implicit confidence, Maurice yet was not the man to sacrifice himself by a ridiculous silence worthy of a hero of romance, and therefore demanded the flower-girl should be tried. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when Louis returned home, and heard, at the same moment, the arrest of Maurice, and also the demand made

by him. The flower-girl of the bridge, Marie, instantly recurred to his mind like a sudden revelation. This singular individual casting her flowers into the Seine; the coincidence of quarters; the half admission of Arthemise; all these facts combined, instinctively convinced him this was the solution of the mystery demanded by Maurice. He bounded from his chamber, flew rather than ran down four flights of stairs, and precipitated himself into the presence of the Goddess Reason, who was engaged in embroidering golden stars on a robe of azure blue. It was her robe of divinity.

"A truce to the stars, *chère amie*," said Louis; "they have arrested Maurice, and in all human probability, before evening, I shall share the same fate."

"Maurice arrested!"

"*Mon Dieu!* yes. In these times nothing is more common than the recurrence of these events; but they excite little attention, because they come in troops, that is all. Almost all great events originate in trifles. Never neglect trifles. Who was that flower-girl we met this morning, *chère amie*?"

Arthemise started. "What flower-girl?"

"The one who so recklessly cast her flowers into the Seine."

"*Eh! mon Dieu!*" said Arthemise; "is this circumstance, then, so serious, that you return to urge me on that point?"

"So serious, *chère amie*, that I entreat you to answer my question without loss of time."

"*Mon ami*, I cannot do so."

"Goddess, with you nothing is impossible."

"I am in honour bound to keep silence."

"And I am bound in honour to make you speak."

"But why do you insist upon it thus?"

"Why?—*Corbleu!* that Maurice may not have his throat cut."

"*Mon Dieu!* Maurice guillotined?" cried the young woman, much alarmed.

"Unless you speak; indeed, unless you dare to reply while my head still remains upon my shoulders."

"Ah! No, no," said Arthemise. "it would be utter ruin."

At this moment Louis's official rushed into the apartment. "Ah! citizen," cried he, "save yourself! save yourself!"

"And why?" demanded Louis.

"Because the gendarmes have arrived; and whilst they were forcing an entrance, I gained the next house by the roof, and hastened to prevent your return."

Arthemise uttered a heartrending cry, for she truly loved Louis.

"Arthemise," said Louis, "do you really place the life of a flower-girl in comparison with that of Maurice, and of your lover? If it is so, I declare to you that I no longer regard you as the Goddess Reason, but shall proclaim you the Goddess Folly."

"Poor Héloïse," exclaimed the ex-dangeseuse of the Opera; "if I betray you, it is not my fault."

"Well, well, chère amie," said Louis, presenting a paper to Artemise, "you have already favoured me with her Christian name, oblige me now with her surname and address."

"Oh! write it, never, never," cried Artemise; "I would rather tell you."

"Tell me, then, and rest assured I will not forget."

And Artemise, in an agitated voice, gave the name and address of the false flower-girl to Louis. "She is called Héloïse Tison, and lives, Rue des Nonandieres, No. 24."

At this name, Louis uttered an exclamation, and fled. He had not reached the corner of the street when a letter was delivered to Artemise. It only contained three lines.

"Not a word concerning me, dear friend; the revelation of my name would infallibly ruin me. Wait till to-morrow. I quit Paris this night. Thine, HÉLOÏSE."

"Oh! mon Dieu!" cried the future goddess, "if I could only have divined this, I would have waited till to-morrow," and she glanced from the window to recall Louis, if there was yet time, but he had disappeared.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WE have already said that in a few hours the news of this event had circulated through Paris. In short, there

were at this epoch various indiscretions easy to comprehend on the part of a government, of which the political schemes were concocted and unravelled in the street. This rumour gradually gained ground, till it at length reached the old Rue Saint Jacques, and two hours after the arrest of Maurice, they heard of his detention. Thanks to the activity of Simon, the details of the plot were quickly reported beyond the Temple; but, as of course every one added to the original, the news arrived in an unintelligible form at the master tanner's. One said a poisoned flower had been conveyed to the Queen, by means of which the Austrian would stupify her guards, and thus be enabled to escape from the Temple; others said the report originated from certain suspicions entertained of the fidelity of the battalion dismissed by Santerre on the preceding evening. Already more victims were designated for the hatred of the people.

But the inhabitants of the old Rue Saint Jacques were not, of course, deceived as to the real nature of this event, and Morand on one side, Dixmer on the other, went out immediately, leaving Genevieve a victim to the most violent despair. If this misfortune had befallen Maurice, it was she who had been the sole cause of it. It was her hand that conducted this young man blindfold to the entrance of the dungeon which now enclosed him, and which, in all human probability, he would quit only for the scaffold. But, under any circumstances, Maurice should not lose his head on account of his devotion to her wishes. If Maurice were condemned, she would accuse herself before the tribunal, and would then confess all. She would take all the responsibility upon herself, to feel assured that, at the expense of her life, she might save Maurice. And Genevieve, instead of feeling any fear of death, experienced, on the contrary, almost a degree of happiness at the idea of dying for Maurice.

On quitting the house, Dixmer and Morand separated, the former took the road to La Rue de la Corderie, the latter hastened to La Rue des Nonandieres. Arriving at the end of the bridge Marie, Morand perceived a crowd of idlers and common people, at that time stationed at Paris, had congregated at the scene of the late event, as crows assemble on the field of battle. At this sight, Morand stopped short,

a universal tremor shook his frame, and he leant for support against the parapet. At length, after a few seconds, he regained the almost miraculous power which under trying circumstances he exercised over his feelings, and mingling with the various groups, commenced his inquiries, and learnt that a short time before they had taken from La Rue des Nonandieres, 24, a young woman, most certainly guilty of the crime of which she stood then accused, as they surprised her while occupied in forming these packets. Morand inquired before what club the poor girl would be interrogated, and found they had conducted her to the section Mère, where he immediately followed her.

The club was thronged, but by making free use of his elbows and fists, he succeeded in forcing an entrance. The first sight he encountered was the tall and noble figure of Maurice, standing haughtily before the bench of the accused, and annihilating Simon by his looks.

"Yes, citizens," cried Simon, "the Citoyenne Tison accuses the Citizen Lindey and the Citizen Louis. The Citizen Lindey mentions a flower-girl, upon whom he endeavours to cast all the blame; but, as I told you before, the flower-girl will not return, or be found again, and that it is a vile plot formed by a body of aristocrats, who toss back the ball from one to the other, like cowards, as they are. You have seen, besides, that the Citizen Louis had decamped when his presence was required; and he will return no more than the flower-girl."

"Then you have lied, Simon," cried a furious voice: "and he will return, for he is here."

And Louis strode into the hall.

"Room for me," said he, pushing aside the spectators. Room for me." And he placed himself near Maurice.

The entrance of Louis, so natural, and without affectation, yet combining all the freedom and strength inherent in the character of the young man, produced an immense effect upon the Tribunes, who instantly greeted him with cries of applause. Maurice contented himself by smiling and holding out his hand to his friend—the friend concerning whom he had said to himself, "I shall not long stand alone at the bench of the accused."

The spectators gazed with visible interest on these two handsome young men, accused (like a demon envious of

their youth and beauty) by the foul shoemaker of the Temple. He soon perceived the unfavourable impression he had made, and determined to strike the last blow.

"Citizens!" roared he; "I demand that the generous Citoyenne Tison should be heard, that she may speak, and bring forward her accusation."

"Citizens," said Louis, "I demand that the flower-girl, who is about to be arrested, and who no doubt will be brought before you, may be first heard."

"No, no," said Simon; "it is just some false evidence—some partisan of the aristocrats. Besides, the woman Tison is most impatient to forward the means of justice."

During this time Louis took the opportunity to whisper to Maurice.

"Yes," cried the Tribunes; "the deposition of the woman Tison; let her depose."

"Is the woman Tison in the hall?" demanded the president.

"Without doubt she is here," cried Simon. "Citoyenne Tison answer for yourself."

"I am here, president; but if I depose, will they give me back my daughter?" said the jailoress.

"Your daughter has nothing at all to do with the affair with which we are at present engaged," said the president. "Make your deposition first, and then appeal to the Commune to redeem your child."

"Do you hear?" said Simon; "the citizen president commands you to make your deposition. Do it quickly."

"A moment," said the president, turning towards Maurice, astonished at the calmness of a man generally so impetuous. "One moment. Citizen municipal, have you nothing to say first?"

"No, citizen president—except that before Simon attached the words 'traitor and coward' to a man like myself, it would have been better to have waited till he was more correctly informed on that subject, that is all."

"You say that? you say that?" replied Simon, with the blustering accent peculiar to the plebeian Parisian.

"I say, Simon," replied Maurice, with more of sorrow than anger, "that you will experience your punishment when you see who it is will presently be brought here."

"Who will arrive here, then?" demanded Simon.

"Citizen president," said Maurice, without deigning to notice the question of his hideous accuser, "I unite with my friend Louis, in demanding that the young girl about to be arrested may be heard before this poor woman is compelled to speak, who, no doubt, has been prompted to this deposition."

"Listen, citoyenne," said Simon; "listen. They say down there that you are a false witness?"

"I a false witness!" cried the woman Tison. "You shall see—you shall see. Wait."

"Citizen," said Maurice, "in pity desire this woman to remain silent."

"Ah! you are afraid," said Simon; "you are afraid."

"Citizen president, I require the deposition of the woman Tison."

"Yes! yes! the deposition!" cried the Tribunes.

"Silence," cried the president; "the Commune returns."

At this moment the sound of a voiture was heard rolling outside, amidst the noise of shouts and arms.

Simon turned uneasily towards the door.

"Quit the box," said the president to him; "you have nothing more to tell." Simon descended.

At this moment some gendarmes entered, with the tide of curious idlers, which soon ebbed, and a woman was pushed towards the judgment hall.

"Is it her?" whispered Louis to Maurice.

"Yes, it is," replied Maurice. "Miserable woman, she is utterly ruined and lost."

"The flower-girl! the flower-girl!" murmured the Tribunes, whose curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. "Is this the flower-girl?"

"I demand, before everything else," roared Simon, "the deposition of the woman Tison. You commanded her to depose, president, and she has not yet done so."

The woman was recalled, and entered upon a dreadful and circumstantial deposition. The flower-girl, it was true, was alone criminal, but Maurice and Louis were her accomplices. This denunciation produced an incredible effect upon the public mind, and now, indeed, Simon was in the ascendant.



"Gendarmes," said the president, "bring forward the flower girl."

"Oh! this is frightful," said Maurice, concealing his face in his hands.

The flower girl was called and placed before the tribune, exactly opposite to Tison's wife, whose testimony had convicted her of a capital crime the moment before. She raised her veil.

"Heloise!" cried the woman Tison; "my child. You here?"

"Yes, ma mère," replied the young woman in a low tone.

"And why do you enter between two gendarmes?"

"Because I am accused, ma mère."

"You! accused, and by whom?" cried the startled woman.

"By you, ma mère."

A frightful silence, like the precursor of death, fell suddenly upon this noisy assemblage, while the miserable feeling excited by this affecting scene weighed down every heart. "Her daughter," was whispered, as if by voices in the distance, "her daughter!" Unhappy woman! Maurice and Louis regarded both the accuser and the accused with sentiments of deep commiseration, mingled with respectful pity for their unhappy fate. Simon, anxious to witness the conclusion of this tragedy, in which he hoped both Maurice and Louis would remain actors, endeavoured to concentrate the attention of the woman, who gazed wildly around.

"What is your name, citoyenne?" said the president to the young girl, himself affected at the scene.

"Heloise Tison, citizen."

"What is your age?"—"Nineteen years."

"Where do you reside?"—"Rue des Nonandieres, 24."

"Did you sell the Citizen Lindey, whom you now see on the bench, a bouquet of carnations this morning?"

The young girl turned round and looked at Maurice.

"Yes, citizen, I did," said she.

The mother herself gazed at her daughter, her eyes dilated with terror.

"Are you aware that every carnation contained a billet addressed to the widow of Capet?"

"I know it," replied the accused.

A movement of horror and admiration spread itself through the hall.

"Why did you offer these carnations to the Citizen Maurice?"

"Because I perceived that he wore the scarf of a municipal, and I imagined he was going to the Temple."

"Who are your accomplices?"—"I have none."

"What! have you then concocted this plot alone?"

"If it is a plot, I alone am concerned in it."

"But the Citizen Maurice——"

"Did he know that the flowers contained these billets?"—"Yes."

"The Citizen Maurice is a municipal, the Citizen Maurice could converse with the Queen at any hour of the day or the night. The Citizen Maurice, if he wished to say anything to the Queen, had no occasion to write, he could speak."

"And you do not know the Citizen Maurice Lindey?"

"I have sometimes seen him come to the Temple, whilst I was there, with my poor mother, but I only know him by sight."

"Do you see, miserable wretch," said Louis, shaking his finger at Simon, who, dismayed at the turn of affairs, with his head lowered, was attempting to sneak away unperceived, "do you see what you have done?"

Every one regarded Simon with looks of deep indignation.

The president continued. "Since you made up these bouquets, you, of course, are aware that each one contained a paper, and therefore must know also what was written upon that paper?"

"Of course I know it."

"Well, then, tell us what it was?"

"Citizen," said the young girl, with firmness, "I have told all I either can or will tell."

"Then you refuse to answer this question?"—"Yes."

"Do you know to what you expose yourself?"—"Yes."

"You trust perhaps to your youth and beauty?"

"I trust in God."

"Citizen Maurice Lindey, Citizen Hyacinth Louis," said the president, "you are free. The Commune recognises your innocence, and admires your loyal spirit. Gendarmes, conduct the Citoyenne Heloise to the prison of the section."

At these words the woman Tison seemed to awake, and,

uttering a piercing cry, attempted to rush forward once more to embrace her daughter, but was withheld by the guards.

"I forgive you, mother," said the young girl, as they led her away.

The woman Tison rushed forward, uttered a savage roar, and fell down as if dead.

"Noble girl!" murmured Morand, filled with emotions too miserable to describe.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE BILLET.

IMMEDIATELY following the events we are about to relate, the last scene of the drama unrolled itself, as a sad finale to this sudden change in the wheel of fortune. The woman Tison, struck as by a thunderbolt at what had occurred, and totally abandoned by those who had escorted her, (for there is something even revolting in an involuntary crime, and it certainly amounts to a great crime, when a mother condemns her own daughter to an ignominious death, were it even from excess of zealous patriotism), the woman after remaining for some time in a state of insensibility, at length raised her head, looked wildly around, and finding herself deserted and alone, uttered a loud cry, and rushed towards the door.

At this door a few idlers more curious than the rest still remained congregated together, who dispersed when they beheld her, and pointing with their fingers, said one to another, "Do you see that woman? It is she who denounced her daughter."

The wretched woman uttered a cry of despair, and rushed towards the Temple. But on reaching the third of la Rue Michel le Comte, a man placed himself in front of her, impeding her progress, and concealing his face and figure in his mantle.

"Are you content," said he, "now you have killed your child?"

"Killed my child!" cried the poor woman, "killed my child! no, no, it is not possible."

"It is so, notwithstanding, for your daughter has been arrested."

"And where have they taken her?"

"To the Conciergerie; from there she will be sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and you know what becomes of those who are sent there."

"Stand aside," said the woman Tison, "and let me pass."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Conciergerie."

"What are you going there for?"

"To see her again."

"They will not allow you to enter."

"They will permit me to lie at the door, to live there, to sleep there. I will remain there till she goes out, and then at least I shall see her once more."

"Suppose some one promised to restore you your child?"

"What is that you say?"

"I ask you, supposing a man were to promise to give you back your child, would you do what this man required of you in return?"

"Everything for my child; all for my Heloise!" cried the woman, wringing her hands. "All! all! all!"

"Listen," said the Unknown. "It is God who now punishes you."

"And for what?"

"For the tortures you have inflicted so mercilessly on a poor mother as unhappy as yourself."

"Of whom do you speak? What do you mean?"

"You have often driven the unhappy prisoner to the very verge of despair, where you are yourself at this moment, by your revelations and brutalities. God now punishes you for all this by conducting this daughter, whom you love so much, to the scaffold."

"You said there was some man who could save her, where is this man? what does he want? what will he demand?"

"This man requires that you cease to persecute the Queen, that you demand pardon for the outrages already committed against her, and if at any time you perceive that this woman, who is also a weeping, despairing mother, by any unforeseen circumstance, or by some miracle from Heaven, is upon the point of saving herself, instead of opposing her flight, you do all in your power to aid and abet it."

"Listen, citizen," said the woman Tison. "You are the man—is it not so?"

"Well."

"It is you who promise to save my child?"

The Unknown remained silent.

"Will you engage to do it? Will you promise; will you swear it? Answer me."

"All that a man can do to save a woman I will do to save your daughter."

"He cannot save her," cried the woman, uttering piercing cries, "he cannot save her. When he promised me he lied."

"Do what you can for the Queen, and I will do all in my power for your daughter."

"What care I for the Queen? She is not my daughter. If they must decapitate some one it shall not be my daughter, it shall be her. They may cut my throat so that they spare my child's. They may lead me to the guillotine, so that they do not harm a hair of her head, and I will go there singing—

"Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira."

And she commenced singing in a frightful voice, then suddenly stopped short, and burst into a fit of frenzied laughter. The man in the mantle himself appeared alarmed at this burst of folly, and retreated a step or two from her.

"Ah! you shall not escape me thus," said the woman Tison in despair, and retaining her hold of his mantle; "you shall not at one moment say 'do this, and I will rescue your child,' and afterwards say 'perhaps.' Will you save her?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"The day she is conducted from the Conciergerie to the scaffold."

"But why wait—why not to-night? this evening—this moment, even?"

"Because I cannot do so."

"Ah! you know you cannot, you well know you cannot," cried the woman Tison; "but as for me, I can."

"What can you do?"

"I can persecute the prisoner, I can watch the Queen, as you term her, aristocrat as you are, and I can enter the

prison any hour of the day or night. All this will I do. We will see how much she shall escape; we will see. Yes, we shall see, since they will not save my daughter, who ought to do so if they could. Head for head. Do you like that? Marie-Antoinette has been Queen. Heloise Tison is only a poor girl. I know all this very well; but on the guillotine they are equals—all distinction ceases there."

"Well, it may be so," said the man in the mantle. "But you perform your part, and I will fulfil mine."

"Swear."—"I swear it."

"By what do you swear?"—"Anything you choose."

"Have you a child?"—"No."

"Well then," said the woman, in a disappointed tone, "by what can you swear?"

"Listen. I swear by God."

"Bah!" exclaimed the woman Tison, "you know very well they have demolished the ancient and have not yet decided on the new."

"I swear by the tomb of my father."

"Swear not by a tomb, for that is prophetic of evil. Oh, my God! my God! When I think that perhaps in three days I may swear by the tomb of my child also. My daughter! My poor Heloise!" cried the woman Tison, frantically; till at the sound of her voice, raised to a shrill scream, several windows were opened. At sight of the opened windows, another man, who seemed to detach himself from the wall, advanced towards the first.

"There is nothing can be done with this woman," said he; "she is mad."

"No; she is a mother," replied the former, and dragged his companion away. When she saw them leaving her, the woman Tison again returned to the subject.

"Where are you going?" cried she. "Are you going to rescue Heloise? Wait for me then—I will go with you. Wait for me; do wait for me." And the poor wretch followed them, screaming, till at the corner of the nearest street she lost sight of them altogether; and not knowing which way to turn, she remained for an instant undecided, looking on every side, when seeing only in the silence and darkness of the night a double symbol of death, she uttered a cry of horror and fell on the pavement with-

out sense or motion. The clock struck ten. During this time, and whilst the same hour was resounding from the Temple clock, the Queen as usual sat in her chamber, between her daughter and her sister. Near her was a lighted lamp, concealed from the sight of the municipal, by Madame Royale, who pretended to embrace her mother, who was reading over again a small billet written on the smallest piece of paper imaginable, and in characters so minute, that her eyes, already nearly blinded by her scalding tears, scarcely retained strength to decipher it. The billet contained the following lines :—

“To-morrow, Tuesday, demand permission to walk in the garden; this will be accorded without any difficulty, as an order has been issued to grant you this favour whenever you think proper to solicit it. After two or three turns, feign to feel fatigued, approach the cabin, and ask the widow Plumeau to allow you to sit down. Then, in a moment, pretend to feel worse, and faint away. They will then close all the doors, that they may be able to render you assistance, and you will remain with Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale. Immediately the trap door of the cellar will open. Precipitate yourself, your sister and daughter through this aperture, and you are all three saved.”

“Mon Dieu !” said Madame Royale, “our evil destiny tires in the pursuit.”

“If this billet should prove only a trap,” said Madame Elizabeth.

“No, no,” said the Queen, “these characters have always indicated to me the presence of a mysterious but equally brave and faithful friend.”

“Is it the Chevalier ?” demanded Madame Royale.

“He himself,” replied the Queen.

Madame Elizabeth clasped her hands.

“Let us each read the billet again very softly, replied the Queen, so that if one of us forget any particulars, the others can supply them.”

They all three re-read the letter, and had just finished so doing, when they heard the door of their chamber turn slowly on its hinges. The two princesses turned round; the Queen alone remained stationary, except by an imperceptible movement, she raised her hand to her hair and hid

the billet in her head-dress. It was a municipal who opened the door.

"What is your business, monsieur?" demanded Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale, at the same moment.

"Hum!" said the municipal, "it appears to me that you retire very late to-night?"

"Is there, then," said the Queen, with her usual dignity, "a new decree from the Commune, stating the hour at which I am to go to bed?"

"No, citoyenne," said the municipal; "but if necessary they will make one."

"In the meantime, monsieur," said Marie Antoinette, "respect—I do not say the chamber of the Queen—but that of a woman."

"Truly," growled the municipal, "these aristocrats always speak as if they were something——"

But in the meantime, subdued by the haughty dignity of her prosperity, but which three years of suffering had calmed down, he withdrew. An instant afterwards the lamp was extinguished, and the three females retired in darkness, as usual.

The next morning at nine o'clock, the Queen having re-read the letter before she arose, in order that she might not misconstrue any of the instructions contained there, tore it into almost invisible fragments. She then hastily finished her toilet, awoke her sister, and entered the chamber of the princess. A minute afterwards she came out, and called the municipals on guard.

"What do you want, citoyenne?" said one of them, appearing at the door, while the other did not even discontinue his breakfast to answer the royal appeal.

"Monsieur," said Marie Antoinette, "I have just left my daughter's chamber, and found her very ill. Her limbs are swollen for want of exercise; and you know, monsieur, it is I who have doomed her to this life of inaction. I received permission to walk in the garden, but in descending I must necessarily pass before the door of the room occupied by my husband in his lifetime. When I made the attempt my heart failed me, and I had not courage to do so, and have since limited my walks to the platform. Now, however, I find this exercise insufficient for my poor child. I therefore entreat you, Citizen municipal,



in my name, to claim of General Santerre the renewal of this privilege."

The Queen had pronounced these words in a manner at once so mild, yet dignified; had so strenuously avoided all allusions to anything that could wound the feelings of the Republican; that he who had entered her presence with his head covered, as for the most part was the custom of these men, gradually raised the bonnet rouge, and when she had finished, said, bowing respectfully to her—

"Rest assured, madam, your petition shall be laid before the Citizen General." Then on retiring, as if to convince himself he had yielded to justice rather than weakness. "It is just," said he, "after all; it is only right."

"What is just?" demanded the other municipal.

"That this woman should be permitted to walk in the garden with her child, who is an invalid."

"Bah!" said the other; "when she asks to be allowed to walk from the Temple to la Place de la Revolution, that will be permitted her fast enough."

The Queen heard these words, and turned very pale, but still drew from them fresh courage for the great attempt she meditated. The municipal finished his breakfast, and descended. The Queen requested she might take hers in her daughter's room, which was granted. Madame Royale, to confirm the statement concerning her ill health, did not quit her bed; the Queen and Madame Elizabeth remained near her.

At one o'clock, as usual, Santerre arrived. His coming was announced by the drums beating the march, and by the entrance of a fresh battalion, and other municipals, who came in their turn to relieve those on guard. When Santerre had fully reviewed the battalion leaving, and the one about to take its place, and had paraded his large heavy-limbed horse round the court of the Temple, he stood still for a moment. This was for the purpose of receiving any claims, denunciations, or requests. The municipal, availing himself of this halt, approached him.

"Well, what do you want?" said Santerre, brusquely.

"Citizen," said the municipal, "I come to entreat on the part of the Queen—"

"Who is the Queen?" interrupted Santerre.

"True!" said the municipal, astonished at his own mis-

take. "What have I said—I must be mad? I came to speak on the part of Madame Veto."

"All in good time," said Santerre. "Now I understand you, what have you to say to me?"

"The young Veto is ill, it appears, from want of proper air and exercise."

"Well, is it necessary again to bring this before the public? The nation granted her permission to walk in the garden, and she refused it. Bon soir."

"That is exactly it. She regrets this now, and requests you will permit her to do so."

"There is no difficulty about that. You all hear," said Santerre, "that Capet's wife will come down to walk in the garden. Now," addressing the whole battalion, "take care she does not abuse this favour granted her by the nation, by making her escape over the wall; for if that happens I will cut off every one of your heads." A roar of laughter followed this pleasantry of the Citizen General. "Now that is settled," said Santerre, "adieu. I am going to the Convention. It appears they are about to reunite Roland and Barbaroux, and the question is to deliver their passport to another world." It was this intelligence that had put the Citizen General in such good humour. He then galloped away. The battalion just quitted guard followed him, then the municipals also gave place to those who had received Santerre's instructions respecting the Queen. One of the municipals who went up to Marie Antoinette perceived, while thanking him, that her daughter turned from red to pale, while the sister seemed engaged in thanks to God.

"Ah!" thought she, looking through the window towards Heaven, "your soul reposes there, seigneur; but will your terrible doom be allowed to fall heavily on us?"

"Thanks, monsieur," said she, with that fascinating smile which had proved the ruin of Bernane, and turned the heads of so many of his fellow-men; "thanks!"

Then turning round to her little dog, who leapt after her, walking on his hind-legs, for he well understood from the looks of his mistress that something unusual was about to take place.

"Come, Jet," said she, "we are going for a walk."

The little animal began to frisk and jump, and, after

looking at the municipal attentively, comprehending, no doubt, that from this man originated the intelligence which had made his mistress so happy, ran towards him, and, wagging his long and silky tail, ventured even to caress him. This man, who perhaps might be insensible to the prayers of a Queen, could not resist the caresses of a little dog.

"If only on account of this little beast, you should go out more frequently, Citoyenne Capet. Humanity commands us to take care of every creature."

"At what hour shall we go out, monsieur?" demanded the Queen. "Do you not think the sun would do us good?"

"You can go out when you please," said the municipal; "there has been no restriction on the subject. If you like to go out at mid-day, as that is the time they change the sentinels, there will be less bustle in the court."

"Then let it be at mid-day," said the Queen, pressing her hand to her side, to still the beating of her heart. And she regarded this man, who appeared to her less stern than his associates, and who, perhaps, for kindly yielding to the wishes of a prisoner, might fall a sacrifice to the conspiracy which they meditated. But at the moment when compassion was stealing over the heart of the woman, the mind of the Queen was aroused. She thought of the corpses of her faithful friends strewed upon the floors of the palace on the tenth of August; she recalled to memory the second of September, and the head of the Princess Lamballe, carried on a pike before her windows; she remembered the twenty-first of January, when her husband died upon the scaffold, the noise of drums extinguishing his feeble voice; then again she thought of her son, whose cries of distress had more than once reached her ears; and her heart became hardened.

"Alas!" cried she, "misfortune is like the blood of the ancient Hydras—it is teemful of crops of future evils!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE LITTLE DOG JET.

THE municipal left to call his colleagues, and to read the *procès verbal* left by the former municipals. The Queen remained alone with her sister and child. They all three regarded each other. Then Madame Royale threw her

arms round the Queen, and warmly embraced her. Madame Elizabeth approached her sister, and held out her hand.

"Let us offer up our prayers to God," said the Queen, "but in a manner that no one hears us."

It was one of those fatal epochs when prayer, that natural hymn of praise which God has implanted in every human heart, became suspicious in the eyes of these men, since prayer is an act of praise and acknowledgment for mercies received. But in the ideas of these guardians hope and gratitude afforded subject for inquietude, since the Queen could hope only for flight, and could thank God only for affording her the means of effecting it. This mental prayer concluded, all three remained without uttering a word.

Twelve o'clock struck, then three-quarters, then one. But the moment when the last stroke resounded from the bronze timbrel the noise of arms was heard on the spiral staircase ascending to the Queen.

"They are relieving sentinels," said she; "they come to seek us."

She saw her sister and daughter turn very pale.

"Courage!" said she, trembling herself with emotion.

"It is ten o'clock," said a voice from below. "Let the prisoners descend."

"We are here, gentlemen," replied the Queen, who, with a sentiment almost of regret, embraced at a glance the black walls and the rude appurtenances which had been more or less the companions of her captivity.

The first wicket opened, they gained the corridor, which, being dark, enabled the three captives to conceal their emotions. Before them frolicked little Jet; but when they arrived at the second—that is to say, the door from which Marie Antoinette endeavoured to turn her eyes—the faithful little animal first placed his nose to the ground, then laid his head upon his paws, and gave utterance to a succession of plaintive cries, which terminated in a prolonged howl. The queen passed on quickly, not having strength sufficient to recall her dog, and supported herself against the wall; then essaying to advance again a few steps, her limbs refused their office and she felt herself compelled to stop. Her sister and daughter approached her, and for a few moments the three females remained

motionless, forming a melancholy group, the mother resting her face upon the head of her daughter, when little Jet rejoined them.

"Well!" cried the voice, "do you or do you not mean to come down?"

"We are coming," said the municipal, who had remained standing, respecting this grief in all its simplicity.

"Let us go now," said the Queen, as she prepared to descend.

When the prisoners had reached the bottom of the staircase, opposite the door, under which the sun shed his rays of bright gold, the rolling of the drum was heard summoning the guard; then a profound silence, the effect of curiosity, ensued, and the massive door opened, revolving slowly upon its creaking hinges. A woman was seated on the ground, or rather on the corner of the stone contiguous to this door. It was the woman Tison, whom the Queen had not seen for four-and-twenty hours, and whose absence at supper the preceding evening, and at their morning's meal, had excited her surprise. The Queen already saw the light, the trees, the garden, and beyond the barrier which enclosed the garden her eyes eagerly sought the little hut of the canteen, where her friends so impatiently awaited her coming; when, at the sound of footsteps, the woman removed her hands, and the Queen beheld a pale and care-worn face beneath a mass of gray dishevelled locks. The change wrought in these few hours was so great that the Queen stood overwhelmed with astonishment. Then, with the deliberation peculiar to those deficient in reason, she knelt down before the door, impeding the passage of Marie Antoinette.

"What do you want, my good woman?" demanded the Queen.

"He said it was necessary that you should pardon me."

"Who said so?" demanded the Queen.

"The man in the mantle," replied the woman Tison.

The Queen looked at Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, surprised at this appeal.

"Go along, go," said the municipal; "let the widow Capet pass; she has permission to walk in the garden."

"I know it," said the old woman; "that is why I came to wait for her here, since they will not allow me to go

up; and I ought to ask her forgiveness. I was obliged to wait for her coming out, to see her."

"But why, then, are you not permitted to go up?" demanded the Queen.

The woman began to laugh.

"Because they pretend that I am mad," said she.

The Queen looked at her, and saw indeed that the wild eyes of the unhappy being reflected a strange light—that vague expression denoting all absence of intellect.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" said she. "Poor woman! what has happened?"

"Happened! Do you not know?" said the woman; "but if— You know very well, since it was on your account she was condemned."

"Who?"—"Heloise."

"Your daughter?"—"Yes, she—my poor child!"

"Condemned! by whom? How? Why?"

"Because she sold a bouquet."

"What bouquet?"

"A bouquet of carnations. She is not a flower-girl," continued the old woman, as if endeavouring to collect her thoughts, "then how could she sell this bouquet?"

The Queen shuddered; she felt an invisible link connected this scene with her present situation, and convinced her the time must not be lost in useless conversation.

"My good woman," said she, "allow me to pass, I entreat you; you can tell me all this by-and-by."

"No, now; you must pardon me, and I must assist you to escape, that he may save my daughter."

The Queen turned pale as death. "Mon Dieu!" murmured she, raising her eyes to heaven, then turning towards the municipal, "Monsieur," said she, "have the kindness to remove this woman; you see that she is mad."

"Go, go, mother," said the municipal; "decamp."

But the woman clung to the wall, still reiterating, "She must pardon me, that he may save my daughter."

"But who is he?"—"The man in the mantle."

"Sister," said Madame Elizabeth, "try to console her."

"Oh, willingly," said the Queen; "I believe, indeed, that will be the shortest way;" then turning towards the mad woman, "What do you desire, good woman?" said she.

"I wish you to pardon me all the suffering I have caused

you by my unjust behaviour—all the denunciations I have made; and trust that when you see the man in the mantle, you will command him to save my daughter; for he will do all that you desire."

"I do not know whom you mean by the man in the mantle," said the Queen; "but that is not the question. If it is necessary to your peace of mind to obtain my pardon for all the offences you imagine you have committed against me, I freely forgive you, my poor woman, from the depths of my heart, and trust only that any one I may have offended will as sincerely pardon me."

"Oh!" cried the woman Tison, with an indescribable accent of joy, "he will save my child, since you have forgiven me. Your hand, madame! your hand——"

The Queen astonished, and at a loss to comprehend the meaning, presented her hand to the woman, who seized it, and ardently pressed her lips upon it. At this moment the hoarse voice of a hawker was heard in the Temple resounding from the street.

"This," cried he, "is the judgment and decree condemning Heloise Tison to the penalty of death for the crime of conspiracy."

Scarcely had these words reached the ears of the woman Tison, than rising from her knees, with an air of dogged resolution, she extended her arms to impede the passage of the Queen.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" cried the Queen, who had not lost one word of this sentence, so dreadful to her ears.

"Condemned to death!" cried the mother; "my child condemned!—my Heloise lost! He has not then saved her—and now he cannot save her! Too late—too late!"

"Poor woman," said the Queen, "believe me, I feel for you."

"You!" said she, looking at her fiercely with her blood-shot eyes. "You pity me? Never—never!"

"You are mistaken. I pity you from my heart; but do pray allow me to pass."

The woman burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Let you pass? No, no. I would have assisted you to escape, because he promised, if I did so, he would rescue my daughter; but since she is condemned to death you shall not alone be saved."

"Messieurs!" cried the Queen, "come to my aid. Do you not see that this woman is quite mad?"

"No, I am not mad; I know well what I am saying!" cried the woman. "It is the truth—there was a conspiracy, and Simon discovered all. It was my poor daughter who sold the bouquet. She confessed it before the revolutionary tribunal . . . . A bouquet of carnations . . . . they had some papers concealed in them."

"Madame," said the Queen, "in the name of Heaven!"

The voice of the crier was again heard, repeating—

"This is the judgment and decree condemning the girl Heloise Tison to the punishment of death for the crime of conspiracy."

"Do you hear it?" screamed the lunatic to the groups of national guards scattered around; "do you hear? Condemned to death: it is you who have killed my daughter—you, Austrian, you!"

"Messieurs," said the Queen, "if you will not release me from this mad woman, allow me at least to return to my apartments. I cannot support the reproaches of this woman, unjust as they are; it crushes my heart," and she turned away, sighing deeply.

"Yes, yes—weep, hypocrite!" cried the maddened wretch; "your bouquet will cost you dear . . . . She must have suspected you. Thus it is you doom all those to death who serve you. You carry misery, Austrian, everywhere! Your friends are dead—your husband and your defenders have all perished—and now they will sacrifice my unhappy child! When will your turn come, that no more may die for you?" And the miserable creature accompanied these last words with threatening gestures. The Queen hid her face between her hands.

"Unhappy woman," observed Madame Elizabeth, venturing to speak, "are you aware that she whom you address is the Queen?"

"The Queen!" repeated the maniac, whose madness every moment increased, "if she is the Queen, let her defend my poor girl against the hangman, who seeks her life . . . Who will show mercy to my poor Heloise? . . . Kings can show mercy . . . . Render me back my child, and I will acknowledge her as queen. Till then, she is only a woman, and a woman who brings misery upon all, and kills all——"



"Oh! have pity, madame!" cried Marie Antoinette; "you see my tears and distress," and she again made an attempt to pass, not from any hope of escape, but to free herself from this cruel attack.

"You shall not pass!" roared the old woman. "You want to escape, Madame Veto . . . I know it all, the man in the mantle told me you want to go and rejoin the Prussians. But you shall not escape," continued she, clasping the robe of the Queen. "I will prevent you. A la lanterne, Madame Veto! To arms, citizens! let us march——"

And with her arms wrestling, her grizzled locks dishevelled, and hanging over her haggard countenance—her blood-shot eyes—the unfortunate creature fell to the ground, in her fall tearing the robe she still held in her hand. The Queen, terrified, but disembarrassed at least of the maniac, was flying to the side of the garden, when all at once a terrible cry resounded, mingled with loud barking, and accompanied with a strange uproar, arousing the national guards from their stupor, who, attracted by the scene, immediately surrounded Marie Antoinette.

"To arms! to arms! Treason!" shouted a man, whom from his voice the Queen recognised as the shoemaker Simon. Near this man, who, sword in hand, guarded the threshold of the cabin, little Jet was barking furiously.

"To arms! every one to his post!" cried Simon; "we are betrayed. Compel the Austrian to turn back. To arms! to arms!" An officer ran forward, when Simon spoke to him, pointing with enraged gestures to the interior of the hut. The officer in his turn then cried "To arms!"

"Jet! Jet!" called the Queen, advancing some steps. But the dog only continued to bark more furiously. The national guard ran to arms, and rushed towards the hut, whilst the municipals took possession of the Queen, her daughter and sister, and compelled them to re-enter the wicket, which they closed behind them.

"Prepare your arms!" cried the municipals to the sentinels. And the sound of firearms was heard.

"It is there! it is there!" cried Simon, "under the trap. I saw it shut again, I am certain of it. Besides, the Austrian's dog, a good little animal, who was not in the

plot, barked at the conspirators, who are no doubt still in the cave. Hold! he barks again."

Indeed Jet, instigated by Simon's cries and shouts, began to bark again more strenuously than before. The officer seized the ring of the trap, but seeing he was unable to raise it, two of the grenadiers went to his assistance, but without the slightest success.

"You perceive they hold the trap-door from below. Fire through the trap-door, my friends, fire!" said Simon.

"Oh!" cried Madame Plumeau, "you will break my bottles."

"Fire!" repeated Simon, "fire!"

"Be silent, brawler," said the officer, "and bring some hatchets, and begin to open the planks. Now let a few men hold themselves in readiness, and fire into the trap-door the instant an opening is made." The groaning of planks and a sudden jerk informed the national guards that some movement was taking place in the interior. Directly afterwards they heard a motion under ground, like an iron portcullis being closed.

"Courage!" said the officer to the sappers, who worked indefatigably. The hatchets entered the planks. Twenty guns were lowered in the direction of the opening, which enlarged every moment. But through the aperture no one could be seen. The officer lighted a torch and threw it into the cave. It was empty. They then raised the trap-door, which now offered no resistance. "Follow me!" said the officer, bravely descending the ladder.

"En avant! en avant!" cried the national guards, following the example of their officer.

"Ah! Madame Plumeau," said Simon, "you lent your cellar to the aristocrats."

The wall was broken down, the humid soil was trampled by numerous feet, and a conduit of three feet wide and five feet high, like the branch of a trench, plunged in the direction of "la Rue de la Corderie." The officer ventured into this opening, resolved to follow these aristocrats into the bowels of the earth; but when he had advanced three or four steps, he found all further progress impeded by an iron grating.

"Stop!" said he to those who were closely pressing

behind him ; " we can proceed no longer, here is a physical impediment."

" Well," said the municipal, who having placed the prisoners in security, anxiously awaited the news ; " well, what have you discovered ?"

" Parbleu !" said the officer, reappearing, " it was doubtless a conspiracy ; the aristocrats wanted to carry off the Queen, and of course she connived with them."

" Peste !" cried the municipal, " send some one after the citizen Santerre, that he may inform the commune."

" Soldiers," said the officer, " remain in this cellar, and if any one presents himself, kill him."

And the officer, having issued his orders, remounted to make his report.

" Ah ! ah !" said Simon, rubbing his hands—" ah ! ah ! will they still say I am a fool ? Brave Jet ! Jet is a famous patriot, Jet has saved the republic. Come here, Jet, come." And the brute who had coaxed the poor little dog, the moment he approached him, raised his foot, and kicked him to a distance of several feet. " I like you, Jet," said he ; " ah ! you will cut your mistress's throat. Come here, Jet, come." But instead this time of obeying him, Jet ran away howling, on the road towards the keep.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE MUSCADIN.

It was near two o'clock. Louis was promenading up and down in Maurice's room, while Agesilas polished his master's boots in the antechamber, only for the greater convenience of conversation the door remained open, and during his walk Louis stopped, and often addressed a few questions to the official.

" And you say, citizen Agesilas, that your master left home this morning ?"—" Oh ! mon Dieu ! yes."

" At the usual hour ?"—" It might be ten minutes earlier, or ten minutes later, I cannot say exactly."

" And you have not seen him since ?"—" No, citizen."

Louis continued his walk, and after three or four turns again stopped, and renewed his questions.

" Had he his sword with him ?" demanded he.

" When he goes to the section, he invariably carries it."

" Are you sure he has gone to the section ?"

"At least he told me so."

"In that case I shall join him," said Louis, "and if we miss one another, tell him I have been, and left to rejoice him."

"Wait," said Agesilas.

"Why?"—"I hear his footstep on the staircase."

Almost at the same moment the door opened, and Maurice entered. Louis bestowed a hasty glance upon him, and perceived nothing extraordinary in his appearance.

"So you are come at last," said he. "I have been waiting here these two hours."

"So much the better," said Maurice, smiling, "that has afforded you plenty of time to compose distichs and quatrains."

"Alas! mon ami, I have made none."

"Why, is the world coming to an end?"

"My dear Maurice, I am very unhappy."

"You unhappy?"

"Yes, I am miserable. I am suffering from remorse."

"Remorse?"

"Eh! mon Dieu! Yes," said Louis. "Between you and her there was no alternative—between you and her I would not hesitate, but, you see, Arthemise is in despair, for she was her friend."

"Poor girl!"

"And it was she who gave me her address." . . . .

"You had much better have allowed things to take their natural course."

"Yes; and at this very moment you would have been condemned in her stead."

"Powerfully argued, dear friend. But I who come to ask your advice, think you are too wise for that."

"Never mind, ask away."

"This poor girl: do you understand? I wish to attempt some means of saving her. Even if I could only give or receive a blow in her defence, I feel as if it would do me good."

"You are mad, Louis," said Maurice, shrugging his shoulders.

"If I made an appeal to the revolutionary tribunal?"

"It is too late, she is condemned."

"Truly," said Louis, "it is dreadful to see this poor girl sacrificed thus."

"The more so, since it was my safety has entailed her death. But after all, Louis, we have one consolation. She was a conspirator."

"Mon Dieu," said Louis, "does not every one conspire now-a-days? She has done no more, poor girl, than every one else does."

"Neither complain too much, nor too loudly, my friend," said Maurice, "for we have to bear our share in this trouble. Believe me, we are not so fully cleared from the accusation of being her accomplices, that no stain remains behind. To-day, at the section, I was termed 'Girondin,' by the Captain of Chasseurs of Saint Leu; and I, at the same time, found it necessary to convince him, by a blow from my sword, that he was mistaken."

"Then, that was the reason you returned so late?"

"Just so."

"But why did you not inform me?"

"Because in affairs of this nature one cannot restrain oneself, and it is necessary to conclude them immediately, that they may make no noise."

"And this canaille called you 'Girondin,' Maurice?"

"Eh, mon Dieu! yes; and this will convince you that another adventure of this nature, and we become unpopular; and you well know, Louis, in these times, unpopular is a symbolical term for suspect."

"I well know it," said Louis; "and that word appals the bravest heart; but never mind. . . . It is repugnant to my feelings to allow this poor girl to die without soliciting her pardon, this poor Héloïse to be led to the guillotine without asking her forgiveness. . . ."

"What do you wish to do?"

"I wish you to remain here; you have nothing to reproach yourself with. With me, you see, the case is very different. Since I can do nothing for her, I will meet her on her way. I wish to go there, Maurice; do you comprehend me? She might even only give me her hand."

"I will accompany you, then," said Maurice.

"Impossible, my friend; you are a municipal secretary to a section, and you have been tried, whilst I have only been your defender; they will think you guilty, therefore

remain here. As for me, it is quite another thing. I risk nothing, and therefore may go."

"Go, then," said he; "but be prudent."

Louis smiled, shook Maurice's hand, and went out. Maurice opened his window, and looked a sad adieu; but before Louis had turned the corner of the street, he looked back more than once, and each time, as if drawn by magnetic influence and sympathy, Louis turned round, looked at him, and smiled. At last, when he disappeared at the corner of the quay, Maurice closed the window, threw himself into a fauteuil, and fell into one of those dreamy moods which in people of strong mind and vigorous constitution, often are the presentiments of misfortune, as they resemble the calm generally precursor of the storm. He was softly awakened from his reverie, or rather state of stupor, by his official, who, on returning from the execution of some commission, entered with the sprightly air of a servant anxious to communicate his budget of news. Seeing his master pre-occupied, he dared not interrupt him, and therefore consoled himself by constantly passing and re-passing before him, without any reasonable cause for so doing.

"What is it?" at length said Maurice; "speak, if you have anything to tell me."

"Ah! citizen, another desperate conspiracy."

Maurice merely shrugged his shoulders.

"A conspiracy enough to make the hair of one's head stand upright," continued Agesilas.

"Indeed!" replied Maurice, like a man accustomed to hear daily of thirty conspiracies at this epoch.

"Yes, citizen," replied Agesilas; "it drives me to frenzy, you see. Nothing else is thought of—it makes one's flesh creep."

"Let us hear this conspiracy," said Maurice.

"The Austrian has failed in her attempt to escape."

"Nonsense," said Maurice, beginning to listen with the greatest avidity.

"It seems," continued Agesilas, "that the widow Capet was in communication with the girl Tison, who is to be guillotined to-day. She has not escaped, unfortunate creature!"

"How had the Queen communication with this girl?"

demanded Maurice, who felt the perspiration exuding at every pore.

"Through a carnation. Can you imagine, citizen, how they could have conveyed the plan to her in a carnation?"

"In a carnation? Who did this?"

"Monsieur le Chevalier de—wait then. He bears a fine title—but as for me, I forget all these names. A Chevalier de Chateau—what a fool I am! it is not a Chateau—a Chevalier de Maison."

"De Maison Rouge?"—"That is it."

"Impossible!"

"How impossible? when I told you they have found the trap-door, the subterranean passage and coaches."

"On the contrary, you have told me nothing about all this."

"Well, I am going to tell you, then."

"Go on, then. If it is a story, it is at least a good one."

"No, citizen, it is not a story; and, in proof of that, I had it from a citizen porter. The aristocrats had dug a mine, and this mine commenced at la Rue de la Corderie, and terminated in the cellar of the little cabin belonging to Madame Plumeau, who has narrowly escaped being arrested as an accomplice. This widow Plumeau—you see it all now, I hope?"

"Yes," replied Maurice; "but afterwards?"

"Capet's wife was to escape by the subterranean passage. She already had her foot on the first step, when Simon caught her by her robe. They beat to arms in the city, and the recall in the sections. Do you not hear the drum? There! It is said that the Prussians are at Dumartin, and have reconnoitred as far as the frontiers."

In the midst of this flow of words, a mixture of truth and falsehood, probability and impossibility, Maurice seized the winding thread. All sprung from the carnation presented before his eyes to the Queen, and purchased by himself from the poor miserable flower-girl. This carnation contained the plan of the plot, the whole of which now burst upon him, connected as it was with the events, more or less true, detailed by Agréas. At this moment the noise of the drum was heard at 11, and Maurice listened to the crier in the street.

"Tremendous conspiracy discovered at the Temple by

the Citizen Simon. Grand conspiracy in favour of the widow Capet, discovered at the Temple."

"Yes, yes," said Maurice; "it is just as I thought. There is some truth in all this. And Louis, in the midst of this popular excitation, goes to offer himself to this girl, and make himself a suspect."

Maurice took up his hat, clasped his sword-belt, and with two bounds was in the street.

"Where can he be?" said Maurice to himself. "Probably on the road to the concierge." And he rushed towards the quay.

At the extreme end of the Quai de la Megisserie, some pikes and bayonets, standing in the midst of the crowd attracted his attention, and he fancied in the centre he could distinguish the costume of a National Guard, and in the group signs of hostile movements. He ran, his heart oppressed with the dread of impending misfortune, towards the assemblage on the banks of the river. The National Guard pressed by the company of Marseillais was Louis. He was very pale, his lips compressed, his eyes menacing: his hand upon the handle of his sword, measuring the place best calculated to strike the blows he fully intended to inflict on his cowardly assailants. Within two feet from Louis stood Simon. He was laughing ferociously, and pointing him out to the Marseillais and the populace, saying—

"Look at him! look well at him! He is one of those that I drove from the Temple yesterday for an aristocrat. He is one of those who favoured the correspondence with the carnations. This is an accomplice of the girl Tison, who will pass here presently. Well, do you see?—he walks quietly on the quay whilst his coadjutor goes to the guillotine; and, perhaps, she was even more to him than an assistant. She might be his mistress, and he is here to bid her farewell, or to try and save her!"

Louis was not the man to endure much more. He drew his sword from its scabbard. At the same time the crowd opened to admit a man, who rushed headlong into the group, whose broad shoulders had already knocked down two or three spectators who were preparing to become actors in this scene.

"Be happy, Simon," said Maurice. "You regretted



no doubt, that I was not with my friend to enable you to turn your new title of Denunciator to full account. Denounce! Simon, denounce! I am here."

"Ma foi! yes," said Simon, with his hideous laugh; "and your arrival is very apropos. This," continued he, "is the elegant Maurice Lindey, who was accused at the same time as the girl Tison, but was acquitted because he was rich."

"A la lanterne! A la lanterne!" cried the Marseillais.

"Yes, forsooth, you had better make the attempt," said Maurice, and advancing a step he pricked one of the foremost of the cut-throats in the forehead, so that the blood from his wound nearly blinded him.

"Have at the murderer!" cried the latter.

The Marseillais lowered their pikes, raised their hatchets, and loaded their guns, while the frightened crowd dispersed, leaving the two friends to contend alone against this storm of blows. They regarded each other with a last sad, yet sublime smile, while calmly awaiting their destruction from the whirlwind of iron and flame which threatened them, when, all at once, the door of the house against which they were leaning suddenly opened, and a swarm of young people, attired in the habits of those termed "Muscadins," or Fops, each wearing a sword and brace of pistols in his girdle, rushed upon the Marseillais, and were instantly engaged in a terrific contest.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Maurice and Louis simultaneously, animated by this unexpected relief, without reflecting that to fight in the ranks of the new comers was to confirm Simon's accusation, "Hurrah!" But if they were forgetful of their own safety, another thought for them. A short young man, about five-and-twenty years of age, with blue eyes, who fought without any intermission, with infinite science and valour, with a heavy sword, which any one would have thought his delicate and feminine hand incapable of wielding, perceiving that Maurice and Louis, instead of escaping by the door, which seemed to have been left open with that intention, remained fighting by his side, turned round, saying in a low voice: "Fly directly through this door; pay no attention to what we may do here, or you will uselessly compromise yourselves." Then, seeing the two friends hesitate, he sud-

denly cried out, addressing himself to Maurice: "Away," said he; "no patriots among us, Citizen Lindey; we are aristocrats here."

At these words, united to the audacity which would induce a man publicly to accuse himself of what at this period must lead to certain death, the crowd uttered a loud shout. But the fair young man, without evincing any symptoms of alarm, pushed Maurice and Louis into the alley, where he closed the door behind them. He then, with the three or four friends who had been assisting him, threw himself into the mêlée, which was now considerably augmented by the approach of the fatal cart. Maurice and Louis, thus miraculously saved, regarded each other in amazement; but comprehending they had no time to lose, sought for some outlet. This seemed to have been managed expressly for them. They entered a court, and at the end discovered a small door concealed, which opened into la Rue Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois. At this moment a detachment of gendarmes opened from Pont au Change, who had soon swept over the quay, although, from the traverse street where our two friends had concealed themselves, they heard for an instant the noise of an obstinate struggle. They preceded the cart which conducted the hapless Héloïse to the scaffold.

"Gallop!" cried a voice, "gallop."

The cart proceeded at a quick pace, and Louis saw the unfortunate girl standing, a smile upon her lips, and calm reliance in her eye, but was unable to exchange even a gesture with her, as she passed without seeing him, in the midst of a whirlwind of people, shouting, "To the guillotine with the aristocrat! to the guillotine!" The noise decreased in the distance till they reached the Tuileries. Then the little door through which Maurice and Louis had escaped again opened, and three or four Muscadins, with their clothes torn and stained with blood, passed through. It was probably all that remained of the little troop. The fair young man went through the last.

"Alas!" said he, "this cause is then accursed." And casting from him his sword, notched and bloody, he rushed towards la Rue des Lavandières.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE.

MAURICE hastened to return to the section to enter a complaint against Simon. It is true that before quitting Maurice, Louis had found a more expeditious way; this was to collect some Thermopyles to lie in wait for him, and kill him in a pitched battle. But Maurice was strenuously opposed to this plan.

"You are ruined," said he, "if you make use of these means. Crush Simon, but do it legally. That ought to be an easy thing enough to the lawyers."

Consequently, the next morning, Maurice laid a formal complaint before the section, but was both astonished and annoyed when the President turned a deaf ear, excusing himself by saying he could not interfere between two good citizens, each incited by the love of country.

"Good," said Maurice. "I know now how to act to merit the reputation of a good citizen. To assemble the people, and to assassinate a man who displeases you; this you call being 'incited by love of country.' Well, I return to Louis's opinion, which I was wrong to dispute. After to-day, as you hear, I shall adopt patriotism, and shall first experimentalize upon Simon."

"Citizen Maurice," said the President, "you are, after all, perhaps more to blame in this affair than Simon. He has discovered a conspiracy, which it was not his province to do so. You have seen nothing, although the discovery formed part of your duty; and more, you have held communication, accidentally or intentionally we know not which, with the enemies of the nation."

"I?" said Maurice. "Well, this is something new. And with whom, pray, Citizen President?"

"With the Citizen Maison Rouge."

"I?" said Maurice, stupified. "I had communication with the Chevalier de Maison Rouge? I do not ever know him—I never—"

"You have been seen speaking to him."—"I?"

"To shake his hand."—"I?"

"Yes."—"Where? when, Citizen President?" said Maurice, carried away by the firm conviction of his own innocence. "You have lied."

"Your zeal for your country carries you too far, Citizen Maurice," said the President, "and you will regret what you have said, when I tell you I can prove what I say to be true. I have advanced nothing but the truth. Here are three different reports accusing you."

"Now," said Maurice, "do you really think me simple enough to believe in your 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge?'"

"And why should you not believe it?"

"Because it is only the ghost of a conspirator, with whom you always have a conspiracy ready to amuse your enemies."

"Read the denunciations."

"I will read nothing," said Maurice. "I protest I have never seen the Chevalier—never spoken to him. Let any one who doubts my word of honour come and tell me so. I shall know how to answer him."

The President shrugged his shoulders. Maurice, who did not wish to be in arrears with any one, did the same. An air of gloomy silence pervaded the remainder of the sitting. After the meeting was concluded, the President, a staunch patriot, raised to the highest rank in the district by the votes of his fellow-citizens, approached Maurice, and said—

"Come, Maurice, I want to speak to you."

Maurice followed the President, who conducted him into a little cabinet contiguous to that where the sittings were held. On arriving there, he regarded Maurice for a moment in silence; then placing his hand on his shoulder—

"Maurice," said he, "I knew and esteemed your father; this makes me esteem and love you. Believe me, you incur great danger from want of faith—the first falling off of a truly revolutionary spirit. Maurice, my friend, they who lose their faith also lose their fidelity. You do not believe in the enemies of the nation, therefore you pass near without seeing them, and become the instrument in their plots without being aware of it."

"What, the devil!" said Maurice. "I know, Citizen, I am a man of feeling, and possess some share of patriotic zeal, but my zeal does not render me a fanatic. There are twenty pretended conspiracies, to which the public assign the same name. I demand to face my accuser."

"You will not believe in the conspirator, Maurice,"

said the President; "then tell me, do you believe in the red carnations, for which Heloise Tison was yesterday guillotined?"

Maurice started.

"Do you believe in the subterranean passage, under the Temple garden, communicating from the cellar of the Citoyenne Plumeau to a certain house in La Rue de la Corderie?"—"No," said Maurice.

"Then do as Thomas the Apostle did—'Go and see.'"

"I am not on guard at the Temple, and they would not allow me to enter there."

"Any one may enter the Temple now."

"How is that?"

"Read the report, since you are so incredulous. I shall only proceed by official information."

"Well," said Maurice, reading the report, "this is to the point."

"Continue."

"They have transported the Queen to the Conciergerie," cried Maurice.

"Do you think that from a dream, or what you call an imaginary idea, or an idle story, that the Committee of Public Safety would have adopted so grave a measure?"

"This measure has been adopted, but will never be executed like many more I have seen, and all——"

"Read to the end," said the president, and he presented him with the last paper.

"The receipt of Richard, the gaoler of the Conciergerie," cried Maurice; "she has been there these two hours." This time Maurice remained deep in thought.

"The commune, as you know," continued the president, "acts with profound judgment. It is digging a furrow long and straight in its course; its measures are not puerile, and it has put in execution the principle of Cromwell—'It is not necessary to strike the king except upon the head.' Read this secret note from the minister of the police."

Maurice read:—"Seeing that we possess the certainty that the ci-devant Chevalier de Maison Rouge is in Paris—that he has been in several places—that he has left traces of his appearance in various plots happily frustrated, I request all chiefs of the different sections to redouble their vigilance——"

"Well?" said the president.

"I must believe this," said Maurice, and he continued: "Description of the Chevalier de Maison Rouge. In height, five feet three inches, fair hair, blue eyes, straight nose, chestnut coloured beard, dimpled chin, soft voice, and hands like a female's."

At this description a strange light burst upon Maurice; he thought of the young man who commanded the troop of Muscadins, and who, on the preceding evening saved the lives of himself and Louis, and so valiantly drew his sword upon the Marseillais in their defence.

"Mordieu!" exclaimed Maurice, "it must be he; in that case the denomination would not be false. I spoke to him, but I cannot remember taking his hand."

"Maurice," said the president, "what do you say to all this, now, mon ami?"

"That I believe it," said Maurice, musing sadly, who for some time past, without understanding what evil influence saddened his life, had noticed everything darkening around him.

"Do not jest thus with popularity," said the president. "In these days, Maurice, popularity is life. As for unpopularity, it is to be suspected of treason, and the Citizen Maurice Lindley ought not even to be suspected of being a traitor."

Maurice had nothing to reply to sentiments so much in accordance with his own. He thanked his old friend and quitted the section.

"Ah!" murmured he, "there is too much suspicion and skirmishing. Now," drawing a deep breath, "now for peace, innocence, and joy—now to Genevieve." And Maurice took the road to the old Rue St. Jacques.

When he reached the abode of the master tanner, Dixmer and Morand were supporting Genevieve, who was suffering from a violent attack of hysterics. Thus, instead of entering unceremoniously as he was accustomed to do, a servant met him in the passage.

"Announce me," said he, "and if Dixmer cannot conveniently receive me, I will retire."

The domestic entered the little pavilion, whilst Maurice remained in the garden. It seemed to him that something strange was going on in the house, and the workmen,

instead of being occupied in their usual employment, were walking listlessly about the garden. At length Dixmer himself appeared.

"Come in, dear Maurice," said he; "come in, you are not one of those against whom the door is closed."

"What is the matter?" inquired the young man.

"Genevieve is ill," said Dixmer; "indeed, more than ill—she is delirious."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" cried the young man, overcome at again encountering trial and suffering; "what, then, is the matter with her?"

"You are aware, mon cher," said Dixmer, "one never knows anything concerning the illness of women, especially their husbands."

Genevieve was lying down on a chaise-lounge: near her stood Morand, offering her some salts, which she smelt occasionally.

"Well?" said Dixmer.

"Always the same thing," replied Morand.

"Heloise! Heloise!" murmured the young woman, from between her closed teeth and white lips.

"Heloise!" repeated Maurice, in much surprise.

"Mon Dieu! yes," replied Dixmer, quickly; "Genevieve most unfortunately saw the cart pass conveying the unhappy girl to the scaffold. Since then she has had five or six attacks of hysterics, and keeps on continually calling upon Heloise. But the most astonishing thing of all is, that in her she recognised the girl who sold the carnations, which you already know about," said Morand.

"Certainly, I do know," said Maurice, "when they barely failed of cutting my throat."

"Ah! we have heard all that, dear Maurice, and, believe me, we have not been slightly alarmed; but Morand was at the sitting, and saw you fully acquitted and liberated."

"Silence!" said Maurice; "she again speaks."

"Oh! those empty, unintelligible words," said Dixmer.

"Maurice," murmured Genevieve; "they are going to kill Maurice. To him, Chevalier—to him!" A profound silence followed these words. "Maison Rouge," again murmured Genevieve; "Maison Rouge."

Maurice felt a slight suspicion, but he could make out

nothing clearly, and was too much affected by the suffering of Genevieve to comment much upon her words.

"Have you called in a physician?" demanded Maurice.

"Oh! it will prove nothing," said Dixmer; "a slight delusion, that is all." And he shook his wife so violently by the arm, that she revived, and uttering a shrill cry, opened her eyes, which till now had remained closed.

"Ah, you are both here, and Maurice with you. Oh! I am so glad to see you, mon ami; if you knew what I have——" she corrected herself—"what we have suffered for the last two days."

"Yes, we are all here," said Maurice; "have no more terror on that account. But there is one name above all others you must not accustom yourself to pronounce, seeing that at this moment it does not bear a very high repute."

"What name?" quickly demanded Genevieve.

"The Chevalier de Maison Rouge."

"Have I named the Chevalier de Maison Rouge?" inquired Genevieve, bewildered.

"Without doubt you have," said Dixmer; "but understand, Maurice, there is nothing surprising in that, since it is said he was an accomplice with the girl Tison, and that it was he who concocted the whole plan of escape so happily frustrated yesterday."

"I do not say there is anything surprising," said Maurice; "I only say it is better to keep it concealed."

"Who?" demanded Dixmer.

"The Chevalier de Maison Rouge, parbleu! The Commune seeks for him, and the bloodhounds have a fine scent."

"Provided that, before they arrest him," said Morand, "he has not accomplished some new enterprise that may succeed better than the last."

"At all events," said Maurice, "it will not be in favour of the Queen."

"Why not?" demanded Morand.

"Because she is henceforth shielded from his bold attempts."

"Where is she, then?" inquired Dixmer.

"At the Conciergerie," replied Maurice; "she was taken there this evening." Dixmer, Genevieve, and Morand uttered a cry which Maurice mistook for one of surprise.



"Thus you see," continued he, "adieu to the Chevalier's plans for the Queen. The Conciergerie is more secure than the Temple." Morand and Dixmer exchanged looks unperceived by Maurice.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" said Maurice; "Madame Dixmer has turned faint again."

"Genevieve!" said Dixmer; "you must go to bed, my child; you suffer."

Maurice took the hint. He respectfully kissed Genevieve's hand, and quitted the house. Morand left with him, and accompanied him as far as the old Rue St. Jacques, where he parted with him to exchange some words with a man, a superior sort of domestic, who held a horse ready saddled and bridled. Maurice was so much occupied with his own thoughts, that he did not even inquire the man's name; indeed, he and Morand had not exchanged a word since they quitted the house together. He took the road to la Rue des Fosses Saint Victor, and gained the quay. "It is strange," said he, walking on. "Is my mind weakened, or are these events assuming importance? But everything appears to me as if viewed through a magnifying glass." And to recover his equanimity, Maurice presented his face to the breeze, and leaning against the parapet of the bridge, was soon lost in thought.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE PATROL.

As he lost himself in these reflections, and leaning against the parapet of the bridge, enjoyed a melancholy pleasure in gazing on the dark still water, he heard the measured tread of a little troop, like that of a patrol. Maurice turned round; it was a company of the National Guard, arrived by the other extremity; and in the obscurity he fancied he recognised Louis. It was he, indeed. The instant he saw his friend Maurice he ran towards him with open arms.

"Found at last," cried Louis. "Morbien! it is not without some trouble that we have rejoined you.

'But since I find a friend so fond,  
My fate assumes an aspect new.'

This time you will not complain, I hope, for I have given you Racine instead of Louis."

"But what do you do here as patrol?" inquired Maurice, anxiously.

"I am chief of the expedition, *mon ami*; the business is to establish our blemished reputation upon its original footing." Then turning towards his company—"Carry arms! Present arms! Shoulder arms!"

"There, *mes enfans*, it is not yet sufficiently dark, so you can talk over your little affairs, while we follow your example." Then returning to Maurice, "I have heard great news at the Section to-day," continued Louis.

"What?"

"First, that you and I are beginning to be suspected."

"I know it. What next?"

"Secondly, that the whole conspiracy of the carnations was conducted by the Chevalier de Maison Rouge."

"I know that also."

"But this you do not know; that the conspiracy of the carnations and that of the subterranean passage are one and the same."—"Again, I know it."

"Then let us pass on to the third piece of news. This I am certain you cannot know. We go, this night, to capture the Chevalier de Maison Rouge."

"To take the Chevalier de Maison Rouge?"—"Yes."

"Have you then turned gendarme?"

"No, but I am a patriot. A patriot owes something to his country. Now my country is horribly ravaged by this Chevalier, who forms plot upon plot. Well, my country commands me, being a patriot, to free her from this Chevalier de Maison Rouge, who distresses her horribly, and I obey my country."

"It is all the same," said Maurice, "but it is singular that you should be charged with this commission."

"I am not charged, I charge myself, or rather I should say I solicited the commission. It required a brilliant stroke to reinstate us in our former position, while our re-establishment will not only prove security for our lives, but still more the right of putting, at the very first opportunity offered, six ounces of lead into the belly of that hideous Simon."

"But how are they sure it was the Chevalier who was the instigator of this subterranean plot?"

"They are not yet certain, but they presume so."

"You proceed, then, upon inference?"

"No, we proceed by certainty."

"How have you arranged all this?"

"Listen."

"I am listening."

"I had scarcely heard the cry 'Grand conspiracy discovered by the Citizen Simon,' that beast Simon (the miserable is everywhere), than I wished to judge of the truth for myself. Then, they named the subterranean passage."

"Does it really exist?"

"It does; I have seen it; seen it with both my eyes. That I call seeing."

"There, why do you not whistle?"

"Because that is Molière, and besides, these events, I must confess, appear to me rather too serious for pleasantry."

"What could we jest about, if we did not jest about serious things?"

"You say, then, that you have seen it?"

"I repeat that I have seen the subterranean passage. It extends from the cellar of the widow Plumeau, to a house in La Rue de la Corderie, number twelve or fourteen, I cannot remember which."

"Have you passed through it, Louis?"

"I have, the whole length, and, ma foi, it is a trench prettily cut, I can assure you, and moreover it was divided by three iron gratings, which they have been obliged to drive out one after the other, but which in case these conspirators had succeeded, would have given them time, by sacrificing two or three of them, to have placed Madame widow Capet in a place of safety. Happily it is not so, and this hideous Simon has discovered all."

"But it appears to me," said Maurice, "those who ought to have been first arrested were the inhabitants of the house in La Rue de la Corderie."

"This would have been, had they not found the house perfectly uninhabited."

"But at least this house must belong to some one?"

"Yes, to a new proprietor, but no one knows who; they know the house changed masters three weeks since, and that is all. The neighbours have often heard a noise, but the house being very old, they had imagined it was under

going thorough repair. As to the late proprietor, he has left Paris. In the meantime I arrived.

"*Pour Dieu!*" said I to Santerre, drawing him aside, 'you are in an awkward situation.'

"Indeed we are," replied he.

"This house has been sold, has it not?"

"Yes it was, about three weeks ago."

"Was it sold in the presence of a notary?"—"Yes."

"Then we must find out all the notaries in Paris, to discover which of them sold this house, and then make him produce the agreement, and underneath will be found the name of the purchaser."

"Well and good!" said Santerre, 'that is capital advice, and coming too from a man they accuse of not being a good patriot. Louis! Louis! I will re-establish you, or may the foul fiend seize me!' To be brief," continued Louis, "this was what was said and done. The notary was sought for, the act was found, and upon the agreement the name of the culprit was signed. Then Santerre took me aside, and I have engaged to arrest him."

"Was this man the Chevalier de Maison Rouge?"

"No, only his accomplice, that is to say, in all probability he was so."

"Then how is it you say you are going to arrest the Chevalier de Maison Rouge?"

"We are going to arrest them altogether."

"Do you, then, know this Chevalier de Maison Rouge?"

"Perfectly."

"Have you seen the description of him?"

"Parbleu! Santerre gave it to me. Five feet two or three inches, fair hair, blue eyes, straight nose, &c.; besides, I have seen him."

"When?"—"This very day."

"You have seen him?"

"And so have you also." Maurice started.

"The short, fair young man who rescued us this morning—he who commanded the troop of *Muscadins*, who fought so valiantly and struck so hard."

"Was that the Chevalier?" demanded Maurice.

"Himself. They followed and lost him in the environs of the domicile of our proprietor of La Rue de la Corderie, so that we surmise they live together."

"It seems probable."

"It is certain."

"But it seems to me, Louis," added Maurice, "that if this evening you arrest those who rescued you this very morning, you are much wanting in gratitude."

"Go along, then," said Louis; "why you don't suppose he saved us for our own sakes, do you?"

"For what else, then?"

"Not at all; they were in ambush to carry off the poor girl, Heloise Tison, as she passed to the scaffold. Our cut-throats embarrassed them, so they fell upon the cut-throats; that was the whole of it. We have been saved by a contre-coup. Now, as the intention is everything, and there was no intention, I have nothing to accuse myself with on the score of ingratitude. Besides, do you see, Maurice, the capital point is necessity, and the necessity is that we should reinstate ourselves by a brilliant achievement. And then I have promised him for you."

"To whom?"

"To Santerre; he knows that you command this expedition."

"How can that be?"

"Are you sure of arresting these criminals?" said he to me.

"Yes," I replied; "if Maurice is with me."

"But are you sure of Maurice? Some time since he was looked upon as rather lukewarm."

"Those who say that are totally deceived. Maurice is no more lukewarm in the cause than I am myself."

"And you will answer for his fidelity?"

"As for my own," I then went to your house, but could not find you at home. I took this road first because it lay in my way, and then I remembered it was the one you usually frequented; so at last we have met."

"My dear Louis, I am in despair. I do not feel the slightest taste for this expedition. Say that you were not able to find me."

"Impossible! all our men have seen you."

"Well, then, say you met me and I was not willing to join you."

"Again impossible."

"But why so?"

"Because this time you will not only be considered lukewarm, but 'un suspect,' and you well know the fate of these suspects; they are conducted to La Place de la Revolution, and there invited to salute the statue of Liberty, only instead of doing so with the hat they substitute the head."

"Well, Louis, I hardly care how soon; but without doubt it seems strange to you to hear me say so."

Louis opened his eyes wide, and looked at Maurice.

"Well," said Maurice, "I am weary of life."

Louis burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ah! ah!" said Louis, "we have a quarrel with our beloved, and that fills us with melancholy ideas. Allons! bel Amadis! let us return to the man, and from that we shall pass to the citizen. As for me, I am never a better patriot than when I am embroiled with Arthemise. Apropos, her Divinity, the Goddess Reason, charged me with a thousand gracious messages for you."

"Pray thank her for me. Adieu, Louis."

"Adieu! how adieu?"

"Yes, I am going."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going home."

"Maurice, you will ruin yourself."

"I laugh at the idea."

"Maurice, reflect; my friend, reflect."

"I have done so."

"I have not repeated all——"

"What?"

"That Santerre said to me."

"What did he say?"

"When I asked for you to be chief of this expedition, he said to me, 'Take care.'"

"Of whom?"—"Of Maurice."

"Of me?"

"Yes, Maurice; and he also added, 'he often goes into that quarter.'"

"Into what quarter?"

"Into that of Maison Rouge."

"How?" cried Maurice, "it is not here he hides himself."

"They fancy so, since it is here his supposed accomplice

resides, the purchaser of the house in La Rue de la Corderie."

"Faubourg Victor?" demanded Maurice.

"Yes; Faubourg Victor."

"And in what street?"

"In the old Rue St. Jacques."

"Ah! mon Dieu!" murmured Maurice, as if struck by a thunderbolt. And he pressed his hand before his eyes. But after a moment's interval, during which he had collected all his courage—"What trade said he?"

"A master tanner."—"His name?"

"Dixmer."

"You are right, Louis," said Maurice, by a violent effort controlling his emotion; "I will go with you."

"And you do well; are you armed?"

"I always carry my sword."

"Then also take a pair of pistols."—"And you?"

"I have my gun. Carry arms! lower arms! en avant, march!"

The patrol commenced its march, accompanied by Maurice, who walked near Louis. They were preceded by a man dressed in grey, who directed their movements. This was an agent of police. From time to time a shadow might be seen emerging from the angles of the streets or the doors of the houses, exchanging some words with the man in grey. This was the inspector. On arriving at the little street, the man in grey did not hesitate for an instant. He was well instructed, and entered the street at once. Before the door of the garden where Maurice had been so nearly garrotted, he stopped.

"It is here," said he.

"What is here?" demanded Louis.

"It is here we shall find the two principals."

Maurice supported himself against the wall; he felt as if he were sinking to the ground.

"Now," said the man in grey, "there are three entrances—the principal entrance, this one, and another which leads into a pavilion. I shall enter with six or eight men through the principal entrance, in the meantime keep guard here with four or five men, and place three sure men at the entrance to the pavilion."

"I will get over the wall," said Maurice, "and watch in the garden."

"The very thing," said Louis, "as from the interior you can open the door to us."

"Willingly," said Maurice, "but do not ungarrison the passage, or come till I call you. All that passes in the interior I shall see from the garden."

"You are acquainted with the house, then?" demanded Louis.

"Some time back I wished to buy it."

Louis proceeded to conceal his men in the corners of the hedges and angles of the doors, while the agent of police retired with six or eight national guards to force his way by the principal entrance. In an instant the noise of their receding steps was deadened in the distance, without having awakened the least suspicion. Maurice's men were at their post. They declared everything had remained perfectly quiet, and that nothing extraordinary was passing in the old street St. Jacques. Maurice then began to climb the wall.

"Listen," said Louis.—"To what?"—"The word?"

"Right."—"Carnation and Vault. Stop all those who cannot repeat these two words. Permit all to pass who can. This is the pass-word."

"Thanks," said Maurice, dropping from the top of the wall into the garden.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE PASS WORD.

THE first blow was terrible. It indeed required all Maurice's self-command to enable him to conceal from Louis how powerfully he was affected by these startling events, but once in the garden, once alone, in the silence of night, his mind became more calm, and his ideas, instead of running disordered through his brain, became once more under the control of reason.

What! this house that Maurice had so often visited with the purest pleasure, this house which had formed for him a paradise on earth, was in reality only a den of sanguinary intrigues; the kind and flattering receptions bestowed on his ardent friendship, resulted then from sheer



hypocrisy; the love of Genevieve from fear. The plan of the garden is well known, our readers having more than once followed our young folks there. Maurice glided from bush to bush till he was shaded from the moon's rays by the little outhouse where he had been imprisoned previous to his first introduction to the house. This outhouse was opposite the pavilion inhabited by Genevieve. But this evening, instead of a stationary light gleaming from her chamber, it moved frequently from one window to another. Maurice saw Genevieve through the curtain, evidently raised by accident, hastily packing some things in a portmanteau, and with astonishment beheld some weapons in her hands. He raised himself upon a post to enable him to penetrate farther into the room. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, where Genevieve was destroying papers. In a moment the door opened and a young man entered the room. At first Maurice imagined this man was Dixmer. The young woman ran towards him, seized his hands, and held them for an instant, whilst they stood facing each other, evidently the subjects of some deep emotion. What this emotion meant he could not divine, as their words did not reach his hiding-place. But all at once Maurice measured his height with his eye.

"This is not Dixmer," murmured he. Indeed the man who had entered was small and delicate, while Dixmer was tall and masculine. Jealousy is an active stimulant, and in a second he had analysed the height of this man in contrast to her husband.

"This is not Dixmer!" murmured he, compelled as it were to repeat it, to convince himself in reality of the perfidy of Genevieve.

He approached still nearer to the window, but the nearer he came the less he saw. His brain was on fire. Near him stood a ladder, the window was seven or eight feet high. He seized it, and planting it firmly against the wall, ascended and placed his eye at an aperture in the curtain.

Genevieve's unknown visitor was a fair young man, about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, with blue eyes and an elegant demeanour; he retained both the young woman's hands within his own, and was speaking soothingly, endeavouring fruitlessly to assuage the grief

of Genevieve, which was plainly evinced by the tears which suffused her charming countenance. A slight noise, accidentally made by Maurice, caused the young man to turn his face towards the window. Maurice suppressed a cry of astonishment, he recognised his mysterious deliverer of the Place du Chatelet. At this moment Genevieve withdrew her hands from those of the Unknown, and went towards the fireplace to ascertain that the papers were utterly consumed.

Maurice could no longer command his indignation. All those fierce passions which torture the heart of man—Love, vengeance, and jealousy, lacerated him with their fangs of fire. He knew his time, pressed with violence against the badly-closed window, and vaulted into the chamber. At the same moment two pistols were pointed at his breast.

Genevieve, who had turned round at the noise, remained dumb on perceiving Maurice.

"Monsieur," said the young Republican, coldly, to him who for the second time held his life at his disposal, "Monsieur, you are the Chevalier de Maison Rouge."

"And what if I am?" replied the Chevalier.

"It is this—you are a brave man, and consequently a cool man; and I am about to say a few words to you."

"Speak," said the Chevalier, without lowering his pistols.

"You can kill me if you choose, but you cannot do so before I have uttered a cry, or rather I will not die without giving an alarm. Should I do so, the thousand men who surround this house will have reduced it to ashes ere the lapse of ten minutes; so lower your pistols and listen to what I have to say to Madame."

"To Genevieve!" said the Chevalier.

"To me!" murmured the young woman.

"Yes, to you."

Genevieve, pale as a statue, seized his arm, but he repulsed her coolly.

"You know what you have affirmed, Madame," said Maurice, with profound contempt. "I now see that you have told the truth. You, indeed, do not love Monsieur Morand."

"Maurice! listen to me," said Genevieve.

"I have nothing to hear, Madame; you have severed with a single stroke every cord that united my heart with your own. You told me you did not love Morand, but you did not tell me you loved another."

"Monsieur," said the Chevalier, "you spoke of Morand; of what Morand do you speak?"

"Of Morand, the chemist."

"Morand, the chemist, stands before you. Morand, the chemist, is the Chevalier de Maison Rouge."

And extending his hand towards the table, he in an instant replaced his black wig which for so long a period had concealed him from the young Republican.

"Ah, yes," said he, with redoubled disdain; "yes, I understand it is not Morand that you love, since Morand does not exist, but his subterfuge; but, to speak more plainly, this is not the less contemptible."

The Chevalier made a threatening movement.

"Monsieur," said Maurice, "will you permit me to speak for a moment to Madame; join in the conversation if you like, she will not be long, and then I will answer you."

Genevieve made a sign to Maison Rouge to entreat his patience.

"Thus Genevieve, thus," continued Maurice, "you have made me a laughing-stock for my friends and a curse to myself. You have rendered me, blind fool that I was, an instrument in all your plots, and an easy tool in your hands. Listen to me. It was an infamous deed, but you will be punished, Madame, and Monsieur, who was going to kill me before your eyes. Before five minutes have elapsed he will be there, lying at your feet; and if his life be spared it will only be to lose his head upon the scaffold."

"He die!" cried Genevieve, "he lose his head upon the scaffold! But you do not know then, Maurice, that he is my protector, and that of my family; that I will give my life for his, that if he dies I will die, and that if you are my love he is my religion!"

"Ah!" said Maurice, "perhaps you still mean to pretend that you love me. Really women are sadly weak and contemptible." Then turning to the young royalist, "Now, Monsieur," said he, "you must either kill me or die yourself."—"Why so?"

"Because, if you do not kill me, I shall arrest you."

Maurice extended his hand to seize him by the collar.

"I shall not dispute my life with you," said the Chevalier de Maison Rouge. And he flung his pistols on a chair.

"And why do you not dispute your life?"

"Because my life is not equivalent in value to the remorse I should experience in feeling that I had killed a brave man, and more than all since Genevieve loves you."

"Ah!" cried the young woman, clasping her hands, "you are always kind, brave, loyal, and generous, Armand!"

Maurice regarded them both almost stupefied with astonishment.

"Allow me," said the Chevalier, "to return to my chamber. I give you my word of honour it is not to escape: I wish to conceal a portrait."

Maurice turned his eyes quickly towards that of Genevieve; it hung as usual in its place. Perhaps the Chevalier divined Maurice's thoughts; perhaps he wished to try his generosity to the utmost.

"I know," said he, "you are a republican, but I know also that you possess a pure and loyal heart. I will trust you to the end."

And he drew a miniature from his breast, and displayed it to Maurice. He beheld before him the portrait of the Queen. Maurice bowed his head, and rested his forehead on his hand.

"I await your orders, monsieur," said Maison Rouge; "if you still desire my arrest, will you knock at this door when it is time to give myself up to you. I value my life only while it is sustained by the hope of serving the Queen."

The Chevalier quitted the room without a gesture from Maurice offering to detain him.

As he left the chamber Genevieve cast herself at the young man's feet.

"Pardon, Maurice," sobbed she, "pardon for all the evil I have done: forgive my deception, forgive me, if only on account of my tears and suffering, for believe me I have wept much and suffered much. My husband left me this morning; I do not know where he is gone, and perhaps I may see him no more. And now I have only one friend left, a more than friend, a brother, and you will destroy him. Pardon, Maurice, pardon!"

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